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ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF

LODOVICO ARIOSTO.

VOL. V.

J. Caldwall sculp.

W. Hamilton del.

ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF

LODOVICO ARIOSTO;

WITH NOTES:

43704

By JOHN HOOLE.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

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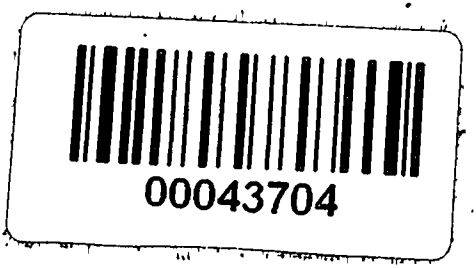

THE

FORTY-FIRST BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

CONCLUSION of the battle between Rogero and Dudon. The ſeven kings are ſet at liberty. Rogero embarks with them for Africa, and is overtaken by a dreadful ſtorm, in which all periſh but himſelf. Preparations of Orlando, Brandimart, and Olivero, for their battle with the three Pagans. They depart for Lipaduſa, and leave Flordelis in great affliction. The ſix knights arrive at the place appointed for the combat. Interview of Brandimart with Agramant. They prepare for battle next morning. Rogero eſcapes by ſwimming to a ſmall iſland, where he is entertained by a hermit, and receives baptiſm. The hermit converſes with him of his future race. Deſcription of the great battle between the three Chriſtian and three Pagan knights, in the Iſland of Lipaduſa.

THE

FORTY-FIRST BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THOSE ſweets, that far diffuſing, ſcent the gale
From curling locks, or beard, or ſilken veil
Of beauteous damſels, or enamour'd ſwains,
In whom, love, dew'd with tears, full often reigns;
Thoſe ſweets which, after days elaps'd, diſpenſe
Soft balmy perfumes to the gentle ſenſe,
By ſuch effects their primal virtues ſhow,
From which ſo long ſuch pleaſing odours flow.

Ver. 1. *Thoſe ſweets*, &c.] This ſimile or alluſion, which ſeems rather forced, is drawn from the cuſtom of perfuming the clothes, beard, and hair, which might be common among the Italians at the time of Arioſto.

That nectar'd juice, to which his death he ow'd,
Which on his reapers Icarus beſtow'd,
Which made the Celtian and Beötian train
A toilſome paſſage o'er the Alps ſuſtain;
The flavorous taſte, it firſt poſſeſs'd, declares,
When twelve long moons ſuch flavorous taſte it bears.

Ver. 9. *That nectar'd juice*, &c.—] There were three of the name of Icarus. Icarus, the father of Penelope: Icarus, the ſon of Dedalus: and Icarus, of whom the poet here ſpeaks. This laſt was ſo favoured of Bacchus, that he received from him the ſecret of making wine. He gave ſome to his reapers, who, drinking to exceſs, were intoxicated. Their companions, ſuppoſing them to have been poiſoned, in revenge of their death, ſlew Icarus at his return from hunting. PORCACCHI.

Lucian, in his Dialogues of the Gods, alludes humourouſly to this ſtory of Icarus, where he introduces Juno reproaching Jupiter with the drunken frolicks of his ſon Bacchus.

"Juno. I ſuppoſe you will praiſe him too for his invention of the grape, though you ſee how thoſe who uſe it tumble about, and how abuſive they are, drinking even till they run mad with it. Icarus, the very firſt who taſted the juice of the vine, was beat to death with clubs by his own pot companions." See Dr. FRANCKLIN's Tranſlation.

Ver. 11. *Which made the Celtian and Beötian train*—] The Celtæ and Beotians, people of Gaul; long before the deſtruction of Rome, being allured by the wines of Italy, paſſed the Alps in order to poſſeſs themſelves of a country that produced ſo delicious a beverage. LUCRETIO.

The

The tree, that keeps in wintry ſkies it leaves,
In genial ſpring the faireſt green receives.

Behold that race, where ſon ſucceeding ſon,
Eternal lights of courteſy have ſhone;
Which day by day with added luſtre ſhine!
Hence he, from whom we draw th' Eſtenſian line,
Muſt know the faireſt gifts that man can boaſt,
And beam a ſun among the ſtarry hoſt.

Rogero, as in every act he bore
The prize for virtue, fame, and courteous lore,
Beyond compare; ſo now (as late we view'd)
His noble mind diſplay'd to Dudan ſtood:
In fear to ſlay, he urg'd not half his force,
But check'd his valour in the middle courſe.
While Dudon ſaw that oft his valiant foe
With-held the fury of th' impending blow,
Unharm'd he fought, till now with nerves unbrac'd,
His ſtrokes grew faint, he felt his vigour waſte;

Ver. 20. *Hence he*, &c.] He means Rogero, the head of the houſe of Eſte: there is a quaintneſs and obſcurity in the whole paſſage. Arioſto ſays, that all the members of this houſe having been celebrated for courteſy, Rogero, the origin of the houſe, and from whom all their courteſy was derived, muſt have been eminent for that quality.

At length compell'd the praiſe of arms to yield,
He ſtill for generous ſoul maintain'd the field.
For Heaven's dear ſake (he cry'd) Sir knight, incline
Thy thoughts to peace—the palm can ne'er be mine,
'Tis loſt already—lo! myſelf I own
Thy captive, by thy courteſy o'erthrown.
Rogero then—The peace thou ſeek'ſt to make,
Which here I give—on this condition take;
That thoſe unhappy kings whom bonds confine,
Releas'd from thraldom thou to me reſign.
He ſaid; and pointed where in durance bound
The ſeven kings ſtood, with looks that ſought the ground;
And thus purſu'd—No longer theſe detain,
But free to Afric let them croſs the main.
Thus he—The generous Paladin agreed,
Then to his hand the noble captives freed;
And bade him choice from all his veſſels make,
For Afric's coaſt his ſpeedy way to take.
Rogero quits the port, he ſpreads the ſail,
And gives the veſſel to the treacherous gale;
That firſt the canvas ſwells with friendly breeze;
With joy her merry courſe the pilot ſees.

The land retreats—at length is ſeen no more:
Surrounding ocean ſeems without a ſhore.
When, lo! as riſing eve obſcures the day,
The wind reveals its purpoſe to betray:
It ſhifts, nor will a moment's pauſe allow,
By turns invades the poop, the ſides, and prow:
It whirls the ſhip, in giddy motion toſt,
And all the troubled ſeaman's art is loſt!
Now at his ſide he feels the maſtering wind,
And now it howls before, and now behind:
Now daſh'd aloft, the ſpumy billows rave,
And Neptune's white herds lowe above the wave.
A thouſand deaths the trembling wretches fear;
As many deaths, as threatening waves, appear!
At head or ſtern, the wind's increaſing force
Now forward drives, and backwards now, their courſe:

Ver. 66. *And Neptune's white herds lowe above the wave*—] The white foam of the ſea and the hollow noiſe accompanying the daſhing of the waves, might perhaps have ſuggeſted to Arioſto this very poetical expreſſion.

" Muggiando ſopra il mar'va il gregge bianco."

The claſſical reader, in this admirable deſcription of the tempeſt, will ſee the poet's ſeveral imitations of the ancient writers, though many circumſtances are added by him, and others highly improved.

One blaſt againſt the reeling veſſel ſets;
And every blaſt with wreck the ſeaman threats;
While he, who holds the rudder, ſhakes with dread;
The lively colour from his cheek is fled!
He beckons oft, and oft with fruitleſs cry,
Bids ſtrike the ſail, and let the main-ſheet fly.
He bids, unheard, and every ſignal fails;
So dire a noiſe, ſo deep a night prevails!
His voice is loſt amidſt th' united cries
Of frighted ſailors mingling in the ſkies
With louder din; while, daſh'd together, break
The frothy waves, and horrid concert make.
From prow to poop alike, nor far nor near,
They view a ſignal, or command they hear:
Through ſhrowds and tackling round the bending maſt
With double fury raves the hiſſing blaſt:
From flaſhing lightening livid gleams are ſent,
And peals of thunder ſhake the firmament.
One graſps an oar, one to the ſteerage flies;
And each, with ſtraining nerve, his office plies.
One toils to looſe, one faſter makes: one laves
The waters forth, and [illegible] returns to waves.

Again

Again his force reſiſtleſs Boreas pours,
Again with rage the ſtorm redoubled roars:
Againſt the maſt the ſail and ſail-yard bend:
The oars break ſhort—the ſeas to heaven aſcend:
The prow is turn'd, and to the hoſtile tide
The veſſel lays her unprovided ſide:
Beneath the water on her right ſhe lies,
In danger ſoon t' o'erſet: with fearful cries,
All now to GOD their fleeting ſouls commend,
Expecting when the veſſel would deſcend
Engulph'd—one miſchief to another leads,
And lo! a ſecond ſoon the firſt ſucceeds.
Th' o'er-labour'd bark, with many a gaping ſeam,
Admits the influx of the hoſtile ſtream.
The tempeſt rages ſtill—now lifted high
On mounting ſeas, they ſeem to touch the ſky:
Now from the ridgy waves they ſink ſo low,
They ſeem to view th' infernal realms of woe.
No hope remains! Death glares in every ſight!
Thus paſs'd in horror all the ſleepleſs night.
Nor with the dawn of day the tempeſt ceas'd;
With dawn of day the tempeſt's force increas'd.
Before their eyes, above the angry tide,
Appears a rock, and near a hand can guide

The

The veſſel's courſe the threaten'd death to ſhun,
On which, impell'd by winds and waves, they run.
And thrice, and four times, the pale pilot ſtrove,
With every nerve, the rudder ſwift to move,
And clear the rock—but, lo! his purpoſe croſt,
The rudder broke, and in the deep was loſt!
The furious wind impell'd the tatter'd ſail
With dreadful ſpeed—no art could more avail—
No time is left for counſel or debate,
All help too diſtant, and too near their fate!
Their wreck deem'd certain—each the public cares
Forgets, and to preſerve his life prepares.
Who firſt can reach her, gains the ſkiff with ſpeed;
But ſoon ſuch numbers enter as exceed
Her ſcanty bulk, and ſcarce her ſides exclude
The riſing billows that around intrude.
Rogero ſaw, how from the deck, in haſte,
The maſter, captain, and the ſeamen paſs'd:
Then as he ſtood, without his arms, undreſt,
To ſeek his ſafety to the boat he preſs'd:
But enteringt here, he found ſuch heaps were ſtow'd,
Still others following, till the greedy flood
Pour'd o'er the ſides, and in one hour of fate
Down ſunk the boat with all her wretched freight;

Down

Down ſunk the boat; and to the depths below
At once the veſſel with the many go,
That late forſook the ſhip—loud ſhrieks ariſe!
Each ſinking wretch to Heaven for mercy cries.
But ſoon, alas! the vocal accent fails,
With ſuch a rage th' unpitying ſurge prevails,
And choaks the ſounds, that, ſtruggling in their way,
Weak and more weak in dying plaints decay.
Some, when they ſink, the ſea for ever hides,
Some riſe again, and float upon the tides:
One, while he ſwims, his head diſcover'd rears;
Here ſhows an arm, and there a leg appears.
Rogero fearleſs, while the tempeſt raves,
Borne from the bottom riſes o'er the waves;
And near him ſees the rock above the main,
So late the terror of the ſailor-train:
He ſtrains each nerve, and, ſwimming, hopes to find
The cliff his refuge from the ſeas and wind.
He pants—breathes ſhort—while from his face he blows
Th' intruding brine, that in his noſtrils flows.

Meanwhile the ſhip before the tempeſt flew,
The ſhip abandon'd by her wretched crew,

Ver. 161. *Meanwhile the ſhip*, &c.—] He returns to Rogero, ver. 342. of this Book.

Who

Who (as their cruel fortune will'd) to ſhun
The death they fear'd, on ſurer death had run.
O fickle ſtate of man! whoſe erring mind
Sees but the preſent, to the future blind!
The ſhip, ſo near deſtruction, ſafely rode,
Without her crew, or pilot, through the flood.
As if the wind, that from the veſſel view'd
The men retir'd, no more his rage purſu'd;
Safe from the rock he turn'd her courſe aſide,
Where, free from ſhelves, ſhe plough'd ſecure the tide.
While with a pilot late her track ſhe loſt,
Without a pilot now to Afric's coaſt
She ſteer'd direct; and reach'd Biſerta's ſtrand,
Three miles inclining to th' Egyptian land:
There borne by winds, but driven by ſtorms no more,
She ſtopt, and reſted on the ſandy ſhore.
Here (as I told) Orlando chanc'd to walk,
And cheer the friendly hour with ſocial talk:
Deſirous now to learn the veſſel's ſtate,
What chiefs ſhe brought, or what her ſecret freight,
With Brandimart, and with his kinſman * dear;
A bark he took, and ſoon approaching near,

* Oliviero.

Ver. 179. *Here (as I told)*—] See Book xl. ver. 481.

He

He trod the deck, and every part explor'd,
No chiefs nor mariners he found on board,
But view'd alone Rogero's arms and ſword.
To quit the ſhip ſuch ſpeed Rogero made,
No time allow'd to ſave his truſty blade.
This weapon by the Paladin was known;
This Baliſarda nam'd, was once his own.
Oft have you heard the tale, how this he took
From Falerina, when her ſpells he broke,

And

Ver. 192. *Oft have you heard the tale how this he took From Falerina*, &c.——] Falerina, queen of Orgagna, and a powerful enchantreſs, had a wonderful garden ſurrounded with a huge wall of ſtone, that defended the acceſs from every mortal: there was one entrance towards the Eaſt, at a gate, which was night and day guarded by a dreadful ſerpent that never ſlept, and was fed with human fleſh. All the knights and damſels who came thither were, by command of the enchantreſs, caſt into a dungeon, and every day a knight and damſel were given by lot to be devoured by the ſerpent. Rinaldo, travelling that way with Iroldo, ſaw Praſildo and Flordelis led to death; when attacking their guards, he delivered them, and reſolved to attempt the adventure of the enchanted garden; but was perſuaded firſt to viſit the garden of Dragontina, where he found that enchantment already diſſolved by Angelica.

ORL. INNAM. Book I. C. XVII.

Concerning the adventure atchieved by Orlando in the garden of Falerina, by which he obtained the famous ſword Baliſarda, take the following account from Boyardo.

And all her bowers deſtroy'd, and how the hand
Of baſe Brunello this by ſtealth obtain'd
From him, whoſe arm the glorious weapon gain'd.

Then

Orlando and Rinaldo, being engaged in a dreadful combat, Angelica, terrified for the ſafety of Rinaldo, at that time the object of her affection, prevailed upon Orlando to break off the combat, and undertake the adventure of the garden of Falerina, by which ſhe not only hoped to remove the preſent danger from Rinaldo, but to rid herſelf of an importunate lover. Orlando, at the requeſt of his miſtreſs, immediately left Albracca, and after ſeveral adventures, and having loſt his horſe, ſtolen from him by Origilla (as before related, ſee Note to Book xv. ver. 735.), he travell'd on foot till he came near the enchanted garden, where he delivered two knights and a lady, who were conducting to the priſons of Falerina: theſe were Gryphon, Aquilant, and Origilla; the laſt of whom, making her peace with him, reſtored to him his horſe. Gryphon and Aquilant then departing, left Orlando alone with Origilla, who had begun to conceive a violent paſſion for Gryphon. While Orlando and Origilla were converſing together, a lady appeared, mounted upon a white palfrey, who, having ſaluted them, addreſſed herſelf to the earl, and adviſed him to fly with ſpeed from a place where all ſtrangers were ſacrificed by the cruelty of Falerina; but Orlando declaring his reſolution to enter the garden, ſhe reply'd in this manner: "If you would not become the food of the ſerpent, you muſt, Sir knight, continue chaſte, at leaſt three days, and for your guidance take this book, which will inform you of all that muſt be done for the completion of the adventure. Know that this garden is the work of an enchantreſs, who has retired into a ſtately palace

Then how, as at Carena's foot he ſtood,
On young Rogero he the gift beſtow'd.

Full

lace in the middle of the garden, where, by her ſkill in magic, ſhe has framed a ſword, whoſe edge nothing can reſiſt, which weapon ſhe has deſigned to be the death of the greateſt champion in the weſtern world: this champion is named Orlando; he is reported to be invulnerable and unconquerable, and Falerina has found that the Fates have threatened her garden ſhall one day be deſtroyed by him; but remember, when you attempt this adventure, that no foot can enter the garden except at ſunriſe." The damſel having ended her ſpeech, gave Orlando a book and diſappeared.

Orlando then haſtened, with his companion, towards the garden, when night coming on, he alighted from his horſe, and, lying down on the graſs, fell faſt aſleep in his armour, ready at day-break to enter upon the adventure. The treacherous Origilla once more ſtole the earl's horſe Briglia-doro, and taking likewiſe his ſword Durindana from his ſide, while he lay aſleep, mounted, and departed in purſuit of Gryphon. In the morning, Orlando waking miſſed his horſe and ſword; but, reſolutely determined to proſecute the adventure, he tore down a huge branch from an elm, of which he made a kind of club, and advanced intrepidly towards the wall, where the ſerpent kept watch. The ſun was juſt riſen when he arrived at the gate that faced the eaſt, where the monſter, laſhing with his wings and tail, made a moſt horrible noiſe, and opened his jaws to ſwallow the knight. Orlando ruſhed upon him with great fury, and at length, with repeated blows of the club, daſhed his ſkull in pieces. As ſoon as the ſerpent was dead, the wall immediately cloſed, the gate was ſeen no more, and Orlando found himſelf ſhut up in the garden, without any apparent

means

Full well the gallant ſword Orlando knew,
The ſteel how temper'd, and its edge how true;

By

means of eſcaping. Caſting round his eyes he beheld a fountain, in which ſtood a marble ſtatue, on whoſe forehead was written, "The path lies by this fountain to the palace of the garden." Orlando, having refreſhed himſelf awhile at the fountain, continued his way, ſometimes gazing on the verdant turf, enamelled with a thouſand flowers, and liſtening to the muſic of the birds that fluttered amid the branches of the trees, while he admired the number of ſtags, deer, and other animals that inhabited this delightful ſolitude. At length he came to a ſtupendous palace, built of gold, and ornamented with rubies and diamonds: Orlando entered, and beheld a dame clothed in white garments, with a diadem of gold on her head, and holding in her hand a ſword, in the broad blade of which, as in a mirror, ſhe ſeemed to be contemplating herſelf. No ſooner had ſhe beheld the knight, but ſhe fled with precipitation from the palace: Orlando, armed as he was, purſuing her with equal ſpeed, and ſoon overtaking her, ſeized the ſword that had been made for his deſtruction, and holding her by the hair of the head, threatened her with immediate death, unleſs ſhe inſtructed him how to leave the garden; but ſhe perſiſting obſtinately ſilent to his threats or promiſes, Orlando, enraged, bound her to the trunk of a tree, and recollecting his book, applied to it for information, where he found that a gate opened to the ſouth, guarded by a bull that had one horn of iron, and one of fire, and whoſe hide was not to be pierced by any weapon; but that before he reached the gate, he muſt paſs by a wonderful lake with great difficulty. Orlando fully inſtructed, firſt carefully ſtopped his ears with the leaves of roſes, which he gathered from the meadow, and arriving

By-proof he knew—and hence to gladneſs rais'd,
The Sovereign Ruler of the ſkies he prais'd:

He

riving at the lake where many had found their death*, the water began to gurgle, and a Syren appeared, having the form above of a beautiful woman, and beneath the tail of a fiſh; ſhe began to ſing ſo melodiouſly, that the birds and beaſts gathered round, and were immediately charmed to a profound ſleep. Orlando, though he heard nothing, pretending to be in the ſame manner attentive to her ſong, threw himſelf on the ground and feigned to be aſleep, when the Syren ruſhing to ſeize him, he ſtruck off her head with his ſword, and ſmeared himſelf over with her blood, as a ſure preventive againſt the effects of the bull's fiery horn, which would otherwiſe have conſumed his armour to aſhes. The earl then advanced to the ſouth ſide of the garden, and reached a brazen gate guarded by the fiery bull, which he immediatly attacked, and ſoon cut off his iron horn; but with the horn of fire the beaſt preſſed him ſo furiouſly that the knight could ſcarce defend himſelf, and had he not been preſerved by the blood of the Syren, the fire would have totally conſumed him. At laſt he ſlew the bull, whoſe body was immediately ſwallowed up by the earth, and the wall cloſing, he found himſelf once more impriſoned. He was then directed by his book to go to the weſtern part, where he would find another gate adorned with jewels and precious ſtones, defended by a wonderful aſs that was enchanted. Orlando, as his book directed, purſuing his way, came to a tree of a vaſt height, the branches of which ſpread to a prodigious extent: having again conſulted his book, he took his ſhield, and binding it over his brows, ſo that his ſight might be effectually defended, as by

* See Taſſo in his deſcription of the ſnares prepared by Armida for the knights who came to redeem Rinaldo from her chains. JERUS. DEL. B. XIV.

He deem'd that God (thus oft the warrior ſaid)
At ſuch a time had ſent this ſword in aid:

At

a penthouſe, from any thing that fell from above, he boldly advanced to the trunk of the tree; amidſt the branches of which ſate an enormous bird, with the head and face reſembling a woman with beautiful hair, and crowned with a diadem; her feathers were party-coloured and gold; her feet were armed with iron talons, and from her body diſtilled a certain liquor, that as ſoon as it touched the eyes, inſtantly took away the ſight, and the helpleſs prey was left to be devoured by her. This monſter ruſhed with a dreadful noiſe upon Orlando, who came with his head held down to defend himſelf from the effects of the liquor that fell on his ſhield in great abundance, till at length, with a fortunate ſtroke of his ſword, he cleft the bird aſunder, and leaving her dead by the tree, he replaced the buckler on his arm and purſued his way, till he came to the rich gate decorated with jewels of ineſtimable value, where he found the aſs covered over with impenetrable ſcales of gold; his ears were two ells in length, which he curled like a ſerpent, and with which he ſeized and drew every thing to him with incredible ſtrength; his tail was ſharper than the ſharpeſt ſword, and not to be reſiſted by the ſtrongeſt armour; and the noiſe of his braying made the earth tremble. This beaſt ran furiouſly towards Orlando, who, receiving him with his drawn ſword, laid all his ſide bare notwithſtanding his ſcales, that were no defence againſt the ſword of Orlando: the aſs then ſeized on the knight's ſhield with his ears, and by force drew it from him, but Orlando ſevered his ears with a ſtroke of the ſword, when the beaſt turning round with his ſharp tail hew'd all the champion's armour in pieces, while he, whoſe ſkin was enchanted, remained unhurt. Orlando, had now wounded the aſs in

many

At ſuch a time, that call'd for all his might,
To meet in combat Sericana's knight,

Who

many places, and at laſt divided his head from his body, which continued for ſome time to turn about; the garden and all the foreſt ſhook; the earth opening ſwallowed up the aſs; and when the earl attempted his paſſage through the gate, the wall cloſed, and the gate was ſeen no more. Orlando, once more conſulted his book, and was directed to take his courſe towards the north, where was another gate that led from the garden, through which, no human force could paſs, as it was defended by a dreadful giant, from whoſe blood, ſhould he be ſlain, ſprung two others fiercer than himſelf, the brood ſtill increaſing with every death. Orlando now arrived at a flowery valley where he ſaw, by the margin of a fountain, a table richly ſpread with the moſt delicious viands, and wines of every ſort in golden vaſes, where the knight was tempted to refreſh himſelf; but firſt, he conſulted his book, then caſting his eyes upon a bower of roſes, he perceived concealed among the greens a fawn, whoſe upper part reſembled a woman, and the lower part a ſerpent: ſhe held in her hand a chain that was inviſibly ſpread round the fountain, as a ſnare to ſecure any one that ſhould venture to partake of the repaſt, whom ſhe immediately drew to her bower. Orlando, aware of this, turned from the fountain towards the wood, which the fawn perceiving fled, ruſtling through the graſs, but the knight ſoon overtook and ſlew her. The fawn being dead, Orlando haſtened to the gate of the north, where he found the giant completely armed with ſhield and helmet: A dreadful combat enſued, till the earl, with a blow of his ſword, giving the giant a mortal wound, he fell dead to the ground, and ſeemed to leave the victory to Orlando. The blood that flowed from

Who (join'd to force o'er all the world confeſs'd)
Wore Durindana, and Bayardo preſs'd:
Rogero's

the dead giant gathered into a large pool, and a flame kindling round it, another giant, by degrees, appeared newly created, armed as the former, and a ſecond ſucceeded him in like manner, both at once attacking the knight with irreſiſtible fury. Orlando finding it vain to purſue the combat with thoſe whoſe death but increaſed the number of his enemies, ran haſtily to the gate, and endeavoured to force the bars, which he ſoon burſt aſunder; but the giants cloſely purſued him, and obliged him to defend himſelf: he now left his ſword as an uſeleſs weapon, and grappling with his opponents, by turns, threw each of them to the ground with incredible ſtrength, and often attempted in vain to reach the gate; but finding every effort unſucceſsful to effect his eſcape, he began to retreat towards the garden, when the giants immediately left him, and reſumed their ſtation at the gate, for ſo the enchantment was framed, that they ſhould ever remain the guardians of the entrance. In the mean time the earl arrived at the meadow, where the banquet was ſpread, and where he ſlew the fawn, whoſe ſnare was laid for ſtrangers. Here Orlando took the chain that was of a great length and weight, and dragging it after him returned to the place where he left the two giants, and after a dreadful conflict he ſeized and bound them both with the chain: but the knight ſtill knew that his adventure was not completed, as he muſt not return to his miſtreſs till he had entirerely deſtroyed the garden of the enchantreſs. He had again recourſe to his book, and found that in the middle of the garden was a tree, of which if the topmoſt branch was brought to the ground, the whole enchantment would be diſſolved;

Rogero's armour ſcarce attention drew,
As little prizing what he little knew, 210
Which

diſſolved; but that no one muſt hope to atchieve this without expoſing himſelf to the moſt dreadful danger. Orlando, undaunted, took his way to the palace where he had ſeen the dame with the drawn ſword, and whom he now found, as he had left her, bound to the trunk of a tree: he ſoon came to the tree he ſought for, and beheld the fatal ſummit above the flight of an arrow ſent from the ſtrongeſt bow: the branches of this tree were to a great extent, and covered with thick leaves that changed every day, and concealed under them ſharp thorns: the trunk was ſo perfectly ſmooth that it was impoſſible to climb it, and ſo ſlender, as to be graſped by the hand: this whole tree was laden with apples of gold of a vaſt ſize and weight, that hung by a ſmall ſtalk, and threatened all that approached them, for the lighteſt foot that preſſed the earth made all the tree tremble, from which the golden ſhower immediately deſcended like hail, and cruſhed the wretched adventurer to death. Orlando, having conſidered all with attention, ſaw that it was in vain to think of aſcending the ſummit of the tree, where the boughs would not have ſupported the leaſt weight; but having made a kind of wicker ſhed, lined with ſods of turf, he placed it on his head, and, thus defended, marched forwards towards the trunk of the tree, which, as he approached, began to ſhower the apples in ſuch abundance, that all his ſtrength, great as it was, could ſcarcely enable him to ſtand under the enormous weight that oppreſſed him: as ſoon as he reached the trunk he, with his ſword, immediately ſevered it in two, and the whole fell to the ground: an earthquake followed, the ſun was obſcured with dreadful clouds, and the earl remained in total darkneſs, till, from a thick

Which ſeem'd, whate'er its worth, ſuch worth to
owe
To temper leſs than pomp of outward ſhow.

He

ſmoke that covered all the plains and mountains, a flame aroſe to the height of a tower, where ſome demon ſeemed to deſtroy every ſpell of the garden. The enchantment being ended, the ſky cleared, the ſun ſhone with new beauty, the wall of rock that lately ſurrounded the place was vaniſhed, and left every one at liberty to depart. The palace and fountain appeared no more, and nothing was ſeen but the dame bound to the trunk of the tree, who, with bitter complaints, lamented the deſtruction of her garden. Her former pride was now humbled; ſhe no longer continued in obſtinate ſilence, but thus addreſſed Orlando: "Sir knight, the flower of knighthood, I confeſs that I deſerve death, but ſhould you now execute your juſt vengeance upon me, know that many knights and ladies, detained in priſon by my power, will ſuffer in my death. This garden, which thou haſt deſtroyed in one day coſt me the ſtudy of ſeven months, and was deſigned to revenge me for the diſcourteſy of a knight and dame called Arriantes and Origilla, who have never yet fallen into my hands*; many lives have fallen a ſacrifice in this garden, but greater numbers have been made captive at a bridge, and at a tower, where an old man drew many into his ſnares, till his priſoners were releaſed by a certain virgin, daughter to Galaphron †, well verſed in magic. Many ſtill remain priſoners at the bridge, all whom, ſhould I be ſlain, would inevitably periſh: but if thou wilt ſpare my life, I promiſe to ſet

* No further account appears of this in Boyardo. † ANGELICA.

them

He wants no mail of proof, whoſe ſkin was made,
Impervious to the javelin, dart, or blade.
To Olivero then he left the arms,
But kept himſelf the ſword of temper'd charms.
To Brandimart he gave the ſteed, and ſhar'd
With either noble friend, in due regard,
The good that ſeem'd by Providence prepar'd.
Each warrior for the day of battle ſought
Some new device and veſtment richly wrought.
Orlando, pictur'd in his ſcutcheon, took
Proud Babel's lofty tower with lightening ſtruck.
A hound of ſilver Olivero bore,
The leaſh upon his back he couchant wore;

them at liberty: ſhouldſt thou diſtruſt my words, lead me hence, either releaſed or bound, and I will deſtroy the tower and bridge in thy preſence. Chuſe which thou wilt; take my life, or, by extending thy mercy to me, give life and liberty to the wretched captives."

Orlando, hearing this, determined to ſpare the enchantreſs, and immediately ſet out with her for the enchanted bridge; at which place he ſlew Arridano, and delivered all the priſoners, as before related in the note to Book xix. ver. 272.

ORLANDO INNAM. Book i. Cant. xvii. xviii. Book ii. Cant. iii. iv. v.

Ver. 198. *Or young Rogero*—] See General View of BOYARDO's ſtory.

The motto — TILL HE COMES — his mantle fram'd
Of gold, well worthy of a knight ſo fam'd.
But noble Brandimart reſolv'd to take,
For his own honour and his father's ſake,
A mantle faſhion'd for the day of fight,
All ſabled o'er with the dun hue of night;
The work of Flordelis; who round it plac'd
A coſtly fringe with ſparkling jewels grac'd.
With her own hand the dame had wrought the weed
That cover'd all the warrior's arms and ſteed.
But from that hour the taſk was firſt begun,
To that which ſaw her love's dear labour done;
Nor ſince, did ſmile upon her face appear,
Or glimpſe of pleaſure change her mournful cheer:
A conſtant weight hung heavy at her heart,
And much ſhe fear'd to loſe her Brandimart.

Ver. 226. *'Till he comes*—] This fanciful device of chivalry is thus explained by the Italian commentator. "The poſture of the dog ſhews that he is in expectation of his prey; by the dog, Olivero figures himſelf, and ſhews, that he only waits for the opportunity to prove his valour."

Ver. 229. ——— *his father's ſake*—] In honour of his father Monodant lately dead, of which the news was brought him by Bardino. See Book xxxix. ver. 494.

Oft

Oft had ſhe known him in the field expos'd
To hoſtile rage, with perils round enclos'd;
But ſuch a dread had ne'er her ſoul oppreſt,
Froze in her blood, or throbb'd within her breaſt,
And from this fear, which ne'er before ſhe knew,
The gentle dame more fatal omens drew.
With arms, and every need prepar'd at hand,
Their ſails the warriors to the breeze expand.
But Sanſonetto and Aſtolpho ſtay,
Whoſe joint command the numerous hoſts obey.
Unhappy Flordelis, in deep deſpair,
Laments and weeps, and wearies Heaven with prayer;
And, far as ſight the leſſening object views,
With ſtraining eyes the flying ſhip purſues.
Her Sanſonetto and Aſtolpho bore,
All pale and ſtruggling, from the fatal ſhore;
Then to her home the widow'd mourner led,
And left her ſpent and fainting on her bed.
Meanwhile the winds convey'd the gallant three,
The fearleſs champions through the foamy ſea;
Swift to the iſle the veſſel urg'd her ſpeed,
The liſt for ſuch a glorious fight decreed.

Now

Now had Anglante's knight th' expected land,
With Brandimart and Olivero, gain'd:
Arriving firſt, he firſt the ground poſſeſs'd,
And to the eaſt his fair pavilion dreſs'd.
That day came Agramant, in martial pride,
And pitch'd his tent upon the weſtern ſide.
But ſince the ſun roll'd down departing light,
Till next Aurora they deferr'd the fight.
Till morning dawn on either hand prepar'd,
The menials ſtood in arms their lords to guard.
The noble Brandimart at evening went,
(His chief permitting) to the Pagan's tent.
With Afric's king t' unlock his ſecret breaſt,
For once their ſouls the ties of friend confeſs'd,
When Brandimart in Afric's banner'd hoſt
Had follow'd Agramant to Gallia's coaſt.
Mindful of former love the warriors meet,
And graſping hand in hand, each other greet.
With earneſt reaſons then the Chriſtian knight
Would urge the Pagan to decline the fight,
With offers, from Orlando, to reſtore
Each city to his rule, from Nilus' ſhore
To where Alcides fix'd his pillar'd baſe,
Would he the faith of Mary's Son embrace.

"Thee have I lov'd (he cry'd) thee, whilſt I live,
Shall ever love, and hence this counſel give.
Well may'ſt thou know I deem that counſel good,
Which I, O monarch! for myſelf purſu'd.
CHRIST is our GOD, but Mahomet untrue——
By me the path of life and mercy view.
The path I tread——and fain would thee, O king!
With every friend, to life and mercy bring.
In this conſiſts thy weal—nought elſe aright
Can work thy good, and leaſt of all, the fight
With Milo's ſon *, where conqueſt cannot weigh
Againſt the evil, ſhould'ſt thou loſe the day.

If

* ORLANDO.

Ver. 291. *Which I, O monarch!*—] Brandimart was converted to Chriſtianity by Orlando, as is related by Boyardo. Orlando having engaged in a bloody battle with Agrican, endeavours, when night breaks off the battle, to convert the king to chriſtianity, but in vain: next day the combat is renewed, at laſt Agrican receiving his death's wound from Orlando requeſts baptiſm, and is baptized by the Paladin before he dies.

Ver. 298. *With Milo's ſon*—] Milo of Anglante, youngeſt brother to duke Amon, having won the affections of Bertha, the ſiſter of Charlemain, ſhe proved with child by him. The emperor coming to the knowledge of this, threw them both into priſon, till the lovers being ſet at liberty through the mediation of Amon, he baniſhed them from his dominions,

If thou ſhould'ſt win—how little gain enſues!
But if thou loſeſt—greatly muſt thou loſe.
Say, by thy hand Orlando breathleſs lie,
Or we, who come with him to win or die,
I ſee not how henceforth thou ſhalt regain
Thy honour, and reſtore thy loſt domaine
Think not—ſhould we be ſlain—the Chriſtian ſtate,
So twin'd with us, ſo buried in our fate,
That Charles can want to earth's remoteſt end,
Soldiers and chiefs his conqueſts to defend.
Thus Brandimart; and thus had further preſt
The wholeſome counſels of a zealous breaſt,

nions. They afterwards married, and Bertha was delivered of a ſon, afterwards named Orlando, who gave in his earlieſt years ſuch proofs of valour, as induced the emperor to pardon his parents: he received them both into favour, and reſtored to Milo his poſſeſſions, the marquiſate of Brava, and the earldom of Anglantes. He adopted young Orlando for his ſon, and the pope made him ſtandard-bearer to the church, and a ſenator of Rome.

On the invaſion of the Chriſtians by Garnieri, king of Carthage, Milo of Anglantes performed great feats of valour: having received the pope's benediction, he defended Rome and Charlemain, and killed Garnieri. Almontes, grandſon of Garnieri, afterwards coming over to revenge his death, engaged in ſingle combat with Milo, and killed him with the ſword Durindana.

See ASPRAMONT, C. i. ii. ver. 18.

But

But with an angry voice and haughty look,
Impatient on his ſpeech the Pagan broke.
Sure more than madneſs muſt poſſeſs thy mind,
And all who dare, like thee in folly blind,
Whate'er the chance, in evil or in good,
Unaſk'd on others their advice obtrude!
That theſe thy words but ſpeak thy former will
To ſeek my peace, and that thou ſeekſt it ſtill,
I ſcarce can think, when to my preſent harms,
I ſee thee with Orlando rang'd in arms.
Sure, rather conſcious of th' avenging day,
When that dire fiend ſhall make thy ſoul his prey,
Thou ſeek'ſt to drag with thee to loweſt hell
All human kind in endleſs pains to dwell.
Whether I loſe or conquer—whether gain
My ancient realm, or exil'd ſtill remain,
God in his awful purpoſe muſt diſpoſe;
Nor thou, nor I, nor yet Orlando knows.
Howe'er it fall—no fortune ſhall debaſe
My ſoul to actions that a king diſgrace.
Hence to thy friends return! and if thy might
Can prove no better in to-morrow's fight,
Than now thy ſkill in eloquence is ſhown,
Orlando little ſhall thy ſuccour own.

Thus Agramant his ſpeech in anger clos'd;
And both retiring till the morn repos'd.
With ſilver dawn of light, each warrior dreſs'd
In ſhining arms, his foaming courſer preſs'd:
No time for parley, while, with eager haſte,
His pointed lance, in reſt, each warrior plac'd;
But ill-advis'd, my lord, the martial ſtrain
Would linger here on Lipaduſa's plain,
And leave Rogero, in the cruel ſtrife
Of winds and waves, to yield his noble life.
The youth his dreadful way through roaring tides,
And raging foam with ſinewy arm divides:
He feels the breaking ſurge and howling wind,
But moſt he feels the tempeſt in his mind:
There conſcience bids him fear that CHRIST will take
Due vengeance now; and ſince he ſcorn'd to make
His choice of purer ſtreams, has doom'd to lave
His paſt offences in the briny wave.
He now remembers many a promiſe given
To her he lov'd; and what he vow'd to Heaven
When with Rinaldo late in fight he met,
And how his ſoul could every tye forget.

Ver. 342. *But ill adviſed, my lord,* &c.—] He continues the combat in the 520th Verſe of this Book.

Repentant

Repentant now, with many a fervent prayer
He begs of God his forfeit life to ſpare,
And vows, if e'er his feet ſhall tread the ſhore,
With heart ſincere t' embrace the Chriſtian lore,
And ne'er again in aid of Afric's band
With ſword or lance againſt the faithful ſtand;
But back to France reſume his ſpeedy way,
And there to Charles his due allegiance pay;
Nor longer Bradamant with words delude,
But with true faith their happy loves conclude.

Scarce had he vow'd, when, lo! he ſeems to ſwim
With nerves new-brac'd in every buoyant limb:
Wondrous to tell! untir'd his vigour braves
The deep once more, and buffets with the waves:
Wave rolling after wave alternate ſwells,
One lifts him high, and one his courſe impels.
Sinking and riſing thus the brine he cleaves;
At length the rock his weary limbs receives,
And where with favouring ſhelf declines the ſteep,
All drench'd with ooze he iſſues from the deep.
The reſt that ſought their hapleſs lives to ſave,
Engulph'd in billows found a watry grave.

Now from the toſſing ſurge, at heaven's commands,
Upon the dreary cliff Rogero ſtands;

Around

Around the ſavage coaſt he rolls his eyes,
And, ſafe from ſea, new fears by land ariſe:
There doom'd, perhaps, on that dire coaſt to lie
A lonely exile, and with famine die.
But yet reſolv'd with conſtant mind to bear,
What evil Heav'n had doom'd his wretched ſhare;
Up the ſteep rock his patient ſtep he bends,
And now, by ſlow degrees, the height aſcends;
When ſudden to his wondering ſight appears
A ſire, low bent with abſtinence and years:
A hermit, by his looks and geſture ſeen,
Of ſaint-like manners, and of reverend mien.
O Saul! O Saul! (he cry'd, as near he drew)
Why wilt thou thus my holy faith purſue?
(As once to Paul, our heavenly Saviour ſpoke,
What time he gave the dread, but ſaving ſtroke).
Think'ſt thou, unpaid, to paſs th' oppoſing ford,
Defrauding of his dues the rightful lord?
Lo! God, who reaches all, whom late in thought
You deem'd ſo far, has here his judgment wrought.
Thus far the hermit, to whoſe holy ſight
High Heaven in viſion, the preceding night,
Great things diſcloſ'd; how, by his powerful hand,
Rogero ſafe ſhould tread that deſert land;

Reveal'd

Reveal'd his life, his every action paſt,
His future praiſe, and hapleſs death at laſt;
With all the glory that henceforth ſhould grace
His ſons, his grandſons, and his numerous race.
The hermit then purſues; and firſt, ſevere,
He pours reproof in young Rogero's ear;
And, when remorſe and ſhame his boſom move,
He ſoothes him with the balm of peace and love.
The youth he blames, who ſuch delay could make
A yoke ſo pleaſing on his neck to take:
Hence, what at firſt behov'd him to embrace,
When CHRIST ſo gently warn'd him oft to grace,
In peaceful times, he now receiv'd, as aw'd
Before the preſence of an angry GOD,
And deaf to mild reproof, confeſs'd his chaſtening rod.
He comforts then, and tells him CHRIST will hear
Repentant ſinners with indulgent ear;
That, in the goſpel vineyard of the Lord,
Each holy labourer finds a like reward;
And, with pure zeal, he to the liſtening youth
Unfolds the myſteries of Chriſtian truth.
In converſe thus, with ſteps ſedate and ſlow,
Together to the hermit's cell they go.

Cut in the living rock; and o'er it ſtands
A hallow'd chapel that the eaſt commands,
Fair, neatly built—and reaching to the flood,
Of various growth below, a quivering wood,
Where laurel, juniper, and myrtle green,
With ſpreading palm-trees, grace the lovely ſcene;
Whoſe mingled ſhade a liquid fountian feeds,
That down the rock its murmuring current leads.
Near forty years had paſt ſince firſt the ſire
Forſook each worldly pleaſure, to retire
To this receſs, where, by his Saviour bleſt,
He led his days in purity and reſt.
For wholeſome food the gather'd fruits he took;
To quench his thirſt he ſipp'd the cryſtal brook;
And ſtrong in health, and free from care and ſtriſe,
He reach'd th' extremeſt verge of human life.
Now in his cell the kindled fire he blew,
Then on the board his homely fruits he threw.
Rogero dry'd his veſt and oozing hair,
Then ſate and feaſted on the ſimple fare;
Where, by his ſaint-like hoſt explain'd, he heard
The wondrous truths in Chriſtian faith rever'd;
And from his hand, next day, the humble knight
In the pure ſtream receiv'd the cleanſing rite.

Awhile

Awhile ſequeſter'd in this calm abode
Rogero ſtay'd, whom oft the man of God
Declar'd, ſome days elaps'd, he meant to ſend
Where all his thoughts, where all his wiſhes tend.
Meanwhile in talk the uſeful hours were given
To various themes: now on the realms of heaven
The ſage diſcours'd; now on his worldly good;
And now the race to iſſue from his blood.
That Power, from whom no thought remains conceal'd,
Had to the reverend ſire in dreams reveal'd,
That, from the day he firſt our faith embrac'd,
Rogero's life in ſeven ſhort years would waſte;
That Pinabello, by his conſort dead,
Should call down future vengeance on his head;
Till for this death and Bertolagi ſlain,
He falls by dire Maganza's impious train:
So ſecret is his fate; no tongue can tell
The murderous treaſon, or by whom he fell.
But where, by cruel hands the knight ſhall die;
There, by thoſe hands his corſe ſhall bury'd lie.
His wife and ſiſter, for his honour'd ſake,
Hereafter ſhall a heavy vengeance take;

And, with her burthen'd womb, long time deplor'd,
His mourning wife ſhall ſeek her abſent lord:
Between the Adigi and Brenta's rills,
And where Antenor ſtay'd between the hills,
Hills rich with ſulphur, where each river leads
His courſe through corn-clad fields and verdant meads;
Scenes, by the Trojan view'd with raptur'd eye,
Which well might Ida, and the loſs ſupply
Of Xanthus and Aſcanius—there in ſhade
Of ſheltering foreſts ſhould the dame be ſtay'd;
And near Atheſtes (Phrygian name) in throes
Of child-bed labour, ſhould to birth diſcloſe
An infant, fair in form, and after fam'd
For noble daring, and Rogero nam'd:
He, own'd of Trojan lineage, ſhould obtain
Dominion o'er the Trojan's exil'd train;
And next from Charles, to whom his youthful aid
He gives in arms, with princely gifts be paid:

Ver. 491. *And next from Charles*, &c.] This was the beginning of the illuſtrious family of Eſte, whoſe praiſes are ſcattered all through this work; and here the poet gives the origin or derivation of the name Eſte, as likewiſe of the title of marquis, given by Charles the Great to this Rogero, when he went againſt Deſiderius king of Lombardy.

See Note to Book III. ver. 164.

When,

When, for his actions in the Lombard war,
The name of marquis ſhould he juſtly bear.
As royal Charles, when he the land beſtows,
Would ſay in Latin—ESTE—here repoſe;
Succeeding times ſuch omen ſhould embrace,
And give the name of ESTE to the place.
Thenceforth no more Atheſtes ſhould retain
Its ancient title, but the new remain.
GOD ſet before his choſen ſervant's view
What judgment ſhould Rogero's death purſue;
How he, in viſion, ere the dawning light,
Should ſtand before his faithful conſort's ſight,
And to her ear the murderous guile betray,
The place deſcribing where his body lay:
How ſhe, and her Marphiſa, ſhould employ
Both fire and ſword Pontiero to deſtroy.
Nor leſs his ſon, Rogero, when he grew
To manhood, ſhould Maganza's race purſue.

Ver. 496. *Shall ſay in Latin*, ESTE,—] In the quaintneſs of this paſſage, Arioſto alludes to the real incident that gave birth to the title or name of Eſte, afterwards ſo famous. The emperors, when they beſtowed any lordſhip or ſovereignty on ſubjects for their merits, made uſe of this expreſſion in Latin, *Eſto hic domini*.

Of every Azzo of th' Alberti's name,
Th' Obizi, all that blood from theſe ſhould claim,
The hermit knew, to Nicholas renown'd;
Borſo and Hercules with virtues crown'd;
Hippolito and Linonetto grac'd;
Alphonſo brave, and Iſabella chaſte.

But well inſtructed where his ſpeech to cloſe,
The holy father ſpeaks not all he knows;
What ſhould be told, he to the youth explains,
And, what conceal'd, he to himſelf retains.

Meanwhile with ſpears declin'd, and fearleſs heart,
Orlando, Olivero, Brandimart,
To meet the Pagan Mars with fury came,
(For ſuch the Muſe my fierce Gradaſſo name)
And thoſe that with him ſtood the fight to wage,
King Agramant, and king Sobrino ſage.

Ver. 511. *Azzo, Alberto*, &c.—] All theſe perſonages have been ſufficiently noted in the former parts of theſe remarks. See Book iii.—the Notes throughout.

Ver. 521. *Meanwhile with ſpears*, &c.—] The poet returns to Rogero. Book xliii. ver. 1469.

——— *Ibid.*] The battle here deſcribed by Arioſto of ſix champions, three to three, is certainly new in poetry, though doubtleſs battles of the ſame kind may be found in the romance writers: it gives the poet room for novelty of deſcription, and perhaps is as excellent a battle as any in the whole poem.

Each

Each ſpurr'd his mettled ſteed, and, wide around,
The ſeas, the ſhores re-echo'd to the ſound.
When now the combatants together drew,
And to the ſkies their ſhiver'd lances flew
With horrid craſh—th' affrighted waves appear'd
To ſwell and foam—the noiſe to France was heard!
By chance Orlando and Gradaſſo met,
And equal ſeem'd *againſt each other ſet,*
Save that *Bayardo's vigour in the courſe,*
Gave ſeeming *'vantage to Gradaſſo's force.*
Againſt the ſteed, with ſuch reſiſtleſs power
He ruſh'd, the ſteed which fierce Orlando bore,
That, forc'd before the dreadful ſhock to yield,
He fell, and meaſur'd with his length the field.
Orlando tries, but vainly ſtill he tries,
With hand and ſpur to make his courſer riſe,
When nought avail'd, the ſaddle he forſook,
Embrac'd his ſhield and Baliſarda ſhook.
On Afric's monarch Olivero ran,
And both with equal chance, the tilt began.
But Brandimart had king Sobrino thrown
From off his ſteed; though ſcarcely could be known
If by his own or courſer's blame he fell;
For ſeldom fame Sobrino's fall could tell.

But whether by his own or courſer's fault,
Unhors'd Sobrino lay the firſt aſſault.
Now Brandimart, who king Sabrino view'd
Low-ſtretch'd on earth, no more with him purſu'd
The fight, but turn'd Gradaſſo's arms to meet,
By whom alike Orlando loſt his ſeat.
The marquis now and Agramant engag'd
With equal fortune, had the combat wag'd.
Againſt the ſhield their ſpears they broke, and drew
Their flaming ſwords, the battle to renew.
Orlando (who beheld Gradaſſo clos'd
With Brandimart, and little now diſpos'd
On him his force to turn, ſo ſore he felt
The ſtrokes his gallant foe unceaſing dealt)
Gaz'd round, when near Sobrino ſtood in ſight,
Like him, on foot, and idle from the fight.
Fierce on the ſage he ruſh'd, with dreadful look,
And, as he trod, the ſkies with terror ſhook.
Sobrino, who the dread encounter view'd,
Firm in his arms with force collected ſtood.
Then, as a pilot, who beholds from far
The roaring onſet of the watry war,
Directs his prow againſt the billowy tide
In mountains riſing—thus Sobrino try'd

With

With lifted ſhield, that ruin to repel,
Which from the ſword of Falerina fell.
Such Baliſarda's edge, the ſtrongeſt arms
But little held againſt its temper'd charms;
And, wielded now in great Orlando's hand
(Of force unequall'd) nothing could withſtand.
Full on the buckler's orb, with ſwift deſcent
Through double folds of plated ſteel it went,
Cleft all the ſhield, and in his ſhoulder made
A ghaſtly wound, where mail and plate o'erlaid,
Oppos'd in vain the fierce deſcending blade.
Now, in his turn, Sobrino aims the blow
To wound Orlando; but his fearleſs foe
Unwounded ſtands—to him ſuch favour Heaven,
And ſtars propitious, from his birth had given.
Again the noble earl the falchion ſped,
And from Sobrino thought to part his head.
Sobrino, who the ſtrength of Clarmont knows,
And finds no buckler can ſuch ſtrokes oppoſe,
Drew ſudden back, but ſcarely could evade,
The furious aim from Falerina's blade:
The ſword fell flat, but o'er his forehead broke,
The unfaithful helm, and ſtun'd him with the ſtroke.

Prone

Prone on the ground all pale Sobrino lay,
Nor ſoon recover'd to diſpute the day.
The Paladin, who deem'd this combat o'er,
His rival fall'n, as if to riſe no more,
Againſt Gradaſſo turn'd, ſhould chance demand,
In aid of Brandimart, his friendly hand.
For him o'ermatch'd in arms and ſword he held,
Perchance in courſer and in ſtrength excell'd.
Brave Brandimart, that on Frontino rode,
(The generous beaſt Rogero late beſtrode)
So ply'd his weapons in the dangerous field,
He little ſeem'd in ſtrength or ſkill to yield.
Had like defence ſecur'd his breaſt from harms,
His force might more than meet the Pagan arms.
But (conſcious of his weaker mail) now there,
Now here he turns, and oft eludes the war:
No courſer better than Frontino knew
The knight's command, or at a ſignal flew.
Where Durindana fell, he ſeem'd to know
Its aim, and ſhunn'd the long-deſcending blow.
But in a different part the battle rag'd,
By Agramant and Olivero wag'd:
Both ſeem'd alike the ſkill of arms to claim,
Their valour equal, and their ſtrength the ſame.

Orlando

Orlando (as I told) Sobrino ſent
Senſeleſs to earth, and tow'rds Gradaſſo bent,
In aid of Brandimart, but from his ſteed
Diſmounted, urg'd, on foot, his eager ſpeed:
Now, ready for th' attack, he view'd at large
Sobrino's courſer lighten'd of his charge:
Him, as he croſs'd his way, with active heat
He ſeiz'd, and ſeizing preſs'd the welcome ſeat:
One hand was ſeen the ponderous ſword to wield,
And one the rich and ſplendid bridle held.
Gradaſſo now, who view'd Orlando near,
Defy'd him by his name, nor harbour'd fear:
With all the three he deem'd ſuch deeds t'atchieve,
That each ſhould from his arm a ſtroke receive,
To think it midnight ere the cloſe of eve.
Then, leaving Brandimart, his weapon's point
Furious he drives, where, twiſted mail and joint
Enclos'd Orlando's neck; through all it held,
But the tough ſkin unhurt the thruſt repell'd.
At once Orlando Baliſarda waves,
From whoſe keen edge no magic temper ſaves:

Ver. 636. *To think it midnight*, &c.] An expreſſion often uſed by Arioſto, and common to romance, meaning to dazzle his eyeſight by repeated ſtrokes, to make his eyes flaſh fire that he might think he ſaw ſtars at daylight.

In

In vain the corſlet, helm, and ſhield oppoſe;
Through corſlet, helm, and ſhield the weapon goes;
At once his boſom, face, and thigh receive
The ſmarting wound, he ſcarcely can believe:
For ſince the day he firſt his armour wore,
No iſſuing blood e'er ſtain'd the mail before.
Wondering he ſees, and rages at the view,
This unknown ſword his plates and cuiraſs hew
With that reſiſtleſs force he deem'd alone
Beſtow'd on Durindana, now his own;
And had one ſtroke purſu'd its aim aright,
That ſtroke had to the ſaddle cleft the knight:
More wary now he fights, with more regard
Than wont erewhile, and leſs forgets to ward.

When Brandimart his friend Orlando view'd,
Who, in his cauſe engag'd, the fight purſu'd,
Aſide he drew, to mark the various field,
Prepar'd, where need requir'd, his aid to yield.

Thus ſtood the war—when now, long time depriv'd
Of ſenſe, Sobrino from his trance reviv'd:
He roſe; but ſtill his front its anguiſh own'd,
His ſhoulder ſtill confeſs'd the grievous wound.
Acroſs the plain his careful eyes he caſt,
And heavy now to aid his ſovereign paſs'd

As Olivero, all intent, purſu'd
The fight with Agramant, Sobrino ſtood
Behind unnoted of th' incautious foe,
And at his courſer aim'd a ſpeeding blow:
His hindmoſt leg receiv'd the biting ſteel:
He fell; and with him Olivero fell,
While preſs'd beneath him on the rugged way,
His left-foot tangled in the ſtirrup lay.
Again, with ſtrength renew'd, Sobrino ſped
A ſidelong ſtroke, to lop the warrior's head;

Ver. 671. *His hindmoſt leg receiv'd*, &c.] This action of Sobrino does not ſeem entirely conſonant to the laws of chivalry, whereby it was ever held unknightly to wound the horſe; and this the poet himſelf ſtrongly expreſſes in the deſcription of the duel between Rogero and Mandricardo.

——But neither knight would try
Ungenerous arts, or make the courſer die,
T' o'erthrow his lord, &c.

Book xxx. ver. 355.

But after all theſe little deviations from general principles, as has been already obſerved when Dudon uſes for his weapon a battle axe, may be introduced chiefly from a deſire of variety in the deſcriptive parts, and if the ſeveral paſſages in other writers, particularly of the epic kind, were minutely examined, there is little doubt, but many apparent impropriеties, if not inconſiſtencies, might be diſcovered that had crept in from the ſame motive. With reſpect to this action of Sobrino, it may be thought leſs to treſpaſs againſt the decorum of chivalry, from the age of the combatant, who, from that circumſtance, may have a greater claim to our indulgence.

But

But this his arms forbade, his arms of yore
By Vulcan temper'd, and which Hector wore.
His danger Brandimart from far ſurvey'd,
And ſpurr'd his ſteed, and waving round his blade
Sobrino ſtruck, whoſe helm receiv'd the ſtroke,
While, headlong, juſtled by the courſer's ſhock,
He fell to earth—but ſoon the ſenior knight
His feet recovering, roſe again to fight,
On Olivero turn'd with fell intent;
Once more to ſlay the knight his force he bent,
Or, as he ſought to riſe, to fruſtrate his intent.
But Olivero, with his better hand
Still diſencumber'd, could his ſword command,
Which here he thruſt or whirl'd with matchleſs ſtrength,
And held Sobrino at the weapon's length.
He hop'd, ere long (the Pagan kept at bay)
To free his foot that now impriſon'd lay.
Drench'd in his blood he ſees th' invading foe,
And ſees to earth the purple current flow;
His feeble knees can ſcarce their weight ſuſtain,
And vanquiſh'd ſoon, his limbs muſt preſs the plain.

Of

Oft Olivero ſtrives in vain to riſe,
Still on his foot the floundering courſer lies.
Now Brandimart an iron tempeſt deals,
As round king Agramant Frontino wheels:
Now at his ſide, in front, and now behind,
Frontino circles rapid as the wind.
This ſteed, the ſon of Monodant beſtrides;
Nor worſe the ſteed the mid-day monarch guides,
By Brigliadoro in the field ſuſtain'd,
Rogero's gift, from Mandricardo gain'd.
Arms could he boaſt, of arms in battle try'd,
Whoſe temper oft the hoſtile ſteel defy'd;
While Brandimart wore ſuch as time could yield,
And ſudden need had furbiſh'd for the field:
Yet theſe he hop'd (eſcap'd from préſent harms)
To barter with his foe for ſtronger arms;
His foe, whoſe ſhoulder wounded by his ſword,
From the wide gaſh a ſtream of crimſon pour'd.
Still in his ſide a wound the Chriſtian felt,
By ſtern Gradaſſo not for pleaſure dealt;
Yet with king Agramant ſo well he ſtrove,
That oft through mail and ſever'd plates he drove

Ver. 705. *The mid-day monarch*, &c.—] Rè del mezzo giorno——Agramant king of Afric, ſo called from the ſituation of his dominions to the ſouth.

The weapon's point; his fencing ſhield he cleft,
His better hand he raz'd, and pierc'd his left.
Such was their fight, yet all muſt ſport be thought,
To deeds Orlando and Gradaſſo wrought.
Gradaſſo has Orlando half depriv'd
Of plate and mail, his helm aſunder riv'd;
On either ſide has ſhorn his creſt in twain,
And ſent his ſhield divided to the plain;
His corſlet rent beneath; while ſafe from harm,
His fated ſkin defies a mortal arm.
But him the Paladin more ſorely preſs'd,
And pierc'd with wounds his face, his throat, and breaſt.
To grief and madneſs fir'd, Gradaſſo view'd
In his own gore, his ſmarting limbs imbru'd,
While fierce Orlando fought, though near diſarm'd,
Without a wound, from head to foot unharm'd.
Gradaſſo rear'd his falchion, at a blow
Through head and breaſt to cleave his hated foe.
He ſtruck, but from his head the ſhining blade
Return'd unbath'd, though with the ſtroke diſmay'd,
Before Orlando's ſight the dazzling meteors play'd.

He

He dropt the reins; his graſp had loſt the ſword,
But to his wriſt a chain the hilt ſecur'd.
Scar'd with the thundering blow, the courſer bore
The knight of Anglant round the ſandy ſhore;
The knight all ſenſeleſs, while he kept his ſeat,
Nor knew his flight, nor rul'd the curbing bit.
Gradaſſo, with Bayardo, ſwift purſu'd,
And ſoon had reach'd, but turning round he view'd
King Agramant to certain death expos'd,
With whom the ſon of Monodant had clos'd;
Whoſe left hand ſeiz'd his helmet, while the right
His beaver opening, at his dazzled ſight
The dagger held, and no defence remain'd
For him, whoſe weapon Brandimart had gain'd.
Gradaſſo ſaw, and furious at the view,
Orlando left and to his reſcue flew.
Now Brandimart (who deem'd that cloſe engag'd
Gradaſſo with Anglantes' warrior wag'd
The combat ſtill) his art and force apply'd
His dagger in the Pagan's throat to hide,
When, lo! Gradaſſo ſtruck with all his might,
Behind the helmet of the noble knight.

Father of Heaven! among th' elected bleſt,
Vouchſafe to give thy faithful martyr reſt!
Who now, the ſtorm of life's ſhort voyage o'er,
Has furl'd his ſails upon a peaceful ſhore.
How couldſt thou, Durindana, ruthleſs ſword!
So wound Orlando, thy unhappy lord,

Ver. 764. *Father of Heaven!* &c.—] The death of Brandimart is one of the moſt affecting paſſages in the poem, and nothing can be finer than this abrupt apoſtrophe of the poet, when he receives the mortal wound. This idea appears entirely our author's own, and I believe will be allowed to be excell'd by few, if any paſſages, either in the ſublime or the pathetic.

Ver. 768. *How could'ſt thou, Durindana!*—] In the romance poem of Aſpramonte, we are told, that Milo, father of Orlando, was ſlain by this ſame ſword in the hand of Almontes.

Drizzoſſi Almonte cò ſuberbia e ira,
Con ambe man la ſpada che non reſta,
Inimichevolmente allor lo mira
El colpo fere e calò ſu la teſta
Ogni armadura il brando ſeco tira
Barbuta e elmo la ſpada rubeſta
Per modo tale alhora ſalutollo
Che con la ſpada il feſſe fino al collo.
E'l gentile ſangue cade in piana terra
In quel de manco tutta la poſſanza
Per l'impia Durlindana che l'afferra
Almonte per trevare el Sir di Franza, &c.

ASPRAMONTE, C. xviii.

Before

Before his eyes, without remorſe, to end
His life's companion, and his trueſt friend?

The helm in vain oppos'd the fatal ſtroke,
Deep in the ſteel the edge reſiſtleſs broke;
Through fold on fold, a dreadful paſſage made,
And buried in his head the reeking blade.
All pale he fell, while from the gaping wound
A purple deluge flow'd, and drench'd the ground.
When now Orlando from his trance awoke,
As round the field he caſt an eager look,
Full ſoon his deareſt Brandimart he view'd,
Low ſtretch'd on earth and gaſping in his blood;
He ſaw the Pagan near, whoſe geſtures tell,
That by his hand the much-lov'd warrior fell.
Scarce knows he yet, if rage prevails or grief,
But blood, not tears, muſt only yield relief.

No time for plaints, when fury bears the ſway;
But here we cloſe the book, and here the tale delay.

END OF THE FORTY-FIRST BOOK.

THE

FORTY-SECOND BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE

FORTY-SECOND BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

CONCLUSION of the battle between the three Chriſtian and three Pagan knights. Death of Agramant and Gradaſſo. Grief of Orlando for the death of Brandimart. Bradamant laments Rogero's breach of faith. Rinaldo conſults Malagigi on the abſence of Angelica: he hears of her leaving France with Medoro, and reſolves to purſue her. He enters the foreſt of Arden, and is attacked by a dreadful monſter: he his delivered by a knight; and afterwards by drinking at the fountain of Diſdain, is cured of his love for Angelica. He is received and hoſpitably entertained by a knight of Mantua, who ſhows him a wonderful cup, by which every married man might prove the fidelity of his wife.

THE FORTY-SECOND BOOK OF ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHAT curb ſo ſtrong can kindled wrath reſtrain?
What iron bit, what adamantine chain
(Could ſuch be found) ſhall in the tortur'd mind
Check fierce revenge, when one to us conjoin'd
In friendſhip's cloſeſt ties, we ſee ſubdu'd
By fraud or force, to ſhame or death purſu'd?
Should momentary impulſe then engage
Our ſouls to deeds of cruelty and rage,
We merit ſome excuſe, ſince Reaſon's power
Is loſt, while paſſion rules the frantic hour.
Achilles, when he ſaw Patroclus ſlain,
In borrow'd armour preſs the ſanguine plain,

Unſated, though his hand the victor ſlew,
Behind his car the breathleſs carcaſe drew.
Such was the wrath, Alphonſo! that inſpir'd
Thy faithful people, when to madneſs fir'd
They ſaw thy front receive the hoſtile ſtone,
And fear'd, in thee, their lives and hopes o'erthrown.
In vain entrench'd within their gates and wall
The foes remain'd; the troops t' avenge thy fall
The city ſtorm'd; nor ſex nor age would ſpare,
And not a wretch was left the news to bear.
Thy life endanger'd to th' unpitying ſword
Such licence gave——Again to thee reſtor'd
A few ſhort hours recover'd Baſtia's town,
Which late Cordova and Granada won.
Perchance, in juſtice, God thy wound decreed,
With heavier vengeance to purſue the deed
Our foes had wrought, when by their cruel hands
Unhappy Veſtidello, held in bands,
A vic-

Ver. 15. *Such was the rage*, &c.——] He commemorates the victory of Alphonſo over the Spaniards, at the taking of Baſtia, a ſtrong fortreſs on the Po, built by Nicolo of Eſte, famous for the action here deſcribed by the poet. Alphonſo in the attack was wounded by a ſtone from an engine.

FORNARI.

Ver. 31. *Unhappy Veſtidello*——] Veſtidello, the governor of the fort, falling into the hands of the Spaniards, was contrary

A victim fell; whom, while diſarm'd, he ſtood
All ſpent with toil, and wounds freſh ſtreaming blood,
A hundred impious ſwords in pieces hew'd.
To ſum up all—no fury can we name
Like that which ſets his generous ſoul on flame,
Who preſent ſees, by ſome dire force oppreſt,
His kinſman, lord, or partner of his breaſt.
No wonder then, if for a friend ſo lov'd,
Deſpair and rage at once Orlando mov'd;
Who ſaw him ſenſeleſs ſtretch'd along the ſand
By one fierce ſtroke from fell Gradaſſo's hand.
As ſome Nomadian ſhepherd that has ſpy'd
A hiſſing ſerpent from his preſence glide,
Whoſe venom'd tooth his little ſon had ſlain,
That harmleſs ſported on the ſandy plain;
With ſudden ire he graſps his knotty oak:
The knight of Anglant ſo his weapon ſhook,

trary to all martial law, ſlain in cold blood. The Spaniards being afterwards vanquiſhed, were every man put to the ſword. FORNARI.

Ver. 38. *What ne'er till then befel*—] The death of Gradaſſo, is very ſimilar to the death of the Soldan in Taſſo, who in the ſame manner is ſeized with a ſudden panick, attended with a preſage of his approaching fate.

See Jeruſalem delivered, Book xx. ver. 686.

(T ha

(That fated edge which never fails to wound)
And firſt the wretched Agramant he found;
Of ſword diſarm'd, with purple gore bedew'd,
With helm unlac'd, and ſhield aſunder hew'd,
With frequent gaſhes in the fight receiv'd,
And ſcarce from Brandimart with life repriev'd:
Like ſome poor bird, who juſt eſcap'd ſurvives
The falcon's gripe, and doubts if yet he lives.
Orlando came, and full the ſtroke he ſped,
Where to the ſhoulder join'd the creſted head:
The helm and gorget loos'd; the trenchant ſteel
Cut through the neck, and like a poppy fell
The ſpouting head, while on th' extended ſhore
The Lybian ruler ſunk, to riſe no more:
To Stygian ſhade deſcends his groaning ghoſt,
By Charon ferry'd to the burning coaſt.
Orlando ſtay'd not long the ſlain to view,
But with drawn ſword on fierce Gradaſſo flew.
When now Gradaſſo on the field diſplay'd
The headleſs trunk of Agramant ſurvey'd,
(What ne'er till then befel) a ſudden dread
Benumb'd his veins, his ſhifting colour fled;
And while the knight of Anglant nearer drew,
It ſeem'd as if his certain fate he knew.
Already

Already conquer'd, no defence he made,
When high advanc'd he ſaw the mortal blade.
Orlando on the left the thruſt impell'd
Beneath the ribs, till through his belly held
The griding ſteel, and at the adverſe ſide
Appear'd from hilt to point with crimſon dy'd;
And well the force beſpoke a warrior's hand,
The firſt in arms of every martial band,
That with a ſingle wound reſiſtleſs ſlew
The braveſt champion of the Pagan crew.
But little joyful at his glorious deed,
The Paladin, alighting from his ſteed,
To Brandimart advanc'd with troubled pace,
The mournful drops faſt trickling down his face:
Arriv'd, the gaſping warrior's head he view'd
All drown'd in blood, his caſk aſunder hew'd.
Not leſs the ſylvan bark a tree defends,
When the ſharp axe with ſweepy ſway deſcends.
With ſpeed Orlando from the dying knight
His helm unlac'd, and ſaw a dreadful ſight:
The ſword had cleft between his manly brows;
Yet fleeting life a ſhort reprieve allows,
Of Heaven's high mercy, ere he breath'd his laſt,
To aſk forgiveneſs for his errors paſt;

With accents mild to ſoothe Anglante's chief,
Whoſe tears and ſighs declar'd his ſpeechleſs grief.
Orlando! when thou mak'ſt to God thy prayer,
Thy friend (he cry'd) in thy remembrance bear:
To thy dear truſt I leave—he would have ſaid
My Flordelis—but there his ſpirit fled:
His feeble accents half her name expreſs'd,
But cruel death came on, and choak'd the reſt.
The voice of angels then, in concert ſweet,
Was heard in air, as from her mortal ſeat
The ſoul releas'd, in ſtrains of hallow'd love,
Aſcended ſwift to endleſs joys above.

Ver. 101. *My Flordelis*—] In this beautiful paſſage, it was thought adviſable to avoid a cloſe tranſlation, where though the thought is affecting in the original, the expreſſion would be ludicrous in Engliſh, the Italian ſays,

A te raccomendo la mia Fiordi———
Ma dir non pote—ligi—e qui finio.

Sir John Harrington has ventured the ſame in his tranſlation.

To thee I recommend my deareſt Fiordi——
And—liege— he would have ſaid—but there did end.

Likewiſe Mr. Huggins.

Nor leſs to you, I truſt my dear Fiordi——
—Liege he could not ſpeak forth—here made an end.

The circumſtance itſelf is naturally juſt, and occurs in ſeveral poets:

She half pronounc'd your name with her laſt breath
And buried half within her——

Dryden's All for Love.

Orlando,

Orlando, while his faith rejoic'd to view
Heav'n's high reward an end ſo pure purſue;
To know his Brandimart ſupremely bleſt,
And ſee Heav'n opening to receive its gueſt;
Yet ſuch the frailty of the human heart,
Still nature ſhudders from a friend to part;
One link'd ſo cloſe, a brother ſcarce ſo dear,
Without the tribute of a tender tear.

Long on the ground Sobrino's limbs were ſpread
And faſt his veins their vital current ſhed:
Still Olivero lay in woeful ſtate,
Nor yet has freed, nor from the galling weight
Can free his foot, which, cruſh'd with piercing pain,
His heavy courſer preſs'd againſt the plain;
And but Orlando came his aid to lend,
(Orlando weeping for his ſlaughter'd friend)
Himſelf had vainly from the floundering ſteed
Eſſay'd to move; but when, at length, he freed
Th' impriſon'd limb, he ſcarce could tread the ground,
While thrilling ſmart through every nerve he found;
As by ſurrounding friendly arms upheld
His fainting ſteps he dragg'd along the field.

Orlando

Orlando on his conqueſt little thought,
A conqueſt deem'd, alas! too dearly bought!
He mourn'd his Brandimart's untimely fate,
And much he fear'd his kinſman's dangerous ſtate.
He found Sobrino, from the dreadful ſtrife,
Surviving ſtill; but ſcarce of lengthen'd life
Affording hope, ſo much the purple tide
From many a wound his aged veins had dry'd.
Him, bath'd in blood, the generous victor gave
To ſkilful hands with healing arts to ſave,
And ſtrives himſelf each wounded thought to calm
With gentle words of friendſhip's ſovereign balm:
Such was this earl! the fight's ſtern trial o'er,
Compaſſion ſway'd, where fury ſway'd before.
But here Fulgoſo ſeems to doubt my tale,
For when on Afric's coaſt he ſpr[illegible]
Each port he ſearch'd, and landing here he found
The iſle ſo mountainous, ſo rough the ground,
Scarce in a ſoil, unform'd for human feet,
Six knights, the flower of all the world, could meet,
And from their ſteeds ſo fierce in battle vie:
Fulgoſo thus, and thus I make reply.

In

Ver. 144. *But here Fulgoſo*—] Fulgoſo or Fregoſo, archbiſhop of Salerno, had it ſeems objected to the probability of

In elder times, beneath the rocky height,
There ſtretch'd a plain extending to the right;
Till, by an earthquake, ſhaken from its baſe,
The mountain fell, and cover'd all the place.
O! thou, the glory of Fulgoſo's line,
In whom ſuch luſtre ſhall for ever ſhine,
If e'er thy cenſures here the ſtory blame,
Perchance before the chief, whoſe mighty fame
Extends ſo far; by whom thy country knows
The choiceſt bleſſings of deſir'd repoſe,
O! deign from falſehood's name to clear my lays,
And ſay my Muſe unſully'd truth conveys.
Now ſad Orlando caſting o'er the tide
His ſharpen'd ſight, a ſlender bark eſpy'd,
That with ſpread canvas o'er the billows flew,
And near the ſhores of Lipaduſa drew.
But whence ſhe came, ſhall fill ſome future page,
More themes than one muſt now the Muſe engage:

of this part of Arioſto's ſtory: but the poet artfully defends himſelf, by alleging, that the face of the country had been entirely changed by an earthquake.

Ver. 159. *Before the chief*, &c.—] Octavian Fregoſo, brother of Frederico, Doge of Genoa, who put an end to all the factions in the republic.

Ver. 168. *But whence ſhe came*, &c.—] He reſumes this ſtory, Book xliii. ver. 1113.

To

To France we turn, to mark their joy or woe,
Since late they wrought the Pagan's overthrow.
But firſt we turn to what the dame befel,
Who bade her ſhipwreck'd peace a long farewel:
The faithful Bradamant, who heard in vain
Before the Saracen and Chriſtian train
Rogero's vows, ſince baniſh'd from his mind,
Theſe with her hopes were loſt in empty wind.
Again her ſorrows and her plaints ſhe pours,
Too oft companions of her lonely hours.
She calls Rogero cruel to the truſt
Her love repos'd—ſhe calls her fate unjuſt!
Then gives a looſe to grief—of Heaven complains,
At once its goodneſs and its power arraigns:
That Heaven, which could ſuch perjury ſurvey,
And not a ſign of heavenly wrath display.
Meliſſa ſhe condemns; and him who gave
Dark oracles from his myſterious cave,
Whoſe lying propheſies her breaſt could move,
And plunge her deeper in the ſea of love.
Then to Marphiſa oft her ſtep ſhe turns,
To her full oft her brother's falſehood mourns:
To her ſhe ſighs; to her ſhe vents her grief,
Hangs on her breaſt, and weeping begs relief.

Round

Round her lov'd friend her arms Marphiſa throws,
And every comfort, words can yield, beſtows;
Tells her that ne'er Rogero will deceive
Her heart's dear hope, but all her fears relieve:
Or, ſhould he not return, ſhe vows to face
The man whoſe actions could his line diſgrace;
Force him with her to prove his ſword in fight,
Or keep his faith, and do his miſtreſs right.
Theſe friendly words awhile conſol'd the fair,
For grief imparted oft alleviates care.

While thus on Bradamant affliction preys,
Learn if her brother happier leads his days,
Whoſe every nerve the fires of love infeſt,
Throb in his pulſe, and kindle in his breaſt:
Yet leſs her beauty, than the potent ſpell
Had fix'd his ſoul in amorous bonds to dwell.
Since France at length had cruſh'd her numerous foes,
The other Paladins in peace repoſe:
Among the victors he alone remains
A wretched captive in a woman's chains.

Ver. 204. *While thus on Bradamant*, &c.] He returns to Bradamant. Book xliv. ver. 294.

Ver. 208. *——than the potent ſpell——*] The Fountain of Love, ſo often mentioned in Boyardo and Arioſto, the water of which had inſpired Rinaldo's paſſion for Angelica.

Full many an envoy in her ſearch he ſent,
Himſelf as oft with vain enquiries went;
His kinſman Malagigi now he ſought,
On whom he oft repos'd each burthen'd thought:
To him, with reddening cheek and eye depreſt,
The knight reveal'd each ſecret of his breaſt;
And beg'd him to diſcloſe where diſtant rov'd
The fair Angelica, his beſt belov'd.

He ſaid; when Malagigi's wonder grew
At this unlook'd-for tale, ſince well he knew
A hundred times Rinaldo might have led
The willing fair-one to partake his bed;
That oft himſelf had try'd the knight to move,
By prayers and threats, to bend him to her love,
In vain—though love from him had freedom gain'd,
For Malagigi in her bonds detain'd.
But now, unaſk'd, ſpontaneous would he give
A heart, the fair vouchſaf'd not to receive.
He bade him call to mind how oft his ſcorn
Had made her proffer'd love an ill return;

Ver. 224. *A hundred times*, &c.—] Alluding to ſeveral parts of the Orlando Innamorato, where Angelica uſed every art to gain his affection, particularly in the Joyous Garden, to which place he was decoyed by the wiles of Malagigi. See Note to Book xxxi. ver. 668.

And

And how himſelf, in dreary dungeon laid,
Had nearly fall'n, for vows ſo ill repaid,
A guiltleſs victim to th' offended maid.

Rinaldo ſtill purſues the dear requeſt;
And moves compaſſion in his kinſman's breaſt:
The paſt offence no more in mind he bears,
But willing ſuccour at his need prepares.
He for reply appoints ſome future day,
And ſends the champion full of hopes away.

Now Malagigi to the place retir'd,
Where, when his ſchemes infernal aid requir'd,
He calls the demons forth; where dark as night,
And inacceſſible to mortal ſight,
A grotto ſtands, enclos'd by hills that riſe
In craggy ſteeps, and ſhoot into the ſkies.
His book he opens, calls the fiends aloud,
And round in haſte the fiends obedient crowd:
Of theſe ſelecting one, beſt ſkill to ſhow
Each maze of love, from him he ſeeks to know
What cauſe had ſoften'd thus Rinaldo's heart,
That late, unpierc'd, repell'd each amorous dart.
He learns what paſſions different ſtreams inſpire,
How one creates, and one abſorbs deſire:

How every ill the breaſt from one receives,
The other with a ſimple draught relieves:
He hears Rinaldo chanc'd the ſtream to taſte
By which are love, and love-born paſſions chac'd;
That hence he ſcorn'd Angelica the fair
With breaſt unfeeling, till his cruel ſtar
Led him to quaff the ſpring, whoſe amorous power
Inflam'd his ſoul for charms he ſhunn'd before.
By cruel ſtars, by cruel fate he came
In that cool ſpring to catch the lover's flame:
For lo! Angelica by chance arriv'd
To drink the adverſe ſtream, of ſweets depriv'd,
That from her heart each tender thought expell'd,
And made her hate whom once ſhe dearly held:
While he the like reverſe of paſſion prov'd,
And where he ſcorn'd, he now as fiercely lov'd.
This wondrous fortune that the knight befel
The demon told, and fail'd no leſs to tell
How to the Moor Medoro's youthful arms
Angelica reſign'd her virgin charms;
Then how the fair Europa's climes forſook,
And through th' unſtable flood her voyage took,
Her veſſel launching from Hiſpania's land
With ſpreading ſails for India's ſpicy ſtrand.

Now, at th' appointed hour, Rinaldo flies
To learn his fate, when Malagigi tries
To turn his thoughts from one who could diſgrace,
With ſuch a partner, her illuſtrious race;
And for her realms had left the Chriſtian ſhore,
That little now avail'd to ſeek her more;
Who with Medoro plough'd the foamy ſea,
And now had meaſur'd more than half her way.
With mind prepar'd (accuſtom'd to her ſcorn)
The fair's departure would the knight have borne:
He came reſolv'd already for her ſake,
To furtheſt Ind his toilſome courſe to take;
But when he heard a Pagan youth poſſeſs'd
The firſt dear bleſſings of her maiden breaſt,
He ſigh'd—he rav'd—his grief to frenzy roſe;
This woe by far ſurpaſs'd his former woes:
He ſtrove to ſpeak, but ſpeech his tongue forſook;
His pulſe beat quick, his lips convulſive ſhook;
And ſtung with jealous pangs, the wretched knight
Abrupt withdrew from Malagigi's ſight.
But when his firſt ſurpriſe and plaints were o'er,
He bent his thoughts to viſit India's ſhore:
For this, from Pepin's ſcn he leave obtain'd,
And urg'd the plea, that by Gradaſſo gain'd

In ſhameful wiſe, in ſtain of knightly race,
His ſteed Bayardo, to his great diſgrace
Was thither borne, where, to retrieve his fame
He haſten'd, leſt the Pagan ſhould proclaim,
With lying vaunts, he won by ſword and lance,
The courſer from a Paladin of France.

Loth was the king, yet could but ill deny
A ſuit, where juſtice urg'd him to comply.
Diſmiſs'd by Charles, the knight his way purſu'd,
Though France with ſorrow his departure view'd:
Dudon and Guido would his perils ſhare,
But he alone would every peril dare.
Paris he leaves, his ſoul with anguiſh burns,
And now he ſighs, and now he weeps by turns.
Remembrance ſtill his anxious ſoul employs
When ſmiling Fortune proffer'd all the joys
That beauty gives, to bleſs his happy arms,
And when his folly ſpurn'd the proffer'd charms.
How did he then the precious moments waſte!
How willing would he now redeem the paſt!
And could he call them back, how gladly pay
With life the rapture of a ſingle day!
Reflection ſtill was buſy in his mind,
To think a youth of ſuch ignoble kind

Could

Could from her heart ſo ſoon all trace remove
Of worth and truth, that claim'd her nobler love.
With thoughts like theſe ſtill rankling at his breaſt,
Rinaldo to the eaſt his courſe addreſs'd;
To Baſilea bound, the Rhine he paſs'd,
And enter'd Arden's dreary ſhades at laſt.
As many a mile the Paladin purſu'd
His venturous way amidſt the lonely wood,
From towns and cities far remote, expos'd
To perils dire, with deepening wilds enclos'd;
A ſudden darkneſs o'er the ſky was ſpread,
Th' affrighted ſun in clouds conceal'd his head,

Ver. 339. *A ſudden darkneſs*, &c.] This beautiful paſſage has a near reſemblance to Spenſer's fiction of the monſter Error, in the Fairy Queen: many circumſtances are ſimilar in both poets: the gloom of a vaſt foreſt heightened with a ſtorm: the attack of the monſter upon the knight, all exquiſitely painted in the Engliſh and Italian author; but the horror ſeems more ſtrongly worked up in Arioſto; while Spenſer, with all his excellence, muſt be condemned for ſuffering his fancy to degenerate into a loathſome and diſguſting picture.

See FAIRY QUEEN. Book i. C. i.

The reader of taſte will here recollect the fine poetical painting in Dryden's Theodore and Honoria, when the ſpectres of the hunter and virgin appear to Theodore.

See DRYDEN's Fables.

And from a cavern, veil'd in darkeſt night,
A female monſter ruſh'd, abhorr'd to ſight!
Her thouſand eyes a watch eternal keep,
No lids were ſeen to cloſe their orbs in ſleep:
As many ears her head terrific bears,
And hiſſing ſnakes ſupply the place of hairs.
A horrid ſerpent for her tail appears,
That o'er her breaſt his curling volumes rears.
From hell's dire gloom, where howling fiends lament,
This dreadful demon to the world was ſent.
What ne'er till then had touch'd Rinaldo's breaſt
In many a field of death, he now confeſs'd.
Soon as the monſter met his ſtartled view,
And ſwift t' aſſail him near and nearer drew;
A terror, more than mortal can ſuſtain,
Congeal'd his blood, and crept through every vein;
Yet wonted courage in his looks he feign'd,
And drew his weapon with a trembling hand.
The cruel fiend, well practis'd in the field,
Began th' aſſault, and round the warrior wheel'd;
Her venom'd ſnake ſhe brandiſh'd as ſhe came,
And at Rinaldo bent her baleful aim:

She leaps upon him with a furious bound:
Now here, now there, Rinaldo ſhifts the ground:
He deals direct, and ſidelong many a blow,
But none he deals can reach his hated foe.
The fiend applies her ſerpent to his breaſt:
Beneath his mail he feels the dreadful peſt
Cold at his heart: now on his helm it rides;
Now o'er his face, now round his neck it glides.
Rinaldo, terrify'd, his fiery ſteed
Gores with the ſpur, and urges all his ſpeed:
But the dire fiend, that follows like the wind,
Vaults with a bound, and graſps him cloſe behind!
Whether direct or ſhort his courſe he wheels,
Still at his back the peſt accurs'd he feels:
In vain each art to ſhake her thence he tries,
And with arm'd heel his rapid courſer plies.
Trembles, like autumn-leaves, Rinaldo's heart:
The freezing ſnake clings cloſe to every part:

Ver. 367. *The fiend applies her ſerpent to his breaſt*—] See VIRGIL ÆNEID. vii. ver. 346.

Huic Dea cæruleis unum de crinibus anguem
Conjicit——— VIRGIL.

Snatch'd from her hiſſing locks a ſnake ſhe threw,
And through his inmoſt ſoul the fiery ſerpent flew.
PITT, v. 442.

He

He groans—he howls—and ſhuddering with affright
He calls aloud for death, and loaths the light,
Through bogs, through brakes, through thorny ways and rude,
Through thickeſt covert of th' entangling wood,
He flew, in hopes to looſen from behind
Th' infernal fiend, whoſe ſnake his limbs entwin'd.
At length, in arms of ſhining ſteel array'd,
A knight appear'd, that brought him timely aid:
His creſt a broken yoke, and in his ſhield
Red flames he bore upon a yellow field:
With flames his ſurcoat was embroider'd o'er;
And ſuch the trappings which his courſer wore.
His hand the ſpear, his ſide the ſword retain'd,
His ſaddle-bow a burning mace ſuſtain'd:
A mace that, ſtor'd with fire eternal, ſent
Flaſh after flaſh, which never could be ſpent;
Againſt whoſe power no buckler would avail,
Nor tougheſt helm, nor ſtrongeſt temper'd mail;
But all gave way where'er the champion turn'd
His dreadful arms, that unextinguiſh'd burn'd.
No leſs a power could ſuccour here beſtow
To free the warrior from his ruthleſs foe.

The

The ſtranger-knight who heard Rinaldo's cries,
His courſer ſpurs, and to his reſcue flies;
And ſoon he views the fiend whoſe ſnake enroll'd
Rinaldo's limbs in many a winding fold:
Who glow'd with feveriſh heat, or ſhook with freezing cold.
Swift came the knight, againſt her ſide he thruſt
His potent ſpear, and hurl'd her in the duſt:
She fell; but ſoon again the earth forſook,
And rear'd aloft her venom'd ſerpent ſhook
In ſpiral wreaths: no longer will the knight
With javelin, but with fire purſue the fight:
He graſps his mace, and where the ſerpent curls
Her rattling ſcales, or where in length unfurls,
With ceaſeleſs aim he drives the fiery blows
Like cruſhing ſtorms, nor reſt nor pauſe allows.
While thus his weapon's unreſiſted ſway
Or drives the monſter back, or holds at bay;
He bids the Paladin the path purſue
That from the thickets to the mountain drew.
He ſaid—The Paladin obſervant flies,
And backward fears to caſt his loathing eyes:
Nor ſtays, till far beyond the monſter's ſight,
Though rough the path and arduous is the height.

Mean-

Meanwhile the champion to her diſmal cell
Has driven by force the ghaſtly child of hell;
There, while in fury for her fruſtrate will,
She gnaws her fleſh; her breaſt black poiſons fill,
And from her thouſand eyes eternal tears diſtill.
The victor then impell'd his courſer's ſpeed
To join Rinaldo, and in ſafety lead
From thoſe drear wilds; and on th' aſcending height
O'ertook, and ſtood beſide the gentle knight.
Rinaldo now with grateful words repaid
His ſervice done—Accept my thanks (he ſaid)
Though thanks are poor, when life can ſcarce repay
The glorious aid of this adventurous day.
Give me, at leaſt, to learn thy name, and know
To whom, Sir Knight, I ſuch deliverance owe;
And tell to Charles, and all his peers around,
Thy matchleſs valour, and thy praiſe reſound.
To whom the knight—My name yet unreveal'd,
Be not diſpleas'd if ſtill I keep conceal'd:
This ſhalt thou learn, before the noontide ſhade
A foot has lengthen'd o'er the dewy glade.
In converſe thus they journey'd, till they found
A cryſtal fount, that oft with murmuring ſound

Strangers

Strangers and ſwains allur'd its draughts to prove,
And quaff a long oblivion of their love.
Theſe are the cooling waters that aſſuage,
(O mighty prince!) the heat of amorous rage;
From which Angelica her hatred drew,
From which Rinaldo's firſt averſion grew.

The knight, who with Rinaldo came and view'd
Where the clear ſtream the bordering plants bedew'd;
As faint with heat and toil, his courſer ſtay'd:
Here let us reſt awhile—the ſtranger ſaid.
Well may we here (Rinaldo cries) repoſe,
Now with fierce rays meridian Phœbus glows:
My limbs unnerv'd, ſo ſorely late oppreſt
By that dire fiend, would gladly welcome reſt.

Thus they, when each alighting, gave his ſteed
To rove at large, and through the foreſt feed:
Each from his head the radiant helm unlac'd,
And on the turf, with flowers enamell'd, plac'd.
Rinaldo then, oppreſt with thirſt and heat,
To the ſmooth mirror bent his eager feet;
At one cool draught its ſovereign virtue prov'd,
And thirſt, and heat, and love at once remov'd.

Ver. 452. *O mighty prince!—*] Cardinal Hippolito, his patron.

Soon

Soon as the knight unknown beheld him ſip
The cooling ſtream, and raiſe his moiſten'd lip,
And ſaw his heart eſtrang'd from Cupid's fire,
Repentant now of every fond deſire,
Erect he roſe, and with a lofty look,
Himſelf diſclos'd, and in theſe accents ſpoke:
Know then, Rinaldo, I am call'd DISDAIN,
And hither come to break thy galling chain.
He ſaid; and inſtant vaniſh'd from the view,
And with the knight his phantom-ſteed withdrew.
Rinaldo, ſpeechleſs, caſt around his eyes:
Where is my champion fled?—Amaz'd he cries,
All this th' effect of magic art he thought,
Some friendly ſpell by Malagigi wrought,
To break that yoke, which long, with galling pain,
His tyrant paſſion forc'd him to ſuſtain:
Or, haply, GOD, in his eternal love,
Had, from his holy hierarchy above,
An angel ſent, his ſaving grace to deal,
As once he ſent him Tobit's eyes to heal.
But whether fiend from hell, or ſaint from heaven,
Had to his captive ſoul her freedom given,
To him all thanks were due, by whom his heart
Was cur'd of love, and every amorous ſmart.

To India ſtill he purpos'd to proceed,
In Sericana to regain his ſteed;
For this his honour claim'd, and this he vow'd,
When royal Charles his earneſt ſuit allow'd.
Next day to Baſilea's town he came,
But ere he reach'd it, thither ſpread the fame
That earl Orlando ſtood prepar'd for fight
With Agramant and Sericana's * knight.
Thus went the tale—nor was the tale believ'd
By meſſage from Anglante's lord receiv'd;
But one, who late his eager voyage ſped
From Sicily, the certain tidings ſpread.
Fain would Rinaldo (though remov'd afar)
The glorious combat with Orlando ſhare:
Full many a mile he tir'd full many a ſteed,
And many a guide—impatience wing'd his ſpeed.
The Rhine he paſs'd, and now his way purſu'd
O'er Alpine ſteeps, now Italy he view'd;
Now Mantua and Verona he forſook,
And croſs the Po his rapid journey took.
Already weſtward far declin'd the ſun,
And in the ſkies the ſtar of evening ſhone;

* GRADASSO.

When

When as beſide the river's winding flood,
Debating with himſelf Rinaldo ſtood,
To change his ſteed, or there remain till night
Should fly th' approach of next Aurora's light;
Sudden before his eyes a knight was ſeen
Of comely feature, and of courteous mien,
Who, firſt with fair ſalute, beſought to know
If e'er his lips had ſeal'd the marriage vow.
Rinaldo then—I wear the nuptial yoke—
Yet much he mus'd at what the ſtranger ſpoke;
Who thus rejoin'd—Well pleas'd thy words I hear,
And that my deeds may ſpeak my meaning clear,
Vouchſafe, Sir Knight, the proffer'd grace to take
Beneath my roof till morn abode to make:
There ſhalt thou ſee, what he muſt ſurely prize,
By whom in bed a wedded partner lies.

Ver. 521. ——— *a knight was ſeen*—] It appears that the appellation of Cavaliero (knight) is not always confined by our author to the military character of a wandering champion, but here, and in other places, is given to thoſe who do not appear to have any concern in the profeſſion of arms. Perhaps Cervantes had this idea when he made Don Quixote entitle a ſtranger, whom he met, the knight of the Green Caſſock.

Ver. 525. *Rinaldo then—I wear the nuptial yoke*—] See Book xxx. ver. 667. where the ſubject of Rinaldo's marriage is fully diſcuſſed.

Rinaldo,

Rinaldo, with a length of toil oppreſt,
Not ill diſpos'd to reliſh offer'd reſt;
And ever prompt, with noble thoughts, to view,
Or hear of wonders and adventures new,
Full gladly yielded with the knight to ſtay,
And, turning, follow'd as he led the way.
Now from the track an arrow's flight they came,
And reach'd a palace of ſtupendous frame,
Whence iſſu'd many a ſquire with duteous haſte,
That kindled torches bore, whoſe brightneſs chac'd
The gloom of night: Rinaldo entering, gaz'd
Around the ſpacious pile with looks amaz'd:
It ſeem'd no private treaſure could diſpenſe
Such regal coſt, and proud magnificence.
The outward gate with ſolid beauty ſhone
Of poliſh'd porphyry and Parian ſtone;
The folding valves of bronze, with figures grac'd,
Which ſeem'd to live and move, in ſculpture chas'd.
Beneath the leading arch, admiring eyes
Saw various forms in rich Moſaic riſe.
A ſquare was ſeen within of ample ſpace;
A range of fair apartments every face
Supply'd; a gate for every front was rear'd:
To every gate an inner arch appear'd

Of varied ornament, but equal ſtate,
And ſmooth th' aſcent to every arch and gate.
An arch above each winding ſtair-caſe ſhow'd
To ſome fair hall that rich with ſplendor glow'd.
Each upper arch extending from the ſide,
A covering for the gate below ſupply'd,
Where two ſtrong columns, by a maſter hand,
Of bronze, or ſtone, the maſſy weight ſuſtain'd.
Hard were the taſk, not only to recite
Each rare device that charm'd the gazing knight,
But what, unſeen, might ſpeak in many a part
The wondrous builder's ſubterranean art.
With golden capitals vaſt pillars rais'd,
Supported roofs that bright with jewels blaz'd.
Marbles from every clime were thither brought,
By artiſts hands in various figures wrought.
Each pictur'd form was there, the pencil's boaſt;
With every elegance of ſkill and coſt:
And ſuch the whole, that ſcarcely could ſuffice
A kingdom's wealth to pay the mighty price.
Amid the countleſs works of art and pride,
Which this tranſcendent matchleſs dome ſupply'd,
A fountain cool its plenteous ſtreams beſtow'd,
That in a hundred rills meand'ring flow'd.

Near

Near this a menial train of damſels plac'd
The feſtive board, with ſavoury viands grac'd,
Which in the centre fix'd, on every hand
Could the four portals of the pile command.
Th' unequal'd architect here ſeem'd t' exhauſt
Each proof of learned ſkill, or ſumptuous coſt.
Eight fronts the fountain ſhow'd, and o'er the head
A canopy of gold and azure ſpread.
Eight marble ſtatues, ſnowy white, ſuſtain'd
The cieling with their left; their better hand
Held Amalthea's horn, whence waters trill'd,
And in an alabaſter vaſe diſtill'd
With gurgling ſound: each female ſculptur'd frame
The features bore of ſome illuſtrious dame,
Alike in habit, but unlike in face,
Though equal all in beauty and in grace.
Each image for her pedeſtal was rear'd
On two bold figures that beneath appear'd,

Ver. 591. *Amalthea's horn*—] Jupiter, when an infant, was brought up by two nymphs of Crete, called Meliſſa and Amalthea: a goat, belonging to the latter, having broken his horn, Amalthea filled it with fruits and carried it to Jupiter, who afterwards placed it in heaven, and called it after his nurſe, Amalthea's horn: it has always been, with poets, the ſymbol of plenty. FORNARI.

And by their looks and geſture ſeem'd to raiſe,
For thoſe fair dames the ſong of tuneful praiſe.
The lower ſtatues ſcrolls of writing held,
That told their names, and how each dame excell'd
In virtuous lore, and while the ſcroll made known
The female names, no leſs reveal'd their own.
Rinaldo, by the torches' light diſplay'd
The dames and worthies one by one ſurvey'd.
The firſt inſcription bore Lucretia's name,
Lucretia Borgia, who for ſpotleſs fame
And lovely form, her native Rome ſhall praiſe,
Above the firſt renown'd in ancient days.
The ſculpture next proclaim'd the generous pair,
Who choſe her ever-honour'd weight to bear.
Antonio Tedaldeo; with him join'd
Hercules Strozza; where, in both combin'd,
Another Orpheus and a Linus ſhin'd.

Not

Ver. 608. *Lucretia Borgia*—] Daughter of Alexander Borgia, and wife to duke Alphonſo. FORNARI.

Ver. 613. *Antonio Tedaldeo*
Hercules Strozza—] Antonio Tedaldeo, a poet in the time of Arioſto: he died in the eightieth year of his age, being plunged in a deep melancholy. When the victorious Charles V. returned from his conqueſt in Africa, and

Not leſs in grace and beauty to behold
The next were ſeen, and thus the writing told.
Lo! Iſabella of Ferrara, born
Of Hercules, her country to adorn,
On whom benignant Fortune ſhall beſtow
Each gift that birth or lofty rank can know,
To bleſs her native land in weal or woe.
The two, by whom her glory ſtands proclaim'd,
Are Bardelone and Calandro nam'd.
The third and fourth, where ſoft in murmuring tides
The water from the rich pavilion glides,
Are two fair dames, that equal place may claim
For virtue, beauty, country, race and fame.

and paſſed in triumph before the houſe of Tedaldeo, he ordered his doors and windows to be ſhut, that he might not ſee him, being offended that he had not taken vengeance for the ſack of Rome. Hercules Strozza, of Ferrara, was ſon of Tito the poet, but excelled his father; his paſſion for the fair ſex was the occaſion of his death. He was deeply in love with a noble and beautiful widow named Taurella, whom he married, but was afterwards aſſaſſinated by his rival in the ſtreet. FORNARI.

Ver. 618. *Iſabella of Ferrara*—] Iſabella, daughter of Hercules duke of Ferrara, and wife to the marquis of Mantua. See Book iii. Notes. FORNARI.

Ver. 624. *Bardelone and Calandro*—] Both named Gian Jacobi, and Mantuans by birth. Calandro wrote on amorous ſubjects, in verſe and proſe. FORNARI.

Eliſabetta here; and at her ſide
There Leonora, both the Mantuan pride:
Mantua, whoſe city boaſts not more renown
To call great Virgil hers, than theſe to own.
Beneath the firſt were Sadoletto plac'd,
And Petro Bembo (both in ſculpture grac'd),
Caſtiglione and Arelius ſtood,
And with the other glorious burthen bow'd.

Ver. 629. *Eliſabetta Leonora*—] Eliſabetta was ſiſter to Franceſco Gonzago, marquis of Mantua, and wife to Guidobaldo, duke of Urbino. Leonora, daughter to the beforementioned marquis, and afterwards to Franceſco Mario delle Rovere, who was by means of Julius II. created duke of Urbino. FORNARI.

Ver. 633. *Sadoletto Pietro Bembo*—] Sadoletto, firſt a biſhop, and then a cardinal, created by Paul III. he publiſhed many theological ſubjects, and was an excellent poet: Bembo called him his colleague, on account of the ſimilarity of their manners. Bembo compoſed a book in praiſe of him and the wife of Guidobaldo. Sadoletto was ſecretary to pope Leo X. and ſigned the diploma granted to Arioſto's poem: he wrote two poems, called Curtius, and Laocoön: he died at Rome, anno 1547, aged 70. FORNARI.

Ver. 635. *Caſtiglione and Arelius*—] Caſtiglione, of Mantua, author of the Cortegiano: he wrote alſo Cleopatra in heroic verſe: he was ſent by Clement ambaſſador to Charles V. and by him made a biſhop. Mutio Arelio compoſed many things, being an academician of Rome in the time of Leo X. he was killed with a blow given him by one of his enemies. FORNARI.

All theſe the ſculptur'd marble fair proclaim'd,
Unknown as then, but ſince in ſtory fam'd.
Behold her next to whom indulgent Heaven
Shall give each grace that e'er on earth was given.
The ſcroll Lucretia Bentivoglia ſhow'd,
And told, amidſt her other praiſe beſtow'd,
That to Ferrara's duke her birth ſhe ow'd.
For her a ſweet Camillo tunes the ſtrings;
The Rhine and clear Felſina, as he ſings,
With equal wonder hear, with equal praiſe,
As once Amphryſus heard his ſhepherd's lays.
See one extoll'd o'er all (where ſmoothly glides
Iſaurus' waters ſweet to ampler tides)
From parching Indus to the Mooriſh coaſt,
From ſouthern heat to Hyperborean froſt;
Great Poſthumus; to whom a double wreath
Pallas ſhall there and Phœbus here bequeath.

Ver. 641. *Lucretia Bentivoglia*—] Natural daughter of the duke of Ferrara, allied by marriage to the family of the Bentivogli of Bologna. FORNARI.

Ver. 644. *A ſweet Camillo*, &c.] Camillo Palcotte, a courtier in the court of cardinal Bibiena; of the country of Bologna; by Felſina, he means Bologna; by the Rhine, not the river that divides France from Germany, but a river ſo called near Bologna. FORNARI.

Ver. 652. *Great Poſthumus*,—] He means Guido Poſthumus, who celebrated the praiſes of Lucretia Bentivoglia. FORNARI.

Next ſtood Diana with a lofty air,
But heart as gentle, as her face was fair:
Learn'd Celio Calcagnino ſhall proclaim
Her honours, and extend her virtuous name,
With ſounding trumpet, to Moneſes' land,
To Juba's realms, to Spain and India's ſtrand:
Marco Cavallo ſhall her praiſes ſing,
And in Ancona ope the Muſes' ſpring;
As once the winged ſteed diſclos'd the rill
In Helicona or Parnaſſus' hill.
Next Beatrice her lovely figure rais'd,
Whom thus in few the poliſh'd marble prais'd:
"While living, Beatrice her lord ſhall bleſs,
And dying, in his breaſt extinguiſh peace."

Ver. 654. ——*Diana*—] Diana of Eſte, a lady of excellent beauty, but of haughty deportment and manners. FORNARI.

Ver. 656. *Learn'd Celio Calcagnino*—] Of Ferrara, and a canon of the church, an elegant writer in proſe and verſe. FORNARI.

Ver. 658. *Moneſes' land*, &c.—] Kingdoms of Parthia and Mauritania, where theſe princes reigned. FORNARI.

Ver. 660. *Marco Cavallo*—] Of the city of Ancona; he compoſed many verſes: he was extremely addicted to gaming, and was at laſt found dead in his bed, with five hundred crowns tied to his arm. FORNARI.

Ver. 664. *Beatrice*—] Daughter of Hercules of Ferrara

With

With her, ſhall Italy the palm obtain,
But, loſing her, ſhall feel the captive's chain.
Corregio ſeems for her the verſe to raiſe,
For her Timotheus ſeems to ſwell the lays:
Their tuneful lyres the river's banks ſhall fill,
That ſaw their trees rich amber tears diſtil.
A ſtatue, form'd of alabaſter, ſtood
Whoſe mien ſublime ſome dame illuſtrious ſhow'd,
Such as in robes of ſimpleſt faſhion dreſt
Without or gold or gems, or ſilken veſt,
Would riſe in charms the faireſt dames above,
As oe'r the reſt the ſilver ſtar of love.
'Twere hard to ſpeak what moſt adorn'd her face,
Superior beauty, majeſty, or grace;

Ver. 670. *Corregio, Timotheus*—] Nicolo de Corregio, held in great eſteem by the Italian nobility, and chiefly by Hercules I. He wrote in octave ſtanzas a poem called Pſyche, and another called Aurora. Corregio is the name of the caſtle held by the illuſtrious family of the Corregios of Parma. Timotheo Benedes, of Ferrara, a man of literature.

FORNARI.

Ver. 676. *Such as in robes*, &c.—] Some ſuppoſe this to have been the widow, the kinſwoman of Veſpucci, with whom our poet became ſo enamoured in Florence, and whom he alludes to by that ſimile in the xxiv. Book, where Zerbino is wounded by Mandricardo, as mentioned in his life, and that by the ſtatue who ſupports her, he figures himſelf.

Or

Or that which bright in every feature ſhin'd,
The beaming index of her ſpotleſs mind.
Vaſt were the taſk for her the voice to raiſe,
(The marble ſaid) for who ſhall ſpeak her praiſe!
While in the beauteous ſtatue ſhone confeſs'd
The gentleſt virtues of the female breaſt;
Yet ſeem'd ſhe to diſdain the numbers rude
Of him who ſingly her ſupporter ſtood.
For he alone to chant her worth remain'd
Without a partner, and her weight ſuſtain'd.
Of every other was the name reveal'd;
Theſe only two the ſculptor's art conceal'd.
The ſtatues, rang'd, an ample circle made,
Where ſhone the floor with coral, rich inlaid.
The cryſtal waters, with a plaintive ſound,
Attention lull'd, and ſcatter'd coolneſs round;
Together blending in a channell'd bed,
Through verdant turf their ſtealing courſe they led,
And fluic'd in ſtreams the plants and flowerets fed.
The Paladin, refreſh'd with wine and food,
Here with his courteous hoſt diſcourſe purſu'd,
And oft reminded of his promis'd word,
When firſt invited to his friendly board:

While

While by his looks Rinaldo ſaw expreſs'd
Some heavy anguiſh labouring at his breaſt,
Which ſtill, from time to time, the ſighs ſupply'd,
That, half repreſs'd, in ſounds imperfect dy'd.
A ſtrong deſire Rinaldo oft impeli'd
To learn his grief, but fear his ſpeech withheld,
A fear t' offend—at length, the banquet o'er,
Behold a page whoſe hand the goblet bore;
This, fram'd of gold, before the knight he plac'd,
Within with wine, without with jewels grac'd.
The lord of that fair dwelling, with a look
Half ſmiling, then his noble gueſt beſpoke.
He ſmil'd; but each who mark'd him, well might find
Leſs joy than anguiſh in his ſecret mind.
Then he—What long thy wiſh aſpires to know,
Which late I promis'd—time demands to ſhow:
Lo! there the gift, that each muſt ſurely prize
Within whoſe arms a wedded partner lies.
Methinks each huſband ſhould deſire to prove,
How far his wife maintains her plighted love:
If ſhame or honour he from her receives,
If, by her means, a man or beaſt he lives:

Light

Light ſits the burthen on the horned brows,
Though all the world its infamy allows:
While other eyes behold, the head that wears
The wretched antlers feels not what it bears.
If thou haſt try'd, and prov'd thy conſort true,
From thee more love, more rightful praiſe is due,
Than ſhe from him might claim who thought her juſt,
But ne'er has had, and took her faith on truſt.
How oft have ſome, through jealouſy purſu'd,
Without a cauſe, the gentle and the good?
How oft, ſecure, their lives have others led,
Yet borne the branching honours of the head?
If thou would'ſt learn how chaſte thy wife belov'd,
Whom, deeming ſuch, thou never yet haſt prov'd,
Thou may'ſt thyſelf, from others lips untold,
By drinking in this vaſe the truth behold:
See here my promiſe—hence thy draught eſſay,
And ſtrange effects the veſſel ſhall diſplay.
If on thy head thou bear'ſt the ſcornful creſt,
The wine will all be ſhed upon thy breaſt:
No drop can reach thy taſte—but ſhould thy wife
Be found to lead a chaſte and blameleſs life,

With pleaſure ſhalt thou drain the goblet dry—
In happy time, Sir knight, thy fortune try.

He

Ver. 749. *With pleaſure ſhalt thou drain*, &c.—] "From the romance of Morte Arthur, is borrowed Arioſto's tale of the enchanted cup; which in Caxton's old tranſlation is as follows. "By the way they met with a knight, that was ſent from Morgan la Fay to king Arthur; and this knight had a fair horn all garniſhed with gold, and the horn had ſuch a virtue, that there might no lady or gentlewoman drink of that horn, but if ſhe were true to her huſband; and if ſhe were falſe, ſhe ſhould ſpill all the drink; and if ſhe were true unto her lord, ſhe might drink peaceably, &c. C. xlii. 98." Afterwards many trials are made. The inimitable Fontaine, has new-moulded this ſtory, under the title of LA COUPE ENCHANTEE."

WARTON'S Obſervations on SPENSER, B. i. c. xxxix.

An Italian commentator on Dante thinks, that Arioſto drew this fiction of the cup from a much earlier ſource. "Pliny ſpeaks of a river named Olicha, whoſe waters appear boiling hot to thoſe who have been guilty of perjury. The ſame was ſaid of another fountain in Sicily, called Palicena. Philoſtratus ſpeaks of a fountain that being taſted by the perjured, deprives them of the uſe of their limbs, that they are unable to leave the place. An author named Rhamius has theſe lines.

Dianæ fons eſt, Camerina gignitur unda,
Quam ſi quis manibus non caſtis hauſerit unquam,
Lætifico triſtis non miſcet pocula Baccho.

There flows a fountain, whoſe effects proclaim,
Its waters ſacred to Diana's name;
Theſe borne by hands unchaſte, will never glide,
Mix'd in one vaſe with Bacchus' ſprightly tide.

By

He ſaid; and kept his eyes intent to view
Th' o'erflowing vaſe Rinaldo's breaſt embrue.
Rinaldo, ſtrongly tempted to decide
What he, perchance, might after wiſh untry'd,
Had ſtretch'd his hand the fatal cup to take,
And now prepar'd the dangerous proof to make;
Yet firſt, he commun'd with himſelf how much
He riſk'd, with lips the baneful gold to touch.
But here awhile, my lord, I ſeek repoſe,
Then, what the Paladin reply'd, diſcloſe.

By theſe lines it appears, that an unchaſte woman could never mix wine with the water of that fountain, which ſtory is likewiſe told by Selinus. I imagine that from this paſſage Arioſto had the hint of his cup."

Defence of DANTE.

END OF THE FORTY-SECOND BOOK.

THE

FORTY-THIRD BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

RINALDO refuſes to taſte the enchanted cup. His hoſt relates to him the cauſe of his misfortunes. Tale of the Mantuan knight. Rinaldo takes his leave of the knight, and embarks in a veſſel to ſail down the Po. Deſcription of the places by which he paſſes. His converſation with the pilot. Tale of Adonio and the Judge's wife. Rinaldo purſues part of his journey by land, and then goes by ſea to Lippaduſa, where he arrives after the battle between the ſix knights. The news of Brandimart's death brought to Flordelis. Her lamentation. Preparations for the funeral of Brandimart. Orlando's ſpeech over the dead body. The funeral proceſſion. Death of Flordelis. Orlando, Rinaldo, Sobrino, and Olivero, arrive at the iſland of the hermit, by whom Rogero had been received after the tempeſt. Olivero's foot is cured, and Sobrino's wounds are healed by the hermit, who gives the latter baptiſm. Rogero is made known to the other knights.

THE

FORTY-THIRD BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

O WRETCHED Avarice! O thou fiend accurs'd!
Hunger for gold! of Virtue's foes the worſt!
Well may thy bane infect the ſordid breaſt,
By every other human vice poſſeſt,
Since thou canſt fetter in thy cruel chain,
And in thy dreadful gripe his ſoul detain,
Who, had he ſcap'd thy power, might juſtly claim,
For nobleſt gifts, the foremoſt rank in fame!
Behold one meaſures earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
And Nature's ſprings explores with ſearching eyes!
From known effects can trace each latent cauſe,
And prove the depth of God's eternal laws.

Poiſon'd by thee, whoſe venom can deſtroy
Each generous thought, he knows no future joy
But heaping wealth—for this he will forego
Peace, honour, ſafety, every good below.
One conquers armies, breaks the bulwarks down,
And wins from foes the well-defended town;
In every peril of th' enſanguin'd field,
The firſt to ruſh on fate, the laſt to yield:
Thou every virtue from its baſe wilt ſhake,
And him till death thy wretched captive make.
By learning, ſome; by arts, ſome merit praiſe;
But touch'd by thee, each envy'd wreath decays.
How ſhall I ſpeak of noble dames and fair,
Who, ſcornful of the generous lover's prayer,
Like pillar'd marble cold, obdurate ſtood
When youth, and grace, and conſtant ſervice woo'd:
Lo! Avarice comes, with all-ſeducing power,
T' infect their heart, and one deteſted hour
Unloving, gives their youth and bloom of charms
A prey to ſome old dotard's wither'd arms.
Not without cauſe ſuch miſchiefs I bewail,
Nor think in this I wander from my tale;
Though what I ſpeak relates not here ſo well
To what is paſt, as what remains to tell.

Now to the Paladin we turn the ſtrain,
Who ſeem'd prepar'd the magic bowl to drain:
I told you ere his lips the draught eſſay'd,
Awhile debating with his thoughts he ſtay'd:
Then to himſelf—Inſenſate is the mind
Who ſeeks for that it ne'er would wiſh to find.
My wife's a woman—all the ſex is frail—
But let not hence my good opinion fail:
Till now my faith has made me bleſt, and why
Should proof itſelf more certain bliſs ſupply?
Much may I harm, but little mend my ſtate,
And Heaven forbids too far to tempt our fate.
On me let praiſe or cenſure man beſtow,
Ne'er will I ſeek what fits me not to know.
Hence from my ſight this boaſted cup remove,
Nor have I thirſt, nor mean ſuch thirſt to prove.
God more forbids a proof like this to make,
Than our firſt ſire the tree of life to take.
As Adam, when the fatal fruit he try'd,
Which God himſelf had to his taſte deny'd,
Incurr'd what pains from diſobedience flow,
And fell from higheſt bliſs to deepeſt woe:
So when a huſband, with too curious eye,
Into his wife's recluſer deeds would pry,

He quits content, his folly to deplore,
And never ſhall his peace recover more.

As good Rinaldo ſpoke, he thruſt aſide
The hateful vaſe, and looking up, eſpy'd
The caſtle's lord, adown whoſe features ſtole
Such tears, as ſpoke the anguiſh of his ſoul;
Who thus at length with words impaſſion'd ſaid:
Accurs'd the lips that ever could perſuade
My wretched heart the dire advice to take,
Which made my much-lov'd wife theſe arms forſake!
O! had I known thee once, thy prudent thought
To wholeſome purpoſe had my boſom wrought;
Ere yet my woes began—ere yet my ſighs
Had learnt to heave, or tears ſuffus'd my eyes.
But let me liſt the veil—nor longer keep
My tale untold, ſo thou with me ſhalt weep
My fortune paſt, while I relate the cauſe,
From which my life its preſent ſuffering draws.

Thou left'ſt, not far remote, a town behind,
Where round is ſeen a cryſtal ſtream to wind,
That thence declining leads to Po its courſe,
And firſt from Benaco derives its ſource.

This

This town was built, when time had long decay'd
The walls which once Agenor's offspring * made:
There was I born, of no ungentle blood,
Though lowly plac'd, with little worldly good.
If Fortune riches at my birth deny'd,
The care of Nature other gifts supply'd:
She gave me, far above my humble peers,
Such manly beauty in my early years,
Such courteous grace, with comely features join'd,
T' attract the soft regard of womankind;
In dames and maids the flame of love to raise——
But ill it seems myself to speak my praise.
Within our walls there liv'd a sage renown'd
For arts occult, beyond belief profound;
Who, ere his days their lengthen'd course had roll'd,
Full six-score suns in annual circles told.
Long time alone in savage wilds he dwelt,
Till, in life's eve, the power of love he felt;

* Cadmus.

Ver. 83. *This town*—] Mantua. The city of Thebes being destroyed, Manto the daughter of Tiresias, fled into Italy; of her was born Ocnus or Bianor, who built Mantua, naming it after his mother. Ariosto, in the manner of romance writers, who take every liberty with the old mythology, has made Manto a fairy, and the founder of Mantua.

Ver. 84. *The walls*, &c.—] He means the city of Thebes, built by Cadmus the son of Agenor.

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Then on a beauteous dame with gold he wrought,
Who, to his ſtol'n amour, a daughter brought;
And left the daughter, like the mother, frail,
For wealth ſhould ſet her chaſtity to ſale;
(Her chaſtity more worth than all below
Which gold can buy, or honours can beſtow)
From human kind remote, the tender maid
He bred beneath the unfrequented ſhade,
Where this fair palace, from the world apart,
He caus'd the fiends to build by magic art.
With ancient matrons bred, in ripening time
His daughter here attain'd to beauty's prime.
He ſuffer'd not, in youth, her eye or ear
The face of man to view, his voice to hear;
(Himſelf except) and that ſhe ſtill might find
Examples fair, he from the female kind
Each noble dame, who ne'er from virtue ſtray'd,
In ſculpture chizzled, or in paint pourtray'd:
Not thoſe alone who ſhone in elder days,
Whoſe virtues ſhall ſurvive to lateſt praiſe;
But every future fair whoſe worth ſhall grace,
And add new honours to th' Italian race,
Has here her form in living ſculpture chas'd,
As yonder eight are round the fountain plac'd.

Soon

Soon as the father view'd her growing charms
In bloom mature to fill a huſband's arms,
Whether 'twas chance, or fate my ſorrows bred,
He fix'd on me to ſhare his daughter's bed.
Beſide this ſtately dome, the rich domain
Of foreſt, meadow, fountain, lawn or plain,
For many a mile, he in the nuptial hour
Conſign'd me for the virgin's wealthy dower.
Such was her beauty, ſo tranſcendent ſhin'd
Each grace, as left all fancy'd charms behind:
Of female gifts ſhe knew each valu'd part,
And equall'd Pallas in the works of art.
She walk'd—ſhe ſpoke—ſhe ſung—and Heav'n was there!
She ſeem'd a goddeſs lighted from her ſphere;
And ſuch her depth in learning's ſacred lore,
That ſcarce her father's knowledge reach'd to more:
So gentle was her ſoul, ſo form'd to love——
Still, ſtill remembrance muſt my torment prove—
On me her joys, her pleaſures all were bent,
With me ſhe tarry'd, and with me ſhe went.
Long, long we led this mutual happy life,
And I, alas! the firſt dire cauſe of ſtrife!

Since to my arms I took my lovely bride,
Five years elaps'd, her aged father dy'd——
Ah me!—thenceforth my following woes I date,
Woes now endur'd, which here my lips relate.
While ſhe, whom thus I praiſe, all praiſe above,
Secur'd my heart by every tye of love,
It chanc'd that in our land a noble dame,
Burnt for my ſake with Cupid's fierceſt flame:
No ſage enchantreſs could her power excel,
She knew the force of every magic ſpell:
The night ſhe lighten'd, or obſcur'd the day;
She ſtopp'd the ſun, or ſped his ſwifter way;
Yet never could allure my faithful heart,
To heal the anguiſh of her amorous ſmart,
With that relief, I never had beſtow'd,
But to her wrong where moſt my truth I ow'd.
Not all the charms and graces ſhe poſſeſs'd,
Not all the love I knew inflam'd her breaſt;
Not mighty gifts, nor promiſes renew'd,
With which ſhe day by day her ſuit purſu'd,
Could make me from my firſt dear flame transfer
The ſmalleſt ſpark of amorous heat to her.
My wife's affection, long in duty try'd,
Engroſs'd each thought, and every wiſh ſupply'd:

My

My hope, my truſt in her, had made me ſcorn
The peerleſs Grecian dame* of Leda born;
Had made me ſcorn each glorious offer made
To ſhepherd Paris in th' Idæan ſhade.
But all my firm denials fruitleſs prov'd
T' oppoſe her ſuit, whoſe ſoul ſo deeply lov'd.
It chanc'd Meliſſa, found me once apart,
(Such was her name ſo vers'd in magic art)
Far from my home; and fail'd not then to take
Th' occaſion fair, my future peace to ſhake.
With ſtings of jealouſy, her cruel ſkill
Too well ſhe ſhow'd, my rooted faith to kill;
Extolling firſt my purpoſe to preſerve,
All faith to her, that ne'er from faith ſhould ſwerve.
But canſt thou know thy conſort's truth (ſhe cry'd)
Till ſuch by ample proof be fairly try'd?
If now ſhe fail not (though perchance her will
Aſſail'd might change) thou think'ſt her conſtant ſtill;

* HELEN.

Ver. 177. *It chanc'd Meliſſa*—] This is totally a different perſonage from her who is ſo conſiderable an agent in the poem, the benevolent enchantreſs, the conſtant protectreſs of Rogero and Bradamant: perhaps it had been more adviſeable to have avoided the ſame name.

While

While here confin'd in ſuch ſequeſter'd plan,
Save thine, ſhe ſcarce beholds the face of man.
Whence is thy confidence ſo firmly plac'd?
And canſt thou dare to me affirm her chaſte?
But hence, for one ſhort month thy home forego;
And let each neighbouring town and vil'age know,
That, abſent thou, thy dame remains behind;
With meſſage, viſits, let each lover find
A free acceſs—if then ſhe be not led
By prayers or gifts to wrong the marriage bed;
Yet thinks conceal'd ſhe might her wiſh purſue,
Then, and then only, mayſt thou call her true.
With words like theſe, at length, th' enchantreſs ſhook
My weak reſolves, and to her purpoſe broke,
My conſort's virtue, ne'er eſſay'd before,
To fix by trial, and by proof explore.
Then I—What yet I never can believe,
Should ſhe ſo far my fondeſt hopes deceive,
Say, how the truth for certain ſhall I know,
If praiſe or cenſure to her deeds I owe?
A goblet will I give, whoſe magic uſe
(Meliſſa cries) can ſtrange effects produce,

By

By fam'd Morgana made in ancient time,
T' apprize her brother of Geneura's crime.
He freely drinks, whoſe conſort merits praiſe;
Whoſe wife is falſe in vain the draught eſſays:
When to the veſſel's brim his lips are preſt,
The wine o'erflows and trickles down his breaſt.
Ere hence thou go'ſt, thy lips the drink ſhall try,
And now, I truſt, will drain the goblet dry:
As yet I little deem thy wife untrue,
But ſoon expect a further proof to view:
If, when return'd, thou wouldſt again enſure
Thy faith, I dare not then thy breaſt ſecure:
For if unſpill'd thou canſt aſſuage thy thirſt,
Of every huſband thou in bliſs art firſt.

The proffer'd boon I took; her hand diſplay'd
The wondrous cup, and ſoon the proof I made,
When (all I hop'd) I found my deareſt ſpouſe
Still pure and faithful to her nuptial vows.

Ver. 211. *By fam'd Morgana*—] Morgana, according to the romance of the Round Table, was ſiſter to Marco, king of Cornwal, the huſband of Geneura, who for the love of Sir Launcelot forgot the faith ſhe owed her huſband. Morgana ſhewed him the infidelity of his wife by the effects of the enchanted cup. ZATTA.

Meliſſa

Meliſſa then—Awhile thy wife forſake,
And, hence retir'd, thy diſtant dwelling make.
Again returning prove the vaſe anew,
If clear thou drink'ſt, or wine thy breaſt embrue.
To me how hard from her my ſteps to move!
Not that my ſoul could doubt her truth or love,
But that I never (ſave with aking heart),
One day, one hour, could from her ſight depart.
Hear then a new device, (Meliſſa cry'd)
By which thy conſort's virtue ſhall be try'd:
Thy veſture will I change, thy ſpeech, thy frame,
And as a ſtranger lead thee to thy dame.
Not far a village ſtands, where Po divides
In two defenſive horns his parting tides:
Thither the town extends its ruling power,
Where ocean quits, and ſeeks by turns the ſhore,
Which, though it boaſts not equal age, the fame
Of fair and rich with neighbouring towns may claim,
Built by the relicks of the Trojan band,
That 'ſcap'd from Attila's deſtroying hand.
A comely,

Ver. 247. *Built by the relicks of the Trojan band*] After the deſtruction, of Troy, Antenor, with a company of Paphlagonions, took up his habitation between the Adigi and the Brenta, where he built Padua; but that city being afterwards

A comely knight, young, noble, who excell'd
In courtly grace, here large poſſeſſions held,
Who, as he once his falcon's flight purſu'd,
My palace enter'd and my conſort view'd.
Her form ſo far in one ſhort meeting gain'd,
The deep impreſſion on his heart remain'd;
And not an art he left untry'd to win
Her dear conſent; but ſhe the proffer'd ſin
Rejecting ſtern, repuls'd him o'er and o'er,
Till quell'd he preſs'd her to his ſuit no more;
But could not from his memory remove,
Her beauty, graven by the dart of love.
Meliſſa ſooth'd me now the proof to make,
And on myſelf this youth's reſemblance take;
Then ſudden chang'd (by ſome myſterious art)
My face, my ſpeech, my mien, my every part.
Now with my wife a diſtant voyage feign'd,
She deem'd ſome foreign realm my ſtep detain'd,
When, like her youthful lover chang'd, I came,
My gait, my voice, my dreſs, my looks the ſame.

wards demoliſhed by Attila, that ſcourge of nations; the inhabitants that eſcaped his fury retired to the Adriatic ſea, where they laid the foundation of the city of Venice; and ſome paſſing from that place built Ferrara. PORCACCHI. EUGENICO.

Meliſſa

Meliſſa near attended at my ſide,
Whoſe mien and ſex a page's form bely'd,
Who with him fairer gems and jewels bore
Than ever flam'd on India's pearly ſhore.
I, that full well each cloſe apartment knew,
Now with Meliſſa to the palace drew,
And found the dame (the coaſt by fortune clear)
Alone, without a ſquire or damſel near.
With many a prayer I preſs'd my amorous ſuit,
And ſhow'd for wicked deeds the golden fruit;
Diſplay'd my treaſur'd ſtores, of power to ſhake
The firmeſt mind, and vice of virtue make;
Where emeralds gleam'd, and where the ruddy blaze
Of rubies mingled with the diamond's rays.
Yet ev'n theſe preſents claim'd but ſmall regard,
(I cry'd) to what my future love prepar'd.
Her huſband's abſence then I urg'd, and preſs'd
The fair occaſion to confirm me bleſt.
I bade her call to mind, my faithful flame
So long experienc'd ſome return might claim.
At firſt confus'd, a flushing colour burn'd
Her glowing cheek, and from my ſuit ſhe turn'd:
But in her eyes the gems ſo brightly ſhone,
By ſlow degrees her ſoftening will they won;

Till

Till with a low and faltering voice ſhe ſaid,
(What when I think, my very ſoul is dead)
My vows ſhould meet return, if well aſſur'd
Our loves might reſt from all the world ſecur'd.
This fatal anſwer, like a venom'd dart
Shot through my ſoul and thrill'd in very part:
In all my veins a chilling froſt prevail'd;
I ſtrove to ſpeak—but ſpeech of utterance fail'd.
Meliſſa then th' enchanted miſt diſpell'd,
And ſudden, in my proper ſhape beheld,
Again I ſtood—judge then how look'd the dame,
Before her lord betray'd to cureleſs ſhame.
Both aſhy pale appear'd, nor ſilence broke,
Our eyes caſt down; at length with pain I ſpoke
Theſe few ſhort words, which ſcarce my tongue ſupply'd:
Ah! faithleſs wife! and wilt thou thus (I cry'd)
Betray my honour, when a lover nigh,
Thou ſee'ſt with gifts thy venial love to buy?
Thus I—while nought to my reproach ſhe ſaid,
But tears inceſſant down her boſom ſhed.
Much griev'd ſhe for the ſhame, but more ſhe griev'd
To find her honour by ſuch wiles deceiv'd;

By ME deceiv'd—hence ſoon to anger turn'd
Each tender thought, her ſoul with hatred burn'd.
She now reſolv'd my loathſome ſight to fly,
And when the ſun forſook the reddening ſky,
And left his car, ſhe reach'd the river's ſide,
Embark'd, and ſtemm'd, by night, the ſilver tide.
Next morn before the youthful knight ſhe ſtood,
Who long with earneſt ſuit her favour woo'd,
Beneath whoſe mien and well-diſſembled face,
By me ſo tempted to my own diſgrace
She ſuffer'd late—well may'ſt thou think her ſight
Not little grateful to th' enamour'd knight.
She bade me thence be told my hopes were vain
To call her mine, or her loſt love regain.
From that curſt day with him the fair reſides
In every joy, and me, alas! derides:
And ſtill I groan beneath the load of grief
Myſelf have heap'd, and ne'er muſt hope relief:
Still ſwells my woe, and juſt it ſeems that death
Should cloſe, as ſoon it muſt, this hated breath.
Scarce had I here a ſingle year ſurviv'd,
But from one cauſe ſome comfort I deriv'd;
My comfort this—of all that here have ſtray'd
Since Sol ten times his annual courſe has made,

(For ſtill I bring this vaſe to every gueſt)
Not one but ſheds the liquor on his breaſt.
To find ſo many partners of my fate,
Affords ſome ſolace in my wretched ſtate.
Amidſt ſuch numbers, thou alone could'ſt prove
So wiſe, to ſhun this dangerous teſt of love.
Deſire to know what fits not of a wife
To learn, has poiſon'd all my future life.
Not long Meliſſa, with inſidious heart,
Enjoy'd th' effects of her malicious art,
Since her I loath'd, nor could ſupport the view
Of one, from whom my ſource of grief I drew.
Impatient ſhe, his hatred thus to prove,
Whom more than life ſhe ſtill profeſs'd to love;
Though many a dame perchance, her rival gone,
Had ſtill remain'd, yet ſhe, the ſight to ſhun
Of all ſhe lov'd, but hop'd not to obtain,
Fled from this land to ſome remote domain,
Whence never could her tidings reach my ears again.

When, with a ſigh, the mournful knight had clos'd
His heavy tale, Rinaldo ſeem'd diſpos'd
To muſing thought, by friendly pity ſway'd;
At length he rais'd his head, and thus he ſaid.

Bad counſel iſſu'd from Meliſſa's breaſt,
Which urg'd thee to provoke the hornet's neſt;
And, unadvis'd wert thou a depth to ſound,
Which, when explor'd, thou fain would'ſt wiſh unfound;
And if through avarice the firſt aſſault
Subdu'd thy wife, why wonder at her fault?
Not ſhe the firſt, nor fifth, amid the race
Of females, that have fall'n to like diſgrace.
So ſtrongly preſt—a mind of firmer frame,
For leſs reward had ſunk to deeper ſhame:
How many men, ere this, ſeduc'd by gold,
Their deareſt patrons and their friends have ſold!
But didſt thou wiſh her ſome defence to make,
Why with ſuch potent arms her virtue ſhake?
Know'ſt thou that bulwarks cannot gold withſtand,
Which ſtrikes the weapon from the victor's hand?
More is thy blame, who tempted her to ſin,
Than hers, whom ſuch reward ſo ſoon could win.
Had ſhe, with equal bribes, thyſelf aſſail'd,
Thy boaſted virtue might, like hers, have fail'd.
Rinaldo ceas'd; then from the board aroſe,
And of his hoſt beſought a night's repoſe;

For

For ere the morn reveal'd her dawning ray,
He meant, departing, to reſume his way.
Short was his time, and at his utmoſt power
Behov'd him now to huſband every hour.
The caſtle's lord reply'd—He there might reſt
His weary limbs, with length of toil oppreſt:
The rooms were ready, and the couch prepar'd;
But would he to his counſel lend regard,
While all the night in quiet ſleep he lay,
He, ſleeping, might ſome miles advance his way.
A well-oar'd bark with ſpreading ſail (he cry'd)
To ſpeed thy voyage ſhall my care provide,
Where, unmoleſted, may'ſt thou paſs the night,
And one day's journey gain by morning light.
The friendly offer pleas'd Rinaldo moſt,
And many thanks he gave his courteous hoſt;
Then took his leave, nor longer time delay'd,
But haſten'd where for his arrival ſtay'd
The bark and crew; there at his eaſe reclin'd,
Their well-tim'd oars ſix ſturdy boatmen join'd:
They cut the ſtream, with rapid courſe they fly
Light o'er the waves, as birds along the ſky.
Soon as the knight of France declin'd his head,
A heavy ſleep o'er all his ſenſes ſpread.

But ere he ſlept, he gave the crew command
To rouze him when they reach'd Ferrara's land.
Melara on the left hand ſhore they leave;
Now on the left they Sermide perceive;
Till Figalordo and Stilletto now
They view, and reach the horns of threatening Po.
Of either horn the right the pilot takes,
The left, that leads to Venice, he forſakes;
He leaves Bondeno, and beholds decreas'd
The night's dun hue before the reddening eaſt;
And from her empty vaſe Aurora ſhed
Her party-coloured flowers of white and red.
Rinaldo, waking, caſt around his eyes,
And from afar Tedaldo's ſpires eſpies.
O happy city! (he began) whoſe name,
My kinſman, Malagigi, mark'd for fame;

Ver. 410. *Melara—Sermide—*] Two caſtles on the Po.

Ver. 412. *Figalordo—Stilletto—*] Figalordo, an iſland in the ſame river, and Stilletto a caſtle.

Ver. 416. *Bondeno—*] A caſtle ſubject to the princes of Ferrara.

Ver. 421. *Tedaldo's ſpires,—*] A caſtle in the weſtern part of the city of Ferrara, on the left hand of the Po, built by Tedaldo of Eſte, Anno 970, to reſiſt the force of the Venetians, though Arioſto, with a poetical licence, here deſcribes it in the time of Charlemain.

What

What time he view'd each fix'd or wandering ſtar,
Or forc'd ſome ſprite the future to declare.
As with him here I paſs'd, he gladly told
Thy rank decreed when years their courſe have roll'd,
That Italy ſhould ne'er the like behold.
Thus he—while through the king of rivers flies
The winged bark, and gains an iſle that lies
Not far from where the city's towers ſhould ſtand,
This iſle, as then a lone neglected land,
He views with joy, for well he knows its praiſe,
For every bleſſing in ſucceeding days.
As once before along thoſe banks he ſteer'd,
He from his kinſman, Malagigi, heard,
That when with ſtars the fourth revolving ſphere
Seven hundred times had chang'd the circling year,
This happy iſle ſhould every iſle efface
Which briny ſeas, which ſtreams or floods embrace;
And he, who view'd it, ſhould forget the fame
Which once Nauſicaa's bliſsful land might claim.

Ver. 430. ——*an iſle that lies*—] A delightful ſmall iſland in our poet's time called Belvidere, improved with gardens and buildings by Alphonſo I. who collected there vaſt number of beaſts and birds of every kind. It is half a mile long, and a bow-ſhot over. FORNARI.

He heard, that this for ſtructures ſhould excel
That iſle, where once Tiberius lov'd to dwell:
Nor could of old Heſperia's garden boaſt
The plants and fruits of this delightful coaſt.
Not Circe, in her nets or dens, confin'd
Such numerous animals of various kind:
Venus and Cupid Cyprus ſhould forſake,
And with the Graces here their dwelling make.
So ſhould it flouriſh, ſuch high honours find,
From him, whoſe art, whoſe power, and wiſdom join'd,
Its city ſhould with walls and foſſe encloſe,
And with its ſtrength the world in arms oppoſe:
Such deeds are his, and ſuch his glories won,
A Hercules his ſire, a Hercules his ſon!
Thus paſt Rinaldo, pondering in his mind,
What oft his kinſman by his ſpells divin'd

Ver. 444. *That iſle where once Tiberius*, &c.—] The iſland of Caprea near Naples, where Tiberius Nero, the Roman emperor, reſided fifteen years, abandoned to all manner of debauchery: he adorned this place with many magnificent buildings. See further ver. 476.

Ver. 452. *From him whoſe art.* &c.—] Alphonſo I.

Ver. 456. *A Hercules*—] Alphonſo I. ſon of Hercules I. and father of Hercules II. dukes of Ferrara.

Of

Of things to come—but when he wondering view'd
The city's humble ſtate, he thus purſu'd:
Shall then this ſpot (he cry'd), this dreary waſte
With ſciences and liberal arts be grac'd?
Shall this ſmall hamlet fill the wondering eye?
Rich cultur'd meadows ſhall theſe wilds ſupply?
Where now moiſt fens and dreary ſwamps abound,
Shall verdant fields extend, with plenty crown'd?
Hail, city, hail! behold I riſe to pay
Due reverence to thy mild, thy courteous ſway;
To all thy lords, to every wreath of fame
Thy knights and honour'd citizens ſhall claim!
The ſovereign goodneſs of all-ruling Heaven,
The wiſdom, juſtice, to thy princes given,
Preſerve thee ſtill in love, preſerve in peace,
And ſee thy plenteous bleſſings ſtill increaſe;
Defend thee from the rage of numerous foes
Againſt thee leagu'd, and their fell ſchemes diſcloſe;

Ver. 463. ——*ſmall hamlet* –] The poet feigns Ferrara to have been at this time an inconſiderable village.

Ver. 476. ——*their fell ſchemes*—] He alludes to a deſign formed againſt the life of the duke, which was diſcovered by the wiſdom of his brother Hyppolito.

While neighbouring powers againſt thy peace repine,
Be envy theirs, but modeſt rule be thine.
As thus Rinaldo ſpeaks, along the tides
With ſpeed ſo light the well-trimm'd veſſel glides;
Not ſwifter to his lure the falcon flies,
What time he anſwers to his maſter's cries.
The ſtream dividing now, the pilot takes
The right hand branch, and walls and roofs forſakes.
Saint Georgio left behind: he ſees no more
The diſtant top of Gaibana's tower.
As ſo it fortun'd, thought ſucceeding thought,
At length to good Rinaldo's memory brought
The caſtle's lord, whoſe woes ſo late he knew,
Who from that city all his ſufferings drew;
With this he call'd to mind the magic vaſe,
That to the huſband ſhows the wife's diſgrace;
How this the knight had try'd, how each he view'd,
That touch'd the brim with wine his breaſt bedew'd:

Ver. 477. —— *againſt thy peace,*—] He ſeems to point at the enmity of the Venetians to this city, with which they were often at war.

Ver. 485. *Saint Georgio left*—] A ſmall iſland in the Po, ſacred to the tutelar Saint of Ferrara of that name; the tower of Gaibana was near Ferrara.

He

He now repents, now to himſelf he cries:
Well have I judg'd ſuch trial to deſpiſe!
Succeſs had but confirm'd my firſt belief,
And ill ſucceſs had wrought my cureleſs grief.
So firm my nuptial faith, that could I drain
The goblet dry, but little were my gain.
Not ſo the loſs—ſhould that dire trial ſhow
What of my Clarice I ne'er would know.
This were to lay a thouſand ſtakes to one—
Scarce gain to win—but if I loſe—undone!
  While thoughts like theſe revolving in his mind,
The knight of Clarmont ſate with head declin'd,
The pilot ey'd him with attentive look,
And (as he wiſh'd) the firſt occaſion took,
With decent confidence and ſpeech addreſt
In modeſt phraſe, t' explore his penſive breaſt;
And ſoon, as one who men and manners knew,
The Paladin to mutual converſe drew.
  Now both agreed the caſtle's lord to blame,
Who to ſuch riſk expos'd his wedded dame,
The heavieſt trial woman can endure:
Since ſhe who holds her heart from gold ſecure,
May ſafely guard her chaſtity from harms,
With flames ſurrounded, and begirt with arms.

Juſt

Juſt thy advice, (the pilot thus purſues)
The ſuit he preſs'd few women could refuſe.
Thou may'ſt, perchance, have heard th' adventure tell,
That in theſe parts a youthful dame befel;
Whom, yielding to a lover's warm aſſault,
Her huſband doom'd with life t' atone her fault.
Still ſhould my lord have known no breaſt can hold,
(How firm ſoe'er) againſt rewards and gold:
But at his greateſt need, this truth forgot,
He ruſh'd, unthinking, on his wretched lot.
Yet well to him was this example known,
Th' example pregnant in the neighbouring town,
His native ſoil and mine—where from its bed
The circling lake and fens of Manzo ſpread.
I ſpeak of one, Adonio was his name,
Who on his love, a judge's wedded dame
(A ſpritely nymph and fair) in gift beſtow'd
A wondrous dog, with virtues rare endow'd.
The Paladin reply'd—Of ſuch a chance,
No tale has paſs'd the Alps, and reach'd to France:
With you it reſts—and never far or near,
In different nations yet has reach'd my ear.

Proceed

Proceed—and if it irks thee not, relate,
The dame's adventure, and the judge's fate.

The pilot then—Within this country dwell'd
Anſelmo, one of noble lineage held,
Who ſpent his youth in ſtudies of the gown,
By Ulpiano's letter'd doctors known.
At length a wife, fair, chaſte, and nobly bred,
He ſought, deſerving of his nuptial bed;
When in a neighbouring city one he found,
Above her ſex with wondrous beauty crown'd:
Her mien, her carriage, every breaſt might move,
Each look, each act united grace and love;
Too much, perhaps, for his eſtate, who choſe,
What ill beſeem'd his years, and his repoſe.
Scarce were they wedded, when his jealous mind
Left every one in jealouſy behind;
Not that ſhe gave him other cauſe of care,
But that ſhe ſeem'd too courteous and too fair.
Within this city held his dwelling-place
A knight of ancient and illuſtrious race,

Ver. 546. *Ulpiano's letter'd doctors known*—] He denotes by this the profeſſion of the law or juriſprudence, which Ulpiano, one of the profeſſion, taught in his writings. FORNARI.

Deriv'd

Deriv'd from thoſe on whom the furrows, ſow'd
With dragons teeth, a wondrous birth beſtow'd.
This knight, Adonio call'd, beheld the dame,
Beheld and burnt with love's reſiſtleſs flame:
To win her grace, on whom his all was plac'd,
He now began his ample means to waſte
In pomp, in ſhows, in many a ſplendid treat,
For wealthy lords, for ſovereign princes meet,
That ſcarce the treaſure of Tiberius' hoard,
Could equal ſums for ſuch expence afford:
Till now, two winters heaping coſt on coſt,
Beheld his whole paternal fortune loſt:
His houſe, where late ſuch numbers made reſ[illegible]
From morn till eve, to pay their conſtant court,
Was now forſaken, when his board no more
Supply'd each dainty, with exhauſtleſs ſtore;

Ver. 569. —*the treaſure of Tiberius' hoard,*—] This Tiberius was the nineteenth emperor at Conſtantinople, adopted by Juſtin, whom he ſucceeded in the empire. It is fabled, that ſeeing the ſign of the croſs upon the ground, he ordered it to be taken away that it might not be profanely trampled on; another croſs ſtill appearing, he ordered that to be likewiſe removed, and another after that; till at laſt, by digging deep into the earth, he came to an immenſe treaſure, conſiſting of all the wealth of the eunuch Narſites, and of Raſſimunda, wife of Alboinus king of the Lombards.

And

And he, the wretched patron, left alone,
By thoſe whom late he fed no longer known;
Almoſt a mendicant, reſolv'd to go
In ſome far diſtant land to hide his woe.
With this intent, his home and native place
One morn forſaking, with a penſive pace,
Sighing, the margin of the lake he preſs'd,
Yet midſt his cares, the ſovereign of his breaſt
Still caus'd his deepeſt grief—when all unthought,
Lo! Fortune here a ſtrange adventure brought,
Which from the loweſt ſtate his higheſt rapture wrought.
A hind he ſaw, that with a knotty ſtake
Dealt frequent blows around a prickly brake.
Adonio aſk'd the cauſe: the hind replies,
He view'd a ſerpent there of monſtrous ſize,
Nor meant to quit the ſearch, till he again
Had found, and with his hand the reptile ſlain.
Adonio, friendly to the ſnaky brood,
Scarce curb'd his anger, when the ſwain renew'd
His eager blows; for in their arms expreſt,
His kindred bore a ſerpent for their creſt;
In due memorial that their race they held,
From dragon's teeth amid the teeming field.

At length his words and deeds ſo far prevail'd,
The hind no more the lurking ſnake aſſail'd.
Adonio, parting thence, a region ſought,
Where moſt unknown his former ſtate he thought:
There, from his native ſoil afar remov'd,
Seven tedious years of want and ſorrow prov'd;
Nor yet could diſtance, or could want control,
The ſecret workings of his active ſoul;
There love ſtill reigns, reſides in every part,
Beats in his pulſe and rankles in his heart:
He lingers to return, to view again
Thoſe charms he long had pin'd to view in vain.
In mean attire, of every meed bereft,
He ſeeks the country he ſo long had left.
Meantime it chanc'd our city to require
Some learned envoy to the Holy Sire,
Our reſident beſide the papal throne,
The period of his miſſion yet unknown.
The lot was caſt, and on the judge it fell;
A day that ſeem'd his fortune to foretel.
Excuſes, prayers and promiſes he try'd
To ſet this fatal embaſſy aſide.
Depart he muſt—he groans, with grief oppreſs'd,
As if his heart were cleft within his breaſt;

And

And pale with jealous fear of future harms,
While baniſh'd from his deareſt conſort's arms,
By all he thought might move, he begg'd the dame
To keep her nuptial honour free from blame.
Not beauty, wealth, or lineage e'er could raiſe
A woman's name (he ſaid) to height of praiſe,
If not in action chaſte—that beauty ſhines
Conſpicuous moſt, when truth its worth refines;
And, in his abſence, might her virtue prove
A fair example of connubial love!
So warn'd the jealous judge—his conſort hears
His ſad departure, and diſſolves in tears;
But ſwears the ſun ſhall ſooner loſe his light,
Than ſhe ſo ill his conſtant love requite:
With mind unſpotted ſooner will ſhe die,
Than with a lover even in thought comply.
Though by her promiſes, her vows, her grief,
He calm'd his fears, and found a ſhort relief;
Yet could he ne'er from fond enquiries ceaſe,
Still finding matter to diſturb his peace.
A friend he knew, who, vers'd in magic ſpell,
Could all events of future time foretel:
To him he went, and begg'd him to declare
If his Argia (ſo was nam'd the fair)

While he far diſtant from his home remain'd,
Would keep her nuptial chaſtity unſtain'd.
By long entreaties won, the ſage at laſt
Obſerv'd the ſkies, his ſchemes and figures caſt.
Anſelmo left him at his work, and came
Next day to hear the ſtars his fate proclaim.
Mute was th' aſtrologer, as loth t' impart,
What, known, would touch ſo near the doctor's heart;
At length compell'd, he own'd his gentle ſpouſe
(His back ſcarce turn'd) would break her marriage vows,
Not by entreaties, or by beauty won,
But brib'd by int'reſt, and by gold undone.
His former doubts, his former jealous fears,
Confirm'd too clearly by the threatening ſpheres;
Judge what his tortur'd boſom now muſt prove,
If e'er thy ſoul has felt the pains of love.
But moſt he griev'd, to think his faithleſs dame
For ſordid pelf ſhould ſell her matron fame:
Yet to provide, that bribes the leſs might win
Her frail reſolves (for want oft leads to ſin),
With her he leaves his heaps of ſhining ore,
And all his jewels (an exhauſtleſs ſtore),

With theſe alike committing to her hands
His ample revenue of rents and lands.
Take all (he cry'd) for all to thee I give;
Not only as befits my wife to live,
But as thou wilt t' employ—to give, to lend,
With prudence buy, or with profuſion ſpend:
For this the ſole account I would receive,
Let me but find thee ſuch as now I leave:
Let me but prove thee faithful to my bed,
And not a home be left to hide my head.
He pray'd her, in his abſence, to retreat
From the full city to the ruſtic ſeat;
In ſylvan quiet from the buſy ſtriſe
Of noiſy throngs to lead a happier life.
Thus he—for midſt the flocks and furrow'd plains
He deem'd the ſhepherds and the labouring ſwains
Could ne'er with ſoft addreſs, or amorous vows,
Corrupt the virtue of his lovely ſpouſe.
Around her huſband's neck her beauteous arms
Argia folds, and, with endearing charms,
Would ſooth his fears, while on his face, in ſhowers,
From her fair eyes the briny tears ſhe pours:
She mourns he ever ſhould her truth ſuſpect,
To think ſhe could her ſpotleſs fame neglect;

That ſuch unkind ſuſpicion needs muſt prove
His want of confidence, his want of love.
'Twere long to tell what paſs'd on either ſide;
What he ſo often urg'd, what ſhe reply'd.
At length—To thee, I truſt my fame, (he ſaid)
And ſaid no more, but turn'd his horſe's head;
And as he turn'd from all he valu'd, felt
His wretched heart within his boſom melt;
While ſhe, with ſtraining eyes, her lord purſu'd,
As tear ſucceeding tear her cheeks bedew'd.
Meanwhile Adonio (as I ſaid) forlorn,
Squalid and meager haſten'd his return,
In hopes that none, in all his land, would know
His form ſo chang'd with penury and woe.
Now, near his native town, he reach'd the lake,
Where he, long ſince, within the thorny brake
Had from the ruſtic's hands redeem'd the ſnake.
Arriving here at early dawn of day,
The ſtars yet glimmering with a doubtful ray,
Beſide the lake he view'd a lovely maid,
In rich attire of foreign make array'd:
Her mien was noble, yet alone ſhe came,
Nor ſquire, nor damſel, waited on the dame.

She view'd Adonio with a ſmiling look,
Then op'd her roſy lips, and thus ſhe ſpoke.
While me, O youth! thou little ſeem'ſt to know,
Thy kin am I—and much to thee I owe:
I boaſt thy blood, ſince both alike can trace
From mighty Cadmus our illuſtrious race.
Lo! I am ſhe, whom mortals Manto call,
Who founded firſt yon favour'd city's wall,
Which thou muſt oft have heard from flying fame,
Has ſince been Mantua call'd, from Manto's name.
Of fairy kind am I—from infant breath,
We ſubject live to every ill, but death:
Yet ſuch the terms on which from human fear
We ſtand exempt, ſcarce leſs than death ſevere:
For each is doom'd the figure of a ſnake,
On every ſeventh revolving day to take:
How do we loath to ſuch a change to yield,
And drag a ſerpent's ſlime along the field!
Deteſted change, that each in vain would ſhun,
For which we curſe our being, hate the ſun,
And death invoke—now hear the thanks I pay
For aid from thee on one auſpicious day.
Know firſt that with a reptile's ſkin enclos'd,
We ſtand to every ill, but death, expos'd.

No animals on earth are ſo purſu'd
By man's averſion, as the ſerpent brood:
Hid in this brutal form, we find a foe
In each we meet, when blow ſucceeds to blow;
Unleſs, ſwift earth'd, t' elude impending harm,
We 'ſcape the ſtroke of many a ſturdy arm:
Better at once releas'd from pain to die,
Than in the ways all cruſh'd and mangled lie!
Great thanks to thee I owe, who near this lake,
Me, then a reptile hid in yonder brake,
Thy hands deliver'd from the ruſtic's ſtake:
Elſe had I much endur'd; for when we trail
Our form debas'd beneath the ſerpent's ſcale,
The Heavens, till then ſubjected to our power,
Refuſe aſſiſtance, and our ſpells are o'er:
At other times, our word can cloud the light
Of mid-day Sol, and quench his beams in night:
Th' unſhaken earth ſhall move, if we require;
Fire ſhall be turn'd to ice, and ice to fire!
Hither I come, thy ſervice to reward
Free from that loathſome ſlime, I ſtand prepar'd
To grant thy every wiſh—thou ſhalt receive
Threefold from me the wealth thy ſire could give:

Ne'er ſhalt thou feel pale want's diſtreſſes more,
But by thy ſpending ſtill augment thy ſtore.
And ſince full well I know, love ſtill retains
Thy gentle heart a captive in his chains;
I mean to teach thee how thou ſhalt acquire
Thy fair one's will to favour thy deſire.
The huſband abſent, ſhalt thou now repair,
Where, at her villa, dwells the gentle fair;
Then preſent, will I aid thy ſoft purſuit,
And of my counſels ſhalt thou reap the fruit.
She ſaid; and told him in what form'd diſguiſe,
What veſtments firſt to meet his miſtreſs' eyes;
How with prevailing prayers her breaſt to ſhake,
And next devis'd what ſhape herſelf to take:
For, ſave the fatal days that fairies doom
To mix with ſnakes, all ſhapes they can aſſume.
Adonio in a pilgrim's garb ſhe dreſs'd,
From land to land on holy buſineſs preſt:
Herſelf appear'd a dog, transform'd to fight,
Of ſmalleſt make, and more than ermine white;
Soft was his hair and ſhaggy touch'd the ground;
A fairer creature never could be found.

Thus chang'd; they journey'd on, till near they came,
Where dwelt, retir'd, the judge's lovely dame:
Here firſt the youth amidſt the village ſtrays,
And on his pipe a tune full deftly plays:
The ſeeming dog the ſpritely muſic hears;
And dancing on his hindmoſt feet appears.
The gaping ruſtics ſtare, they laugh, they ſhout:
The lady wonders at the revel rout:
She bids the pilgrim to her ſight be brought;
(So fate, to work the doctor's ruin, wrought!)
Adonio now before Argia ſtands,
Commands his dog; the dog, at his commands,
Obedient moves in every meaſur'd pace,
And friſks, and leaps, and apes the dancer's grace;
And cloſe his maſter's voice and look attends,
With ſenſe that far all brutal ſenſe tranſcends.
The pleas'd ſpectators view him with amaze,
And mark his mimic feats with ſpeechleſs gaze.
Great was the wonder of Argia fair,
And eager to poſſeſs a dog ſo rare,
She bade her truſty nurſe an offer make,
At no ſmall price the pilgrim's dog to take.

Hadſt

Hadſt thou more treaſure than ſuffic'd to fill,
Th' unſated appetite of woman's will,
All would too little prove (he made reply)
One ſingle foot of this my dog to buy.
To prove how far in words the truth he ſpoke,
Apart from all the truſty crone he took,
And bade the animal on her beſtow
A mark of fineſt gold his love to ſhow:
He ſhakes his paws, he drops the mark of gold;
Antonio wills the nurſe the prize to hold.
Now judge thyſelf if coin (he thus purſu'd)
Can buy a dog with ſuch rare gifts indu'd:
Behold, whate'er I aſk, he nought denies;
But gems, or rings, or coſtly veſts ſupplies:
Yet tell thy lady, him ſhe may obtain,
Though not for gold, him gold can never gain;
Let me for one ſhort night her bed partake,
And in return this dog her own I make.
He ſaid; and gave her to preſent the dame,
A gem that from the dog that inſtant came.
The greedy beldame (not of ſcruple nice)
Eſteem'd the purchaſe at an eaſy price,
And to the fair in haſte return'd, to tell
For what the ſtranger meant his dog to ſell;

And preſs'd her cloſe to buy at ſuch a coſt,
Where much muſt ſure be won, and little loſt.
At firſt averſe the fair Argia hears,
For yet to break her plighted vow ſhe fears;
And much ſhe doubts the truth of what in brief
The nurſe had told, ſurpaſſing all belief.
The nurſe confirms it, warns her to reflect
Ere ſhe ſo rare a proffer'd good neglect;
And now perſuades her, with a choſen few,
Again the pilgrim and his dog to view.
This ſecond time Adonio met the dame,
Fill'd up the meaſure of the judge's ſhame.
Coin after coin the dog inceſſant ſhower'd,
Huge ſtrings of pearl, and orient gems he pour'd;
That weaker ſoon her firſt reſolves ſhe felt;
And more ſhe found her heart diſpos'd to melt,
When him ſhe knew, who thus her favour woo'd,
The ſame that once her gentle love purſu'd:
Till by the beldame's foul perſuaſion mov'd,
The preſence of the youth who long had lov'd,
The gain that follow'd from her huſband's wrong:
The wretched doctor's abſence thence ſo long;
The hope that none her ſecret could betray;
By ſlow degrees her virtue fades away:

She

She takes the dog, and to her lover's arms,
In ſweet reward, reſigns her beauty's charms.
Long time Adonio, with his lovely dame,
Indulg'd in bliſs; in her an equal flame
The fairy rais'd; and ever at her ſide
To all her wants a ready aid ſupply'd.
Through every ſign the ſun purſu'd his round,
Ere yet the judge his wiſh'd diſmiſſion found:
At length he came, but came with doubt diſmay'd,
For what the preſcient ſeer had once diſplay'd:
Soon as he reach'd his home, with eager pace
His friend he ſought, foreboding his diſgrace,
And aſk'd if virtuous ſtill his wife maintain'd
Her faith unſully'd, or her fame had ſtain'd.
Th' aſtrologer the polar aſpect trac'd,
And in their points each fatal planet plac'd,
Then anſwer'd, all had chanc'd he once foretold,
For ſordid gain his conſort's honour ſold.
This anſwer, ſharper than a ſword or dart,
With pungent anguiſh thrill'd the doctor's heart.
No longer doubt remain'd—yet would he know
Each little ſtep that work'd his cureleſs woe:

For this he drew the beldame-crone aſide,
And every art to learn the truth he try'd:
But ſhe, with looks unchang'd, each charge deny'd.
This prov'd in vain, he waited next till ſtrife,
Between the beldame and his faithleſs wife,
Might what he ſought diſcloſe; for well he knew
Where females live, ſtill jars and chidings grew.
Thus, as he hop'd, one day, with anger fraught
Againſt her dame, the beldame nurſe unſought
Addreſs'd the judge; no longer ſhe conceal'd
The killing tale, but all the truth reveal'd.
'Twere hard to tell what cruel pangs poſſeſs'd,
What grief, what madneſs, fill'd the doctor's breaſt.
He groan'd—he rav'd—now death reſolv'd to try,
The wretch's hope; but firſt his wife muſt die:
Their ſtreaming blood, by one ſad weapon ſpilt,
Muſt him from anguiſh free, and her from guilt.
With thoughts like theſe the wretched huſband burn'd,
And to the city, bent on death, return'd;
Thence to his wife a truſty menial ſent,
Inſtructed well to act his dire intent.
He bade him to the village ſeats repair,
And to Argia's ear this meſſage bear;

That,

That, by a fever's rage each vital power
Oppreſt, he fears ſhe ne'er will ſee him more:
Hence (if the thoughts of love or duty ſway)
She with the faithful guide would bend her way
To where in ſickneſs on his bed he lay.
As thus deceiv'd he knew his wretched wife
Would deem no ſnare conceal'd againſt her life,
He charg'd the guide in ſome ſequeſter'd place
To expiate with her blood his paſt diſgrace.
Prepar'd to act his patron's dire intent,
The truſty envoy to his miſtreſs went;
Her faithful dog the fair Argia took,
Her palfrey mounted, and her home forſook.
The dog had warn'd her of ſome evil near,
Yet bade her go, and go ſecure from fear,
Since he, her guard, with well experienc'd power,
Would yield aſſiſtance in the dangerous hour.
They journey'd till they reach'd a cryſtal flood
From towering Apennine, where near it ſtood
A gloomy foreſt, black with tufted ſhade,
And here her guide, who, with deſign, had ſtray'd,
From towns and cities far, with look myſterious
ſtay'd.

This

This place he deem'd well ſuited to fulfil
The cruel purpoſe of his maſter's will.
His ſword he drew, and to the dame declar'd
The judge's mandate, and the death prepar'd;
But, pitying, warn'd her, ere the deadly ſtroke,
Offended Heaven for mercy to invoke.
What ſecret magic could his aim deceive!
For when he rais'd his weapon to bereave
The dame of life, ſhe vaniſh'd from his eyes,
And left him pale and ſpeechleſs, with ſurprize.
Around he ſought her long, but ſought in vain;
Then, baffled, to his patron turn'd again;
And told, but told with ſcarce recover'd breath,
Some miracle had ſav'd his wife from death.
Full little thought the judge that, near her ſide,
The fairy Manto every need ſupply'd.
The beldame-crone that all the reſt reveal'd
(I know not why) had this alone conceal'd.
What ſhall he do? His honour unredreſt,
He ſtill muſt groan, with load on load oppreſt:
Her fault to few diſclos'd, he fears that fame
Will now divulge, and wider ſpread his ſhame:

One

One chance might reſt conceal'd; but this made known,
From tongue to tongue would through the world be blown:
He deems, that ſince the ſervant's lips diſclos'd
His vengeful thoughts againſt her life diſpos'd,
She ever from her dreaded home to fly,
Would to ſome lover, in her fears, apply,
Of power to hold her from a huſband's claim,
And in deriſion bear his injur'd name;
Perchance, with deeper guilt than lawleſs love,
His wife's adulterer and his ruffian prove.
Hence in her ſearch, ſuch evil to prevent,
Letters and meſſages around he ſent,
To every town in Lombardy's extent.
Himſelf in perſon tidings ſtrove to gain;
But every meſſage, every ſearch was vain.
At length the ſlave he call'd; the ſlave, whoſe hand
Was charg'd to execute his dire command,
And bade him thither lead, where late, he ſaid,
Argia from his eyes ſo ſtrangely fled;
Who, hid in brakes, by day had mock'd his ſight,
And found, perchance, ſome ſheltering roof at night.

The

The ſlave his patron led, where, midſt the wood,
Once dark with ſhades, a ſtately ſtructure ſtood:
The fair Argia, with her guardian's aid,
This wondrous palace by enchantment made
Of alabaſter, beauteous to behold;
Within, without, the building flam'd with gold.
No fancy can conceive, no tongue declare,
Within how wealthy, and without how fair.
The dome thou ſaw'ſt but yeſter night, compar'd
With this a cottage, ſcarcely claims regard.
Here richeſt ſilks, and hangings from the loom
Of brighteſt work, adorn'd each lofty room:
Above, below, in every part alike,
A thouſand charms the dazzled ſenſes ſtrike.
Here veſſels, wrought of gold and ſilver, flam'd:
There concave gems, red, green, and azure, fram'd
In plates or vaſes, crown'd the feſtive board;
And wardrobes ſhone with veſts embroider'd ſtor'd.
The judge arriving (as the verſe has told)
With wonder gaz'd the building to behold,
When here he thought nor hut nor cottage ſtood,
But dreary wilds, lone paths, and tangled wood.
He gaz'd, and paus'd, and ſcarce his ſight believ'd,
In doubt ſome dream his wandering ſenſe deceiv'd.

A female

A female Æthiop at the gate was ſeen,
Of feature ſo deform'd, ſo loath'd a mien,
That ne'er before, nor ſince, the world around
Could ſuch a foul miſhapen wretch be found.
Thick were her lips, and huge her pimpled noſe;
Her humpen back above her ſhoulders roſe:
She ſeem'd a beggar of the loweſt tribe:
No words can half her filth obſcene deſcribe;
But ſuch a hag to Paradiſe convey'd,
Had wither'd by her looks the bliſsful ſhade.

Ver. 990. *A female Æthiop*—] A liberty is here taken with the original, in varying a circumſtance of the ſtory, too groſs to admit of the moſt diſtant alluſion. We have before ſeen from Ruſcelli, that Arioſto had expunged two ſtanzas from the xxvth book as too licentious; and the ſame Ruſcelli further informs us, that Arioſto, in his own printed copy, had particularly marked this paſſage, undoubtedly with deſign to change the offenſive circumſtance; and obſerves, that it was exceedingly to be wiſhed, that the poet had removed this blemiſh from ſo glorious a poem. The tranſlator had given this part of the ſtory another turn before he met with this paſſage of Ruſcelli, and is happy to adduce ſuch authority for the alterations he has made, as he may ſeem thus but to conform to the laſt intention of the poet himſelf, had he lived to give the world another edition of his Orlando. Is it not ſome kind of reproach on the Italian editors, that in the editions ſubſequent to 1533, the objectionable parts pointed out by Arioſto had not been expunged?

Anſelmo wiſh'd to learn what prince or peer
Might there reſide: the hag alone was near:
To her he then with courteous words apply'd:
"This houſe is mine"—the filthy Æthiop cry'd.
The judge believ'd ſhe ſpoke in jeſting vein:
But ſhe, with many an oath, affirm'd again
The houſe was hers—inviting him at will
The gate to enter, and behold his fill,
And freely, for himſelf or friends, to bear
From thence whate'er he valu'd rich or rare.
Anſelmo to a menial gave in haſte
His ſteed to hold, and o'er the threſhold paſs'd;
Through chambers, halls, his ſordid guide purſu'd,
And every part with equal wonder view'd;
The form, the ſcite, the ornaments that grace
Each hall, each roof; the riches of the place.
Not all beneath the ſun (full oft he cries)
To purchaſe ſuch a palace can ſuffice.
To him in few the brutal hag rejoin'd:
And yet this palace has its price aſſign'd,
Though ſilver nought we prize nor glittering gold,
Yet will it at an eaſier rate be ſold.
She ſaid; and made the judge the ſame requeſt,
Which to his wife Adonio once addreſs'd.

Her

Her beaſtly love the judge indignant ſpurn'd,
And from the filthy hag reſentful turn'd;
But thrice repuls'd, ſtill more the beldame woo'd,
And with ſuch ſoothing art her ſuit purſu'd,
Her palace offering for the beaſtly hire,
At length ſhe bent him to her foul deſire.
His wife Argia, in the dome conceal'd,
Who him ſo taken in her fault beheld,
Leapt ſudden forth, and thus aloud exclaim'd;
Is this the reverend judge for wiſdom fam'd?
That thus his learned function can debaſe
With ſuch a hag, the ſcum of human race!
Think how the doctor look'd, think how he ſtood
Abaſh'd and mute; how fluſh'd his cheek with blood:
How oft he wiſh'd that earth would open wide,
And his tranſgreſſion in the center hide!
The wife, who from herſelf would turn the blame
By heap'd reproaches on Anſelmo's ſhame,
Purſu'd—What puniſhment ſhould'ſt thou receive,
Who me, relentleſs, would'ſt of life bereave,
For yielding to a lover's ſoft aſſault,
When Love and Nature might excuſe the fault?

A youth, accompliſh'd in his form and mind,
A gift that leaves this palace far behind!
If death I ſeem'd to merit at thy hands,
Know that thy crime a hundred deaths demands.
But though I here maintain the ſovereign will,
Sole miſtreſs of thy fate—to ſave, or kill—
Yet ſhall I now no further vengeance take
For thy tranſgreſſion, but this league to make:
Lay by the huſband—henceforth let us live
In laſting peace, and all the paſt forgive:
In word or deed I ne'er will more repine
At thy offence, nor ſhalt thou cenſure mine.
Thus ſhe: the huſband well approves the terms;
He ſeals her pardon, and the peace confirms:
With mutual confidence they homeward ſteer,
And ever after hold each other dear.

The pilot thus; and with his tale beguil'd
The tedious hour, while good Rinaldo ſmil'd
To hear the chance, yet pity'd much the ſhame
So deeply planted on the doctor's name.
He prais'd Argia much, whoſe wit had ſet,
For ſuch a bird, her well-invented net;
Caught in that ſnare, in which (though truth to tell
With leſs reproach) herſelf ſo lately fell.

When now the Sun from high his beams had ſhed,
The Paladin commands the board to ſpread,
For which the Mantuan's hoſpitable care
Supply'd exhauſtleſs ſtore of coſtly fare.
Now to the left they leave a fertile land,
Vaſt fens extending on their better hand:
Argenta now appears, and now it flies;
And now the caſtle where Santerno lies.
As yet beſide the ſtream no Baſtia ſtands,
Where ſince, with little boaſt, the Spaniſh bands
Their ſtandards bring; but where the Italian train
Attempt, with greater loſs, the fort to gain.
Thence, with full ſpeed, the ſinewy rowers force
The flying bark along the river's courſe:
Till by a ſtagnant pool they bend their way,
And reach Ravenna's towers at noon of day.
Though good Rinaldo oft was little ſtor'd
With ready coin, at leaſt he can afford
So much at parting thence his thanks to ſhow,
And on the crew ſome light reward beſtow.

Ver. 1076. *Argenta now*—] Argenta, a caſtle eighteen miles from Ferrara.

Ver. 1079. *Where ſince, with little boaſt*, &c.—] Baſtia, where the Spaniards ſuffered ſuch a defeat from Alphonſo. See Book xlii. Note to ver. i. &c.

Then, changing ſteeds, his journey he purſu'd,
And Rimeni, at cloſe of evening, view'd;
Nor would at Monteſior till morning wait,
But reach'd, with riſing Sol, Urbino's gate.
No Guido then, no Frederico there
Reſided; no Eliſabetta fair;
Nor Leonora, nor Franceſco nam'd
In later times; for theſe a knight ſo fam'd
With courteous welcome had awhile conſtrain'd
To reſt with honour in their ſeats detain'd;
Such courteous welcome as they ſince have paid
To every noble knight or virtuous maid.
Since none appear'd his courſer's reins to take,
Rinaldo haſten'd Cagli to forſake;

Ver. 1094. *Guido, Frederico—*
Eliſabetta, Leonora—] Frederico di Montefeltro, a man beloved by all for his many virtues; of him and his wife Baptiſta was born a ſon, called Guidobaldo (or Guido) heir to his father's virtues. After his death Franceſco Maria delle Revere was created duke of Urbino, and married Leonora, daughter of Gonzaga. Eliſabetta was wife of Guidobaldo. All theſe perſons appear to have lived in the time of Arioſto, and to have reſided at Ferrara.

Ver. 1102. ——*his courſer's reins to take*—] To ſtop him with a friendly welcome, to entertain him hoſpitably.

Ver. 1103. *From Cagli*—] Cagli was long in poſſeſſion of the dukes of Urbino.

And

And to the mountain thence impatient ſped,
Their ſtreams where Gauno and Metaurus led.
The Apennine he paſt; and now no more
Beheld it on the right; then journey'd o'er
The Ombrian and Etruſcan realms; then view'd
Imperial Rome; to Oſtia then purſu'd
His rapid way; and next by ſea he gains
An ancient town, where near in hallow'd plains,
Anchiſes' pious ſon interr'd his ſire's remains.

His veſſel here he chang'd, and to the ſhore
Of Lipaduſa's iſle his voyage bore;
That iſle the champions for their liſt deſign'd,
That iſle, where ſince the ſix in battle join'd.
Rinaldo urg'd the jolly ſailor train,
With oars and ſails, to cleave the briny main.
At ſpeed they fly; but adverſe winds detain'd
His tardy veſſel from the wiſh'd-for land.
He came, but came what time Anglante's knight
Had reap'd the laurels of the glorious fight;
King Agramant and king Gradaſſo kill'd:
Yet hard the conqueſt of the ſanguine field;
Great Monodantes' ſon was now no more;
And pale in anguiſh on the ſea-beat ſhore

Ver. 1104. *Gauno and Metaurus*—] Gauno, a ſmall river, that has now probably loſt its name. Metaurus, a river famous for the death of Aſdrubal.

Lay Olivero, feeble with his pain,
Whoſe foot no longer would his bulk ſuſtain.
The noble earl could not his tears with-hold,
When good Rinaldo he embrac'd, and told
The death of Brandimart, their friend belov'd,
In every chance of arms and friendſhip prov'd.
Not leſs Rinaldo, when the knight he view'd
With helmet cleft, his mournful cheeks bedew'd.
Then Olivero in his arms he preſs'd,
And with conſoling words each chief addreſs'd,
While much himſelf repin'd, that late he came,
Too late to ſhare their dangers and their fame.

Now to the town deſtroy'd the menial train
Of Agramant and ſtern Gradaſſo ſlain,
Each breathleſs corſe with duteous care convey'd,
And in the ruins of Biſerta laid.

Meanwhile the conqueſt by Orlando won,
To Sanſonetto and Aſtolpho known,
Great joy in each infus'd, though damp'd to hear
The mournful end of one they held ſo dear:
The death of Brandimart each heart depreſs'd,
Each face the ſigns of deep-felt grief confeſs'd.
Ah! which of theſe who lov'd his friend ſo well,
To Flordelis the killing news ſhall tell?

As Flordelis at night in ſlumber lay,
The night preceding that unhappy day,
She dreamt the mantle which her pious care
Had faſhion'd for her Brandimart to wear,
His ornament in fight, now, ſtrange to view,
Was ſprinkled o'er with drops of ſanguine hue:
She thought her erring hand the veſt had ſtain'd,
And thus in ſlumber to herſelf complain'd.
" Did not my lord command theſe hands to make
" His veſts, his mantle, all of mournful black?
" Why have I then againſt his bidding ſpread
" The ſable ground with fearful ſpots of red?"
Ill omens hence ſhe drew—Th' enſuing night
Arriv'd the tidings of the glorious fight;
Aſtolpho yet conceal'd, with tender fear,
A truth too dreadful for a wife to hear:
Till now, with Sanſonetto join'd, he came
(A mournful pair) before the boding dame.
Soon as ſhe view'd the face of either chief,
In ſuch a conqueſt clouded o'er with grief,
No more was needful—her diſtracted thought
Too well-divin'd the fatal news they brought:
Chill grew her heart, and ſickening at the light,
Her cloſing eyes were cover'd o'er with night:

Senſeleſs and pallid, ſtretch'd on earth ſhe lay,
And look'd a wretched corſe of lifeleſs clay.
Her ſenſe returning, frantic with deſpair,
She call'd her much-lov'd lord—ſhe rent her hair—
She bruis'd with cruel hands her groaning breaſt,
She rav'd as if ſome fiend her ſoul poſſeſs'd.
So ſeem'd the Menades, when wide were borne
Their ſhouts and clamours with the maddening horn.
From this, from that, ſhe begg'd ſome ſword or dart,
Some weapon's point to pierce her to the heart.
Now would ſhe ſeek the ſhip that to the ſhore
The corſe of either Pagan monarch bore,
On their remains with momentary rage
To glut her vengeance and her grief aſſuage:
Now would ſhe paſs the ſeas, to ſeek where dy'd
Her better half, and periſh by his ſide.
Why did I leave thee, O! my Brandimart!
On ſuch a day without me to depart!

I ſaw

Ver. 1181. *So ſeem'd the Menades*—] The Menades were certain dames, or prieſteſſes, who celebrated by night the rites of Bacchus, with hair diſhevelled, with wild and frantic geſtures, bearing in their hands ſpears twiſted with ivy leaves, and horns which they ſounded from time to time, in honour of their God.

Ver. 1191. *Why did I leave thee, O my Brandimart!*] Nothing can be more pathetic than the paſſages that relate to the

I ſaw thee go—I fainted at the view—
Why did not Flordelis her lord purſue?
Had I been preſent in the hour of fight,
My eyes had watch'd thee with a lover's ſight;
When fell Gradaſſo rais'd behind his blade,
My ſingle cry had given thee ſaving aid.
My ſpeed perhaps had ruſh'd between, and found
The happy time to take thy threaten'd wound:
My head, for thine, had met the Pagan ſword,
A worthleſs ranſom for my boſom's lord!
Yet will I die—though now my parting breath
Avails not thee, nor profits aught my death.
But had I dy'd for thee—what heavenly power
To better uſe could bleſs my dying hour?

the death of Brandimart: the complaint of Flordelis, the affecting and nutural circumſtances of her dream the night before ſhe hears the news; the funeral obſequies performed by night in the iſland of Sicily, where the mention of Ætna, gives a further ſolemnity to the ſcene; the behaviour of Orlando upon the occaſion; and laſtly, the death of Flordelis, are all circumſtances finely imagined, and moſt poetically painted!

Ver. 1197. *When fell Gradaſſo*, &c.] The Italian commentators have candidly obſerved, that it does not appear how Flordelis came to the knowledge of the exact manner of Brandimart's death.

Had cruel fate, or Heaven averſe withſtood
My pious aid to ſave thy dearer blood,
At leaſt I had obtain'd the mournful bliſs,
To bathe with tears, to preſs with many a kiſs
Thy aſhy cheek, and ere with ſons of light
Thy ſoul had to her Maker wing'd its flight,
I might have ſaid—To heavenly peace aſcend;
Thy flight ere long ſhall Flordelis attend!——
Thus canſt thou, Brandimart, thy conſort leave,
And is it thus thy ſceptre I receive!
With thee at Damogira thus I meet!
And thus thou ſhar'ſt with me thy regal ſeat!
How, ruthleſs Fortune! haſt thou clouded o'er
My future proſpects—hope is now no more!
Since I have loſt this good, all comfort dies!
And not another wiſh the world ſupplies!
In words like theſe the fair afflicted mourns,
And now again her frantic rage returns;
Again with cruel hand her cheeks ſhe tears,
Beats her white breaſt, and rends her ſcatter'd hairs.
But leave the dame awhile in plaints and tears,
And let us ſeek Orlando and his peers.

Ver. 1217. *Damogira*—] The capital of the kingdom of Monadant, mentioned by Boyardo.

Orlando wiſhes for his kinſman's weal,
To find ſome leech his dreadful hurt to heal;
And on his breathleſs Brandimart beſtow
Such honour'd rites as friends to friendſhip owe.
The mountain now he ſought*, whoſe flaming ray
Diſpels the night, whoſe ſmoke obſcures the day:
Propitious blew the wind, and, to the right,
Not diſtant far, the iſland roſe in ſight.
Soon as the ſun declin'd to evening ſhade,
The buſy mariners their anchors weigh'd,
While from her horns, to light their watery road,
The ſilent goddeſs trembled on the flood.
By dawn of day they trod the deſtin'd ſhore,
And thence their courſe to Agrigento bore;
And here Orlando on th' enſuing night
Bade all prepare to grace the funeral rite.
The pomp diſpos'd, when now the ſun had left
The fading ſky, and earth of light bereft,
Amidſt the peers, that, call'd by flying fame,
From diſtant towns to Agrigento came:
Amidſt bright torches kindling all the ſtrand:
Amidſt loud cries and groans on every hand,

* ÆTNA.

Ver. 1248. *Agrigento* —] The capital of Sicily.

Orlando

Orlando to the breathleſs body turn'd
Of him ſo lov'd in life, in death ſo mourn'd,
Bardino there, with years and ſorrow bow'd,
Beſide the ſable bier lamented loud:
His eyes, that in the ſhip had pour'd a tide
Of briny tears, their fountains ſtill ſupply'd.
He rav'd at Heaven, his cruel ſtars deplor'd,
And, like a lion pin'd in ſickneſs, roar'd:
With frantic, trembling, wither'd hands he tore
His wrinkled fleſh, and rent his treſſes hoar.
Soon as the crowds the earl approaching view'd,
Each with ſhrill ſound his plaints and cries renew'd.
Orlando near the corſe, with ſad ſurvey
Awhile in ſilence gaz'd, as prone it lay,
Pale as Acanthus or ſome fading flower,
Untimely cropt at morn or evening hour:
Deeply he ſigh'd, and bending ſtill a look,
Fix'd on his lifeleſs friend, at length he ſpoke.

Ver. 1268. ——*at length he ſpoke*—] Taſſo has followed this beautiful paſſage, which Arioſto had firſt drawn from Virgil, at the death of Pallas. The ſpeech of Godfrey over the dead body of Dudon, nearly reſembles this of Orlando; but the deſcription of the funeral is more ſolemn in the Furioſo than in the Jeruſalem.

O my

O my brave friend! companion of my love!
Who, dying here, ſurviv'ſt in bliſs above!
A happy life thou gain'ſt, no more to know
The toils and changes of our world below.
Forgive me now th' involuntary tear,
That mourns I ſtill am doom'd to linger here:
I weep not thou art fled from earth's annoy,
But weep I cannot live with thee in joy.
Here am I left—thou taken from my ſight,
What is there more t' afford my ſoul delight?
Diſtreſs and toil with thee inur'd to bear,
Why ſhould I not thy peace and triumph ſhare?
Great is my guilt, ſtill clos'd in mortal clay,
Forbid to follow on thy glorious way.
If I with thee could every loſs ſuſtain,
Why am I not a partner in thy gain?
Alone thou gain'ſt, and I alone have loſt;
Thou bleſt in Heaven,—I here in trouble toſt!
France, Germany, and Italy ſhall know
Thy death too ſurely, and partake my woe.
How will my kinſman *, and my lord lament!
How will the Paladins their ſorrows vent!

* CHARLES.

How

How will our church and empire rue the day
That ſnatch'd, in thee, their beſt defence away!
How ſhall thy death the Pagan world relieve,
What ſtrength and courage will the foes receive!
What muſt thy conſort feel?—I ſee her eyes
All drown'd in tears! I hear her piercing cries!
Me ſhe accuſes, and muſt ever hate
To think through me her lord has met his fate!
Yet, Flordelis! one comfort ſhall remain
Amidſt the anguiſh which his friends ſuſtain,
That every knight, who riſks for fame his breath,
May envy Brandimart his glorious death.
Not he in Rome's dire gulph abſorb'd and loſt,
The Decii fam'd, or Codrus, Argos' boaſt!

Could

Ver. 1303. *Not he in Rome's dire gulph*—] Marcus Curtius, a noble Roman, who is ſaid to have devoted himſelf to death. In the middle of the Roman forum, ſuddenly appeared an immenſe opening in the earth, which the people in vain endeavouring to fill up, at length had recourſe to the oracle, and received for anſwer, that the gulph could only be cloſed by that in which conſiſted the ſtrength of Rome. On this, Marcus Curtius, as if to ſhow that arms and virtue were the true ſupport of the city, put on his armour, and mounting his horſe, leapt headlong into the gulph, which immediately cloſed upon him.

Ver. 1304. *The Decii fam'd, or Codrus*—] The two Decii, father and ſon, who devoted themſelves to death for their

Could nobler fall, and in their fall beſtow
More than his country to thy lord ſhall owe.
Thus ſpoke Orlando o'er the warrior dead;
And now the prieſts their long proceſſion led,
Black, white, and grey; while all the hallow'd train,
In order rang'd, pac'd ſlowly o'er the plain,
Imploring God, among the ſpirits bleſt,
To take the champion's ſoul to endleſs reſt.
Innumerous torches pierc'd the veil of night,
And ſeem'd to emulate departed light.
The corſe is rais'd; and thence the weight to bear,
Peers, nobles, knights, the honour'd conteſt ſhare:
A pall of purple o'er the bier was ſpread,
Where gold and jewels mingled ſplendor ſhed:
Nor leſs the couch and pillow ſhone, emboſt
With ſparkling gems, and wrought with art and coſt:
Here ſtretch'd at length the lifeleſs knight was laid
In purple veſts, of richeſt work, array'd.
Three hundred firſt ſelected through the land,
Of humble order, led the ſolemn band,

their country. Codrus, king of Athens, devoted himſelf in the ſame manner to death, the oracle having declared, that Athens would be victorious if their king fell by the hands of the enemy.

All

All cloth'd alike in veſtments long, that clung
Around their limbs, and to their ankles hung.
A hundred pages next, and each a ſteed
Of mighty ſize beſtrode, and warlike breed:
The ſteed and page alike in ſable veil'd,
Along the ground their mourning veſture trail'd.
Before, behind, unnumber'd banners rais'd
With various enſigns and devices blaz'd
Around the herſe—the trophies of his might
From conquer'd legions won in dangerous fight:
All gain'd to Cæſar's and to Peter's power
By force that, now extinct, ſhall gain no more.
Then many a ſhield from many a warrior torn,
With proud impreſſes by their maſters worn.
Two hundred then purſu'd, in ranks ordain'd
To ſwell the pomp: each better hand ſuſtain'd
A kindled torch, and, like the reſt, conceal'd
In mournful black, nor mien nor face reveal'd.
Orlando follow'd next, with ſtifled ſighs,
The tear big ſwelling in his manly eyes.
Rinaldo then no leſs of grief betray'd:
But Olivero by his foot was ſtay'd.

Ver. 1335. *All gain'd to Cæſar's and to Peter's power*] That is, ſubjected to the emperor and the pope.

'Twere

'Twere long each ceremonial to rehearſe,
And paint the ſolemn obſequies in verſe;
What funeral gifts were made, what veſtures fram'd
In various guiſe, what countleſs torches flam'd!
Now to the hallow'd fane their ſteps they bent,
Nor left a cheek unmoiſten'd as they went.
His goodneſs, valour, youth, and grace engage
The grief of either ſex, and every age.
Amidſt the fane each pious office done
Of unavailing tears and female moan:
Soon as the holy prieſts, in heavenly ſtrain,
Their prayers had chanted o'er the warrior ſlain,
Within a tomb of poliſh'd ſtone compos'd,
On two fair pillars rais'd, the corſe they clos'd:
O'er this, inwrought with gold, Orlando threw
A coſtly mantle of impurpled hue,
The dead to honour, till his love could raiſe
A ſtructure worthier of the warrior's praiſe!
Orlando, ere he left Sicilia's iſle,
Rare coſtly marbles for the ſumptuous pile,
From various parts procur'd with ſtudious care;
Rich porphyry and alabaſter fair.
He form'd the plan, and every artiſt ſkill'd
Employ'd, with high rewards, the tomb to build.

And Flordelis, when to the iſle ſhe came,
Rich columns added to th' unfiniſh'd frame,
Which, when Orlando left Sicilia's ſhore,
The hapleſs dame, prepar'd, from Afric bore.
But when ſhe found no tears her grief ſuffice,
Nor her ſad ſoul reliev'd with endleſs ſighs;
Nor prayers, nor maſſes for the dead addreſt,
Appeaſe the anguiſh of her wounded breaſt;
She there decreed her fix'd abode to make,
Till life's warm ſpirit ſhould its hold forſake.
Then in the tomb ſhe fram'd her dreary cell,
Alone, ſecluded from the world to dwell.
Full many a meſſage to the mournful dame
Orlando ſent; himſelf in perſon came
To take her thence, and with proviſion fair
Had truſted her to Galerana's care:
Or would ſhe rather with her ſire reſide,
Himſelf to Lizza would the mourner guide;

Ver. 1386. ——*Galerana's care*—] It does not appear in this poem who is meant by Galarena, or Galerana, though the name is often to be met with in Boyardo, but without any explanation.

Era qui nella ſala Galerana,
Orl. Inn. B. i. C. i.

But in the romance of ASPRAMONTE, it appears, that Galerana was wife to Charlemain.

Or, at his coſt, a cloiſter'd manſion raiſe
To dedicate to God her remnant days.
But in the ſepulchre unmov'd ſhe ſtay'd,
There night and day with holy fervour pray'd,
Though few the hours that thus her life ſhe led,
For ſoon the Parcæ ſhear'd her vital thread.
Already from that iſle, where bards have told
The Cyclops once were wont their place to hold,
The three brave knights of France with heavy mind
Departing, mourn'd the fourth they left behind;
But ere the warriors would the land forſake,
They ſought with them ſome ſkilful leech to take
For Olivero's foot, which, ſore aggriev'd,
No lenient reſt, no healing ſalve reliev'd.
While deep he groan'd, oppreſt with ſhooting pain,
They pitying heard; and, while they ſtood in vain
In deep debate, a thought the pilot mov'd,
When thus he ſpoke, and each the advice approv'd.
Not far remote (he ſaid) a rock there ſtood,
On which a hermit made his lone abode,

Ver. 1394. *the Parcæ ſhear'd*, &c.—] Here concludes the affecting epiſode of Flordelis, whoſe death forms an amiable contraſt to the popular ſtory of the Epheſian matron.

With whom none ever, at his greateſt need,
Had fail'd in aid or counſel to ſucceed.
Wonders he wrought that Heaven to man denies;
He made the blind to ſee, the dead to riſe:
He, with the croſs, could huſh the winds aſleep,
And ſtill to calm the roarings of the deep:
And would they ſeek the man to God ſo dear,
They ſoon might find, releas'd of every fear,
Good Olivero from his hurts reliev'd;
Since oft the Saint had greater deeds atchiev'd.
Orlando heard, and bade, without delay,
Steer to the hallow'd ſeat their rapid way:
With courſe direct they cut the briny tide,
And at Aurora's dawn the rock deſcry'd:
The bark, directed by the ſkilful crew,
Now near the ſhelfy land ſecurely drew:
There by the menial train and ſeamen's aid,
The groaning marquis in the ſkiff they laid,
And through the daſhing brine of billows hoar,
In ſafety landed on the craggy ſhore,
Where dwelt the ſage, who to Rogero gave
The rite baptiſmal in the cleanſing wave.
Heaven's holy ſervant, who in CHRIST believ'd,
With joy Orlando and his friends receiv'd;

With

With looks complacent every knight he bleſs'd;
And now enquir'd on what adventure preſt,
They reach'd his cell; though by the ſaints fore-
taught,
He knew what cauſe the warriors thither brought.
Orlando told his purpoſe, to implore
Some healing aid his kinſman to reſtore;
Whom, fighting for the faith, his friends with grief
Beheld in anguiſh hopeleſs of relief.
The hermit bade them every doubt remove,
And promis'd Olivero ſoon ſhould prove
His ſaving power; but ſince nor healing juice,
Medicines or ſimples could the rock produce;
The church he ſought; there to his Saviour pray'd;
Then iſſu'd forth, ſecure of heavenly aid;
And now, by name th' ETERNAL THREE addreſs'd,
With hand outſtretch'd the feeble knight he
bleſs'd.
O! virtue given to thoſe who CHRIST adore!
Good Olivero felt his pains no more!
Firmly he trod, with more than ſtrength renew'd;
While ſage Sobrino, near, the wonder view'd.
Each day Sobrino's ſtrength was more depreſs'd,
Each day the anguiſh of his wounds increas'd:

But when he, through the hermit's ſaving word,
Beheld the knight by miracle reſtor'd;
No more his ſoul will Mahomet believe,
But CHRIST in future for his GOD receive:
And, humbly penitent, he begg'd the ſire
To grant the baptiſm our rites require.
He ſaid; the ſage his ſuit approv'd, and gave
The Chriſtian cleanſing in the limpid wave.
Nor this alone——with holy prayers he heal'd
His wounds, his ſtrength renew'd, his pains diſpell'd.
Not leſs Orlando, and each noble knight,
Rejoic'd to ſee the truth of Chriſtian light
Diſperſe the Pagan darkneſs, than to ſee
Their lov'd compeer from pain and danger free.
But greater joy Rogero's ſoul confeſs'd,
While livelier faith and hope confirm'd his breaſt.
Rogero, by the tempeſt thither caſt,
His hours in converſe with the ſage had paſt,
Who 'midſt the warriors now in ſemblance mild,
With uſeful lore the well-ſpent day beguil'd;
Taught them to ſteer through this bad world of ſtrife,
Of wretchedneſs——unjuſtly titled life;

Eſteem'd

Eſteem'd by fools! and warn'd them not to miſs
The road that leads to everlaſting bliſs.
Now bade Orlando from the veſſel bear
Bread, wine, and viands, ſtore of grateful fare,
To heap the genial board; and theſe he plac'd
Before the man of God, whoſe ſimple taſte,
Long us'd to roots and pulſe, he gently preſs'd
To ſhare with them a more luxurious feaſt.
Their ſpirits thus refreſh'd with wine and food,
The knights and hermit their diſcourſe renew'd;
And, as it oft befalls in ſocial wiſe,
When round the circle vary'd ſubjects riſe,
At length Rogero (whoſe high deeds were blown
Throughout the world) was to Orlando known.
Then Olivero, and Rinaldo found
In him that youth ſo far in arms renown'd;
Nor had till then Rinaldo mark'd the knight,
With whom ſo late he met in liſted fight.
Sobrino knew the young Rogero well,
When firſt he met him at the hermit's cell,
Yet held his peace: but when the reſt had heard
That this was he, Rogero ſo rever'd
For warlike feats—all eager round him preſs'd,
And each with open look and ſmiles addreſs'd:

One graſp'd his hand; one cloſe embracing held;
One on his cheek the kiſs of friendſhip ſeal'd:
But chief the lord of Mount Albano ſtrove
To greet him with a brother's warmth of love.
Why he above the reſt, I now conceal,
But with the book enſuing ſhall reveal.

END OF THE FORTY-THIRD BOOK.

THE

FORTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

RINALDO promiſes his ſiſter Bradamant to Rogero, at the inſtigation of the hermit, and with the concurrence of Orlando. The knights take their leave of the hermit, and ſail to Marſeilles. Aſtolpho diſmiſſes the forces of king Senapus, who repair to their own country, and the duke himſelf returns to France, where he meets at Marſeilles with Orlando, Rinaldo, Rogero, Olivero, and Sobrino. Charles, and all his nobles, prepare to welcome the conquering knights, who enter the gates of Paris in triumph. Great feſtival on the occaſion. Diſpute between Amon and his ſon Rinaldo concerning Bradamant, whom Amon had promiſed to Leon, ſon of the emperor Conſtantine. Diſtreſs of Bradamant and Rogero. The ſingular requeſt of Bradamant to the emperor. She is taken away from the court by Amon and cloſely confined in a caſtle. Rogero reſolves to kill his rival Leon, and departs in diſguiſe from Paris attended with a ſingle ſquire. He arrives at Belgrado, where he aſſiſts the Bulgarians, commanded by their king, againſt the Greeks commanded by Conſtantine and Leon, and entirely defeats the latter. Leon, in admiration of the valour of the ſtrange knight, conceives a ſecret friendſhip for him. Gratitude of the Bulgarians. Rogero departs in purſuit of Leon.

THE

FORTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

OFT in the lowly roof, the humble cell
Of poverty, where pain and ſorrow dwell,
Sincerer virtues in the breaſt we meet
Than in the ſtately dome and regal ſeat;
Where lords and kings are nurs'd in courtly wiles,
Midſt deep ſuſpicions and inſidious ſmiles;
Where love and charity no place can claim,
And ſacred friendſhip lives not but in name.
Kings, popes, and emperors, leagues of peace compoſe,
To-day are friends, to-morrow deadly foes:
Whate'er they ſeem, their thoughts in ſecret bear
No ſemblance oft to what their lips declare:

Nor

Nor right nor wrong they heed, but only prize
Thoſe meaſures moſt, where moſt advantage lies!
All theſe in courts have ne'er the bleſſings try'd
Of godlike truth, for truth can ne'er reſide,
Where, or in deep debate, or ſportive vein,
The tongue, in ſpeaking, ſpeaks not but to feign:
Yet theſe, when once by adverſe fortune led
Beneath the covert of ſome ruſtic ſhed,
May bend their ſouls to friendſhip's purer lore,
And taſte a happineſs unknown before!
The holy hermit in his cell could prove
More certain means to bind in cordial love
His noble gueſts, than courts could e'er diſpenſe,
With all the turns of winning eloquence:
Their concord, firmly knit, ſhall ever live,
And death alone its fatal period give.
The ſaint with pleaſure view'd each generous mind,
Where boldeſt hearts with gentleſt manners join'd,
And truth, more white than ſwans, in native luſtre ſhin'd.
Diſſention now was chac'd from every thought,
The traces of each paſt offence forgot;
Nor warmer marks of friendſhip had they ſhow'd,
Born of one race, and nurtur'd of one blood.

The

The Lord of Mount Albano firſt addreſs'd
Renown'd Rogero, and the youth careſs'd,
As one himſelf had found ſo well to wield
His glorious weapons in the liſted field;
As one, whoſe courteſy ſo late he prov'd,
For courteſy o'er every knight belov'd!
But chiefly gratitude employ'd his thought,
On all Rogero for his race had wrought.
He knew his arm had Richardetto freed,
By Spain's offended king to death decreed,
When in his daughter's bed the guard ſurpris'd
The amorous youth, in female weeds diſguis'd:
By him, he knew was either noble ſon
Of Buovo (as the tale before has ſhown)
Freed from the Saracen's unpitying bands,
From Bertolagi and Maganza's hands.
Such ſervice done Rinaldo's generous mind
To love and honour the brave youth inclin'd;
And much he griev'd, ſo long forbid to pay
The debt he ow'd, till this auſpicious day.

Ver. 45. *By Spain's offended king*, &c.] The reader will here recollect the adventure of Richardetto in the xxvth Book, who having been condemned by Marſilius to be burnt alive for an intrigue with his daughter Flordeſpina, was delivered by Rogero.

While

While one in Afric's Pagan court remain'd,
And one the cauſe of royal Charles maintain'd;
All greeting was deny'd—but when he view'd
Rogero here by hallow'd rites renew'd
To Chriſtian life, full gladly he embrac'd
The wiſh'd occaſion to redeem the paſt;
And zealous vows of future ſervice made,
And grateful thanks and endleſs honours paid.
The holy ſire, who ſaw with placid look
The cordial greeting, on their converſe broke,
And thus began—No further can remain
(And this I truſt without repulſe to gain)
But ſince by friendſhip you are drawn ſo nigh,
The bond to ſtrengthen with a nearer tye,
Since from your houſes join'd (whoſe ſeparate name
Beholds no equal in the world of fame)
A line ſhall come, whoſe luſtre muſt efface
The rays of Sol, throughout his annual race;
Whoſe honours ſhall deſcend from year to year,
And diſtant ages their renown revere;
While in their ſpheres the ſtarry orbs are roll'd:
So GOD reveals, ſo bids me now unfold.
Thus ſpoke the holy ſire, and more he ſaid,
Though leſs requir'd Rinaldo to purſuade,

Who

Who gladly to Rogero's vows reſign'd
His Bradamant, the happy league to bind.
Good Olivero and Anglante's lord
Much prais'd between the knights the fair accord;
And deem'd that Charles and Amon muſt approve,
With all the realm of France, this noble love.
Thus they; but little yet to them was known
That Amon, by conſent of Pepin's ſon *,
To Greece diſpatch'd an envoy, with deſign
To treat with Greece's emperor Conſtantine;
Who for his ſon had aſk'd the martial fair,
Leon his ſon, his mighty empire's heir;
Who, though unſeen, enamour'd of the dame
By diſtant rumour, felt the lover's flame.
Amon reply'd, that ere himſelf purſu'd
The treaty, ſuch a marriage to conclude,
He to Rinaldo muſt the cauſe report;
Rinaldo abſent then from Charles's court;
Who, ſoon returning, would, with joy ſincere
The welcome news of ſuch alliance hear:
Yet, for the love he bore his noble ſon,
He wiſh'd him to complete the league begun.

* Charlemain.

Mean-

Meanwhile Rinaldo, from his father's view
Remote, of Leon's ſuit no tidings knew,
But, with Orlando's full conſent, deſign'd
His ſiſter's with Rogero's hand to bind;
While all the knights their union bleſt approv'd,
But chief the hermit, who ſuch union mov'd;
Who deem'd that Amon would no leſs rejoice
At ſuch a ſon of good Rinaldo's choice.

That day and night, and half th' enſuing day,
In converſe with the bleſt recluſe they ſtay,
Unmindful of their ſhip, though now the gales
With proſperous breath invite the ready ſails.
The mariners impatiently attend
Their tardy lords, and many a meſſage ſend
To urge their voyage, till the knightly crew
Prepare to bid the holy ſage adieu.

Rogero, who ſo long an exile prov'd,
Nor ever from the rock his feet remov'd,
A farewel of his ſage inſtructor took,
Through whom his errors he for truth forſook.
Orlando by Rogero's ſide his ſword
Replac'd; to him Frontino he reſtor'd,
With Hector's arms, and thus his love expreſs'd,
Since theſe he knew the knight had once poſſeſs'd.

But though the Paladin might better claim
A title to the ſword of magic fame,
Which he, with toil and peril huge obtain'd,
In Falerina's dreadful garden gain'd,
Than could Rogero, who the weapon ow'd
To him, whoſe gift Frontino had beſtow'd,
A lawleſs thief! yet this, with generous mind,
Orlando with his other arms reſign'd.
The pious hermit bleſs'd the warlike train,
Departing now their veſſel to regain:
The ſeamen plung'd their oars beneath the wave,
And to the favouring wind their canvas gave.
Calm was the ſky; nor vows nor prayers they need,
For fair Marſeilles their rapid courſe to ſpeed.
The port ſecur'd, we leave them there to ſtay,
Till brave Aſtolpho thither we convey.
When duke Aſtolpho had the conqueſt known,
(A bloody conqueſt, by the victor won

Ver. 129. *In Falerina's dreadful garden*, &c.] See note to Book xli. ver. 192. for the full account of this adventure.

Ver. 131. *To him whoſe gift Frontino*, &c.] Brunello, who gave his horſe and ſword to Rogero, as related at full in the General View of Boyardo's ſtory.

Ver. 140. ——*we leave them there to ſtay*] He returns to them, ver. 200 of this Book.

With little joy) and deem'd that France no more
Could fear an inſult from the Pagan power:
He purpos'd that with all his numerous bands,
The king of Nubia to his native lands
Should homeward now his former courſe purſue,
By which he late againſt Biſerta drew.
Already from Ugero's ſon * return'd
The fleet, whoſe meeting Afric's lord had mourn'd,
When, wonders new! ſcarce leaving every ſhip,
The ſable bands had iſſu'd from the deep,
Sudden the poop and prow no more appear'd,
No more the cords are ſtrain'd, the maſts are rear'd;
Each vaniſh'd bark its ancient form receives,
And all th' Armada ſhrinks again to leaves!
The rapid eddies blew, and airy light
Whirl'd them aloft, and ſcatter'd far from ſight.
From Afric now withdrew the Nubian force,
A countleſs hoſt of mingled foot and horſe;
But firſt Aſtolpho, for the troops beſtow'd,
To great Senapus paid the thanks he ow'd,
Who

* Dudon.

Ver. 164. *To great Senapus*] "It ſeems very extraordinary, that in the taking of Biſerta the poet does not mention Senapus, who might be ſuppoſed as emperor, to have had the

Who drain'd his country's power ſuch aid to yield,
And led them forth in perſon to the field.
To him Aſtolpho, in the bag confin'd
Commits the fury of the ſouthern wind,
That fury, wont at midmoſt day to ſweep
The unſtable deſert, like the billowy deep.
He gave him this, amidſt the burning waſte,
To guard them ſafely from the dreary blaſt;
But charg'd him, when his native land he gain'd,
To free the wind in durance now detain'd.
Soon as the hoſt approach'd to Atlas' heights,
Each ſteed again (as blameleſs Turpin writes)
Became a ſtone; and thence on foot the bands
Return'd in ſafety to the Nubian lands.

Now time requires Aſtolpho ſhould repair
Once more to France; but firſt he bends his care

the command of the army, or if he had reſigned that poſt to the ſuperior qualities of Aſtolpho, at leaſt it is reaſonable to think, that he would have had ſome important charge."

LAVEZUOLA.

This commentator's remark is ſo far juſt, that Senapus ſeems to be little attended to by Arioſto, though, in making the diſpoſition for the attack he gives him a place of honour. This the critic has overlooked. The command of the army was evidently left to Aſtolpho.

The ſtrongeſt forts in Afric won to guard
From all aſſaults; then for his flight prepar'd.
He mounts his griffin-horſe, and through the ſkies
Sardinia reaches; from Sardinia flies
To Corſus' ſhore; then hovers o'er the main,
Declining to the left his courſer's rein;
At length to rich Provence with ſpeed deſcends,
And in Maremma his long voyage ends.
When now he turns his thought to ſet at large
The feather'd ſteed; for ſo his ſacred charge
Th' apoſtle gave, that when the Chriſtian knight
Provence had reach'd, he there ſhould end his flight:
No more with bit or rein the ſteed confine,
But freely to his liberty reſign.
Already had that world (whoſe orb contains
What mortals loſe, and makes our loſs her gains)
Of every ſound his magic horn depriv'd;
For, ſoon as in thoſe holy ſeats arriv'd
The glorious knight, his bugle loſt its power,
And not a breath could wake its terrors more.
Aſtolpho reach'd Marſeilles, what time the band
Of five brave knights had anchor'd on the ſtrand:

Ver. 195. *Already had that world*, &c.] The poet means the moon, where he tells us that Aſtolpho found all things that had been loſt on earth.

Orlando,

Orlando, Olivero now reſtor'd
To health and ſtrength, Albano's noble lord *;
With ſage Sobrino; but, above the reſt,
Rogero, firſt of courteous knights confeſs'd.
The dear remembrance of their comrade kill'd
Each Paladin with generous ſorrow fill'd;
And, in their generous breaſts, that joy reſtrain'd
Which elſe had follow'd ſuch a conqueſt gain'd.
And now from Sicily to Charles had ſpread
The news of either Pagan monarch dead:
Of old Sobrino in the victor's chain;
Of valiant Brandimart untimely ſlain:
Of young Rogero, now baptiz'd, he heard:
His heart reviv'd, his face in ſmiles appear'd,
Deliver'd from the yoke of war, that late
Oppreſs'd his ſhoulders with the galling weight.
In honour now of thoſe whoſe hands ſuſtain
His empire's fame, the pillars of his reign,
He ſends the nobles from his regal ſeat,
Along the Seine the glorious chiefs to meet.
Next iſſues from the walls himſelf, enclos'd
With kings and dukes in fair array diſpos'd:

* RINALDO.

His royal conſort near, and at her ſide
Fair courtly dames in ſplendid veſture ride.
Imperial Charles, the Paladins, nor leſs
The courtly nobles and the thronging preſs,
Than thoſe, by nature bound in nearer tye,
On great Anglantes bend a raptur'd eye;
On him, and all his train, alike beſtow
The love and reverence to their worth they owe,
While from the tongues of thouſands echo'd round,
The names of Clarmont and Mograna ſound.
Embraces now, and mutual greetings done,
Rinaldo, Olivero, Milo's* ſon,
To Charles' high preſence young Rogero bring,
And tell his lineage to the liſtening king;
That from Rogero, late of Riſa nam'd,
The warrior born, was like his father fam'd
For virtuous deeds, and well in many a fight
Our troops could witneſs to his dauntleſs might.
Meantime with Bradamant, Marphiſa fair
Appears, a friendly and illuſtrious pair!

* ORLANDO.

Ver. 233. *The names of Clarmont and Mograna—*] The two great families of Rinaldo and Orlando.

This

This with a ſiſter's love Rogero ſtrain'd,
But that her virgin modeſty retain'd.
The emperor bade Rogero now his ſeat
Again reſume, who lowly at his feet
In reverence ſtood; and by his ſide he plac'd
The noble youth, with higheſt honours grac'd;
Whom well he knew had late his faith ſecur'd
In Chriſtian lore, and Mahomet abjur'd;
For every warrior, eager to unfold
His country's glory, all th' adventure told.
With pomp triumphant, and with feſtive ſtate,
All turn and enter Paris' lofty gate.
The ſtreets are green with boughs of cheerful bays,
Rich tap'ſtry covers all the public ways:
At gates and windows dames and damſels ſtand,
(A beauteous ſight!) and from unſparing hand
With ſmiles upon the victor rain in ſhowers
A thouſand wreaths, and palms, and odorous flowers.
On every ſide, before th' admiring eyes,
The ſculptur'd arch and figur'd trophy riſe,
That, wrapt in ſmoke and flame Biſerta ſhow,
And every deed achiev'd againſt the foe.
Here various throngs in games and ſports convene,
There ſome attend the mimes and ſtory'd ſcene;

While all around theſe words inſcrib'd appear:
"THE GREAT DELIVERERS OF THE LAND REVERE!"
Amidſt the trumpet's clangor echoing round,
Sonorous fifes, and every tuneful ſound:
Amidſt the ſhouts, applauſes, clamours loud,
And maddening raptures of th' unruly crowd,
The glorious emperor his palace gains,
Diſmounts, and there the numerous throng detains,
For many days, with ſport on ſport increas'd,
The maſk, the dance, the tournament and feaſt.
One day Rinaldo gave his ſire to know
His promiſe on Rogero to beſtow
His ſiſter's hand; a promiſe duly weigh'd,
With Olivero and Orlando made;
When each agreed the virgin ne'er could find
Another conſort of ſuch noble kind;
Much leſs a youth in virtue or in fame
To riſe ſuperior to Rogero's name.
He ſaid; with anger Amon heard his ſon,
Who durſt (unaſk'd of him) his purpoſe own
To raiſe Rogero to his ſiſter's bed,
Whom he, with higher thoughts, deſign'd to wed
The heir of Conſtantine, not one whoſe hand
No ſceptre ſway'd, who ſhar'd nor wealth nor land.

The boaſt of blood but little can avail,
And virtue leſs, when large poſſeſſions fail.
But, more than Amon, Beatrice inflam'd
Againſt her ſon's preſumption, loud exclaim'd:
Abroad, at home, ſhe ceas'd not to declare
Rogero never ſhould poſſeſs the fair;
Reſtleſs ambition kindling in her breaſt
To ſee her daughter empreſs of the Eaſt.
Rinaldo to his purpoſe fix'd remain'd,
And what he promis'd firmly yet maintain'd.
The mother, who believes her daughter's will
With hers concurr'd, incites the virgin ſtill,
T' avow, ſhe ſooner would forego the light,
Than live the conſort of a needy knight;
With threats ſhe ne'er ſhould boaſt her daughter's name,
If from a brother ſhe receiv'd ſuch ſhame;
And vow'd Rinaldo's power in vain ſhould prove
To force his ſiſter to Rogero's love.
Unhappy Bradamant, with downcaſt eye
Appear'd, nor to her mother made reply.
Such was her reverence of maternal ſway,
That filial duty urg'd her to obey,

While

While her free ſoul diſdain'd t' avow th' intent,
To which her will could never yield conſent.
But ah! what will is hers, when paſſion reigns
In every pulſe, and every wiſh conſtrains?
She dares not diſapprove, nor dares appear
Content, but ſighs in ſilent doubt and fear;
And when retir'd from every eye apart,
She pours the tear to eaſe her burthen'd heart;
Beats her white boſom, rends her golden hair,
And thus in ſecret vents her ſoul's deſpair.
Alas! I mourn theſe vows, which ſhe whoſe will
Should rule o'er mine, forbids me to fulfill:
Shall I, of filial love forgetful grown,
Thus to a mother's hopes prefer my own?
What greater crime, than to neglect the claim
A parent holds, can ſtain a daughter's name?
Shall I a conſort chuſe where ſhe denies,
Who claims obedience by the cloſeſt ties?
Yet—muſt ſo ſtrong my filial duty prove,
To make me, my Rogero! e'er remove
My thoughts from thee! expunge my faithful fires,
To nouriſh other hopes, and new deſires!
Or ſhall I every dear reſpect forego,
Which pious children to their parents owe,

And

And only prize the bliſs that ſways my heart?
Ah! me—too well I know a daughter's part.
I know—but ah! ſuch knowledge nought avails,
When paſſion conquers, and when reaſon fails!
Love rules—as he directs, I give my hand;
I think—I act—I ſpeak—at his command!
Of noble Beatrice, and Amon born,
I, ſlave to love—am made of love the ſcorn!
Grant I offend my parents—I may live
To hope their pardon—but will love forgive
If him I ſlight?—no reaſon will ſuffice
To calm his anger—till his victim dies!
How have I long unweary'd ſought to draw
Rogero to embrace the Chriſtian law?
At length I have prevail'd—and lo! the fruit
Another gathers of my vain purſuit!
Thus never for herſelf the bee renews
Her annual treaſure of nectareous dews!
But let me periſh ere it ſhall be ſaid
I any conſort, ſave Rogero, wed;
And ſhould I dare diſpute my parent's ſway,
At leaſt in this a brother I obey;
Whoſe better judgment unobſcur'd appears
With weakneſs that attends declining years.

Orlando,

Orlando, what Rinaldo ſeeks approves,
And each alike confirms our mutual loves:
A pair, whom all mankind in honour place
Above the reſt of our illuſtrious race.
Our choice approv'd by thoſe whoſe merits ſhine
The flower of Clarmont and Mograna's line;
Ah! why muſt Amon claim peculiar right,
Before Rinaldo and Anglante's knight?
It muſt not be—the treaty ſcarce begun,
Not Conſtantine can claim me for his ſon,
But to Rogero plighted, Heaven has made us one.
If thus the virgin mourn'd with grief oppreſt,
Not greater calm enjoy'd Rogero's breaſt.
The fatal tidings, through th' imperial town
Yet undivulg'd, by him too well was known;
And oft he mourn'd his fortune's cruel ſpite,
That robb'd his ſoul of every wiſh'd delight;
Nor gave him ſceptres, wealth or ample land,
Oft given the worthleſs with unſparing hand.
Of every other good mankind receive,
Which ſtudy can acquire, or nature give;
He view'd them center'd in himſelf, and more
Than ever yet a youth poſſeſs'd before.

The

The comlieſt perſon to his grace muſt yield,
No proweſs ſcarce can meet him in the field;
And none of fame's firſt ſons have nobler ſhin'd,
For birth illuſtrious, and a kingly mind.
The vulgar herd that honours oft diſpoſe,
By turns exalting theſe, depreſſing thoſe;
That wretched vulgar riches only prize,
Above the good, the generous, and the wiſe.
Senſe, virtue, daring, all that makes deſert,
The graceful perſon, and the blameleſs heart,
In ſordid breaſts no favour'd place can hold,
Till back'd by charms of ill-perſuading gold!
Nor here exempt we from the vulgar name,
Save him, whom wiſdom gives a better claim:
Not ſceptres, crowns, or mitres, can exclude
Kings, popes or emp'rors, from the motley crowd,
But wiſdom only, and true judgment given,
To few, the favourites of all-ruling Heav'n!
Rogero then—If Amon's ſecret aim
Would raiſe his daughter to an empreſs' name,
Let him with Leon yet the league delay,
Till once the ſun has cours'd his annual way:
I truſt, ere then, in fight to overthrow,
Both ſire and ſon, and lay their glories low;

And when this hand has Leon's ſceptre won,
I may deſerve the rank of Amon's ſon.
But ſhould he, as he threats, his daughter wed,
And give her now to bleſs the Grecian's bed;
The promiſe, made me by Rinaldo, ſlight,
Made by his kinſman, good Anglante's knight;
Which to confirm, that holy ſage appear'd;
The marquis Olivero preſent heard,
With king Sobrino—Shall I tamely mourn?
By me ſuch inſult like a woman borne?
Firſt let me die—but can I therefore move
My arms againſt the ſire of her I love?
Should I againſt his life my weapon raiſe,
Would heaven, would earth, ſuch action blame or praiſe?
Grant now, that Amon periſh by my ſword,
With all his race—would that relief afford
To what I feel!—Ah! no—'twould but enſure
Increaſe of woe to what I now endure:
Shall I, whoſe deareſt wiſh was ſtill to gain
My fair-one's love, her hatred thus obtain?
For ſhould I ſlay her ſire, and on his race,
My fury vent, would not ſuch deed efface

All former kindneſs? Could ſhe then beſtow
Her hand on one ſo prov'd her kindred's foe?
Yet muſt I ſuch dire wrongs unpity'd grieve?
Forbid it Heaven!—Death ſhall at leaſt relieve
My breaking heart—but ere I die, ſhall fall,
With juſter doom, that Leon, cauſe of all!
The wretch, who comes to rend a lover's peace,
Shall, with his father ſlain, this arm confeſs:
Not Helen's rape on Troy ſuch woes entail'd:
Not Proſerpine, in elder times aſſail'd
By raſh Pirithöos, could from Pluto's ire
Such vengeance urge, as now my ſoul, on fire,
Prepares to wreak againſt the ſon and ſire.
Perchance thou griev'ſt not, idol of my heart!
From thy Rogero for this Greek to part:
And wilt thou, for thy ſire, thy kindred's ſake,
Forego my love a ſtranger's hand to take?
Ah! much I doubt thou rather ſeek'ſt to give
Eaſe to a parent than my woes relieve;

Ver. 441. *By raſh Pirithöos*, &c.] Pirithöos deſcended into hell, with his companion Theſeus, deſigning to carry off Proſerpine, but was ſlain in the entrance by the three headed dog Cerberus, and Theſeus was kept by Pluto priſoner, till afterwards delivered by Hercules.

And,

And, at thy nuptial hour, preferr'ſt to ſee
Cæſar thy ſpouſe, to one ſo poor as me!
Yet—can it be that e'er a regal name
The mean regard that pomp and titles claim,
With all the wealth of all the eaſt combin'd
Should taint my Bradamant's exalted mind?
Should make her leſs eſteem her promiſe given,
And break that faith ſo often vow'd to Heaven;
Nor rather ſtand for Amon's wrath prepar'd,
Than e'er forget what once her lips declar'd?
Rogero thus; while oft ſome ſtranger near
Would chance his ſighs and fond complaints to hear:
And hence the fair, for whoſe dear ſake he griev'd,
With tears the tidings of his woes receiv'd:
But moſt ſhe mourn'd Rogero ſhould ſuſpect
She, for this Greek, could e'er her vows neglect.
To eaſe his fears, and from his breaſt remove
A thought injurious to her ſpotleſs love;
She from her menials choſe a truſty maid,
By whom ſhe thus her ſecret thoughts convey'd.
Such as I was, Rogero! will I live,
And more, if more can be, while Heaven ſhall give
This pulſe to beat—let love, or ſmile, or frown,
Let fortune raiſe me high, or caſt me down,

In me behold a rock of truth, that braves
The howling tempeſt and the daſhing waves:
Not ſpring or winter have I chang'd my place,
Nor aught ſhall ever ſhake my ſtedfaſt baſe.
Firſt ſofteſt metals, when anneal'd in flame,
Shall ſever adamant's impervious frame,
Ere cruel fortune, or relentleſs love,
Shall, from my ſoul, her conſtant faith remove.
Firſt ſhall the ſtream to Alpine heights aſcend,
Ere to new paths my wandering feet ſhall bend.
To thee, Rogero, I my heart reſign;
(Nor weak the empire o'er a heart like mine)
No ſubjects can ſincerer homage pay,
No king or emperor rule with firmer ſway;
Nor need'ſt thou with a wall or foſſe encloſe
Thy city here againſt invading foes:
Without more force reſiſtance ſhall be made,
And all repuls'd that dare the fort invade.
Think not that riches can my thoughts entice——
A noble heart yields not to ſuch a price!
Nor proud nobility, nor dazzling height
Of regal ſtate, that lures the vulgar ſight;
Nor beauty, that can changeful boſoms move,
Shall from Rogero e'er eſtrange my love.

Fear not another form my heart ſhall ſhake:
My heart, by proof, not fram'd of wax, to take
Each new impreſſion—Love his ſhafts may ſend,
But thy dear image ſhall my breaſt defend.
Iv'ry, or ſtone, or gems of hardeſt vein,
Where forms, impreſt by ſculptur'd art remain,
May eaſier break, than ever, to receive
Another form, the firſt impreſſion leave.
Such is my heart, which love ſhall ſooner break,
Than e'er compel a ſecond form to take.

Theſe words of greeting from the noble maid,
Fair hope and comfort to his ſoul convey'd;
Words, that had power a thouſand times to give
The lover life, and bid the dying live.

But when, ſo long by ſtormy billows toſt,
They hop'd for refuge from the friendly coaſt,
Behold an unexpected tempeſt bore
Their ſhatter'd veſſel further from the ſhore:
For Bradamant, a nobler proof prepar'd
Of generous love than what her words declar'd:
Her courage rouz'd, each nice reſpect ſhe broke,
To royal Charles ſhe came, and thus ſhe ſpoke.

If e'er my deeds my ſovereign's grace have mov'd,
Be what I now demand, O king! approv'd.

But plight thy royal word, ere yet expreſt
Thou know'ſt my ſuit, to grant what I requeſt.
And ſure my purpoſe, when diſclos'd, I truſt
Thou wilt not deem ignoble or unjuſt.
O maid belov'd! (imperial Charles reply'd)
To worth like thine what ſuit ſhall be deny'd?
And here I ſolemn ſwear, ſhould'ſt thou require
My kingdom's half, to grant thy full deſire.
The boon I aſk is this, (the virgin ſaid)
Thou ſhalt not ſuffer one this hand to wed,
But he, O king! whoſe ſkill in battle ſhown,
Whoſe courage and whoſe force eclipſe my own.
Who ſeeks my love, I firſt his arm will try,
At ſword and ſhield in equal jouſt defy:
The firſt who wins ſhall take me for his ſpouſe,
The vanquiſh'd to another bear his vows.
She ſaid; and princely Charles with ſmiles rejoin'd,
That well her ſuit beſeem'd her dauntleſs mind,
And bade her reſt in certain faith aſſur'd,
That all ſhe wiſh'd his royal word ſecur'd.
Thus they: the tidings of this converſe came
That day to Amon and his haughty dame.

Againſt their daughter each alike exclaim'd:
With deep reſentment each alike inflam'd,
Too well in this perceiv'd ſome cloſe intent,
More to Rogero than to Leon meant:
And hence they ſeiz'd by fraud the martial maid,
And to a caſtle from the court convey'd;
A ſtrong built caſtle on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Which Charles to Amon gave ſome days before.
They held her there a priſoner cloſe confin'd,
And thence to ſend her to the Eaſt deſign'd;
Reſolv'd, whate'er befel, ſhe ſhould forſake
Rogero, and the hand of Leon take.
The generous maid no leſs for mildneſs prais'd
Of female virtues, than for courage rais'd
Above her ſex, with modeſt meekneſs bore
Sufferings inflicted by a father's power:
Yet was ſhe firm the ſharpeſt woes to prove,
Pains, bonds, or death, to keep unſtain'd her love.
Rinaldo who, by Amon's crafty ſlight,
Beheld his ſiſter raviſh'd from his ſight,
No more at his diſpoſal to remain,
His promiſe to Rogero pledg'd in vain,
Forgetting all reſpect to parents ow'd,
Againſt his father vents complaints aloud.

But

But little Amon heeds, reſolv'd his voice,
And not his ſon's, ſhould rule his daughter's choice.
This heard Rogero, fearing yet to mourn
The virgin, from his arms for ever torn:
Should Leon live, he doubts long ſuit may gain
Her willing hand, or force at length conſtrain;
And hence (to none diſclos'd his ſecret mind)
The death of Leon in his ſoul deſign'd;

Ver. 570. *This heard Rogero*—] Rogero was ignorant of what had paſſed between the emperor and Bradamant, which, though it came to the knowledge of Amon, does not appear to have been publiſhed till after the departure of Rogero, when proclamation was made by the command of Charles: Bradamant, in the next book ſpeaks of the proclamation being iſſued after Rogero's departure.

Ah! my Rogero! whither art thou fled?
Art thou ſo far remote (the mourner ſaid)
That ne'er to thee our challenge ſtood reveal'd,
From thee alone, of all mankind, conceal'd?
O! could the news have reach'd thy faithful ear,
No ſpeed, like thine, had met the ſummons here.
Ver. 743.

Ver. 575. *The death of Leon*—] The Italian is,

——far che moia e fia d'Auguſto, Divo.

A ludicrous expreſſion, and probably a ſarcaſm on the cuſtom of deifying the Heathen emperors, "to make of Leon Auguſtus a God, by killing him," a turn not eaſily preſerved in the tranſlation, and perhaps ſcarcely worth the pains.

Reſolv'd, if valour could aſſert his own,
The ſire and ſon to ſlay, and ſeize the Grecian throne.
Thoſe arms he took which Trojan Hector wore,
Which Mandricardo ſince in triumph bore;
Then with the ſaddle good Frontino preſs'd;
But chang'd his wonted ſurcoat, ſhield, and creſt.
He choſe not now his fam'd device to wield,
The argent eagle in a heavenly field,
But on a ground, where deep vermilion glow'd,
A unicorn, all lily-white, he ſhow'd;
Then ſingled from his train a ſquire well try'd,
In whom for truth he ſafely might confide,
Sole partner of his way, with ſtrict command,
To keep his name conceal'd in every land.
He paſs'd the Maes and Rhine, the country paſs'd
Of Oſtericchie, and Hungaria trac'd;
Along the Iſter's banks his courſe purſu'd,
And, on the right, at length Belgrado view'd;
Where to the Danube join'd, with double force
The Sava to the ocean bends his courſe.

Ver. 585. *An unicorn—*] The creſt or arms formerly borne by the princes of the houſe of Eſte.

He ſees encamp'd a numerous army ſpread
Beneath th' imperial ſtandard, proudly led
By Conſtantine, to repoſſeſs the town,
Which from his rule Bulgaria's powers had won.
There Conſtantine himſelf in perſon came,
With him his ſon and every chief of fame
T' aſſert the honour of the Grecian name.
Without Belgrado, ſtretch'd in proſpect wide,
Down from the mountain to the ſubject tide,
Before the Greeks Bulgaria's army ſtood;
And either army drank of Sava's flood.
The Grecians o'er the ſtream prepar'd to throw
A length of bridge; but this their wary foe
With arms oppos'd; and fierce the conteſt grew
On either ſide, when near Rogero drew.
Four times the Greeks Bulgaria's bands ſurpaſs'd,
And barks they brought, and bridges fram'd to caſt
Athwart the ſtream; and oft their foes defy'd,
With threats by force to gain the adverſe ſide.
Back from the ſtream meantime, with cautious art
Leon retir'd, and on a different part
Far wheeling round the plain, the banks eſſay'd,
And join'd his bridges, and his paſſage made.

With twice ten thouſand foot and horſe he croſs'd
And on their flank aſſail'd Bulgaria's hoſt
With ſudden force—The emp'ror, who deſcry'd
His ſon advancing on the further ſide,
With barks to barks conjoin'd, his bridges caſt,
And with the remnant of his army paſs'd.
The king and leader of Bulgaria's band,
Active in fight, and prudent in command,
(Vatranes nam'd) in vain with dauntleſs breaſt,
Againſt the Greeks his force and ſkill addreſs'd:
Him Leon met, and with a numerous train
Surrounding, hurl'd him headlong on the plain,
Whom bravely ſcorning midſt his foes to yield,
A thouſand weapons ſlaughter'd on the field.
The fierce Bulgarians fought yet unſubdu'd;
But when on earth their king and chief they view'd,
And found on every ſide the tempeſt grow,
They turn'd their backs, and fled before the foe.
Rogero, mingled with the Greeks, beheld
Their arms prevailing, and Bulgaria's quell'd,
And now reſolv'd their battle to reſtore,
For Conſtantine he loath'd, but Leon more.
He ſpurr'd Frontino; rapid as the wind
Frontino flying, left each ſteed behind;

And

And ſoon arriving, where the routed train
Fled to the mountain, and forſook the plain;
Now theſe, now thoſe, he turn'd with hearten'd breaſt,
To meet the Greeks; then plac'd his lance in reſt,
While with ſuch force his thundering ſteed he drove,
His looks might ſtrike with terror Mars or Jove!
Amid the Grecians, in the van he ſpy'd
A daring youth in veſts, with crimſon dy'd;
That o'er his arms, reſplendent to behold,
Of fineſt ſilk embroider'd, ſhone with gold;
Nephew to Conſtantine, his ſiſter's ſon,
By him belov'd and honour'd as his own:
Rogero's ſpear his ſhield and corſlet tore,
And iſſu'd at his back beſmear'd with gore:
He left him dead, and Baliſarda drew,
Againſt the neareſt of the Grecian crew:
On theſe, on thoſe, by turns the ſteel he ſped;
And here he cleft the trunk, and there the head:
Now in the throat or panting boſom dy'd
The ſmoaking blade, now pierc'd the heaving ſide;
Arms, legs, and hands and thighs, aſunder hew'd,
While blood, in guſhing ſtreams, the vale embru'd.

Such

Such ſlaughter ſeen, no Grecian durſt withſtand
Th' unequall'd force of that deſtructive hand;
The face of war is chang'd—and thoſe who fled
From bands, which Conſtantine victorious led,
Now felt new courage riſe in every breaſt,
And with recover'd force the Grecians preſs'd:
At once the broken ranks were ſeen to yield,
And every ſtandard turn'd to quit the field.
High on a hill imperial Leon plac'd,
Beheld below his numerous ſquadrons chac'd;
And while he mark'd them with a ſad ſurvey,
Where from afar the plain in proſpect lay,
Fix'd on the knight he gaz'd, by whom alone
His men were ſlain, and all his camp o'erthrown;
Yet could not, while he felt his ſlaughtering hand,
Withhold the praiſe his valiant deeds demand.
Well by his ſhining arms with gold inlaid,
His upper veſt and ſhield's device diſplay'd,
He knew the warrior came not with his foes,
Though now againſt him their defence he choſe.
His more than human force with wondering eyes
He view'd; as if ſome Angel from the ſkies,
Was ſent amidſt the Grecians to diſpenſe
The wrath of God for ſome unknown offence.

Thus

Thus what in vulgar breaſts had hatred rais'd,
With noble ſoul exalted Leon prais'd:
Charm'd with his worth, far rather had he view'd
His towns diſmantled, half his realm ſubdu'd,
For every ten a thouſand preſs the plain,
Than ſuch a godlike knight in combat ſlain.
As when ſome mother (even in anger mild)
Chides from her ſight, chaſtis'd, her darling child;
The little innocent, with ſobbing ſighs,
Nor to the father, nor the ſiſter flies,
But turns to her, and ſoft in infant charms,
Hangs at her breaſt, and fondles in her arms.
So Leon, while he ſees Rogero's hand
O'erthrow the firſt, and threat each remnant band,
Joys in his ſight—for leſs th' offence can move
His hatred, than the glorious deeds that prove
The champion's valour, warm his ſoul to love.
While Leon him eſteems, behold the knight
With ill return ſuch friendly thoughts requite:
Rogero him deteſts, and with his ſword,
Would now behold his rival's boſom gor'd.
Him long he ſeeks, and calls aloud, in vain,
The Greek to meet him on th' embattled plain;

But ſtill, with caution, through the warlike lines
The prudent Greek th' unequal fight declines.
Leon, leſt equal fate ſhould ſeize on all,
Commands the ſquadrons from the field to call
With trumpet's ſound; and ſends t' entreat his ſire
Beyond the ſtream for ſafety to retire,
If ſafety might be found; while with his power
Himſelf the bridges ſought he paſs'd before,
And now ſecurely reach'd the further ſhore.
What numbers by the fierce Bulgarians dy'd,
Or captives groan'd! and but th' oppoſing tide
Forbade purſuit, all with their blood had ſtain'd
The hoſtile ſword, or priſoners there remain'd.
Some from the bridges fell, and whelm'd beneath
The ruſhing current, found unlook'd-for death.
Some with ſwift foot to reach the river fled,
And ſome were captives to Belgrado led.
The battle ended, on one dangerous day,
In which their king and leader breathleſs lay;
Great loſs and ſhame Bulgaria's bands had known,
Save for that aid the ſtranger's arm had ſhown:
The knight, who pictur'd on a crimſon field
A unicorn, of ſnow-white hue, reveal'd.

Now all, who ſaw to him what palms they ow'd,
With ſhouts and clamours round the victor crowd:
In awful homage bent the circling band;
One kiſs'd his feet, one bolder kiſs'd his hand:
Each throng'd on each, more near and near they preſs'd,
Who neareſt view'd eſteem'd his fortune bleſt;
But he moſt bleſt, whoſe touch that man explor'd,
Scarce held a man, but like a god ador'd!
While all on him with voice united cry'd,
Henceforth to lead them on—their king and guide.
Rogero to their general ſuit agreed,
As king to rule them, and as chief to lead,
But would not truncheon then nor ſceptre bear,
Nor to Belgrado on that day repair:
He Leon muſt purſue, ere from his ſword
He further 'ſcap'd, or ſafe repaſs'd the ford:
Him muſt he follow, nor the track forſake,
Till giv'n by fate his hated life to take;
Since many a league he travers'd hill and plain,
To ſate his great revenge with Leon ſlain.
This ſaid; he parted thence, and eager flew
Through ways the ſquadrons taught him to purſue,

By which the Greek to reach the bridges try'd,
Ere danger, near at hand, the paſs deny'd.
Rogero follow'd cloſe, inflam'd with ire,
Nor call'd, nor waited for his lagging ſquire:
Yet ſuch advantage Leon's flight could meet,
(For flight it muſt be call'd, and not retreat)
He found the paſſage free, he croſt the ſtream,
Then broke each bridge, and left the barks on flame.
Rogero reach'd the banks when day withdrew
His parting beam, nor where to reſt he knew;
And thence he journey'd by the moon's pale light,
But yet no town, nor caſtle met his ſight.
Unknowing of his way, all night he preſs'd
His faithful ſteed, till, red in ſplendor dreſt,
Sol's eaſtern car the twilight gloom diſpell'd,
When, on the left, a city he beheld.
There all the day he purpos'd to remain
T' amend the wrong Frontino might ſuſtain,
On whom, nor freed from bit, nor eas'd from toil,
That night he journey'd many a weary mile.
For Conſtantine Unguardo held the place,
A man exalted in his ſovereign's grace;
And now (in dangerous times) a numerous force
The walls contain'd, of mingled foot and horſe.

Where

Where to his way the portal open ſtood,
Rogero enter'd, and full gladly view'd
What ſeem'd to ſpeak, he ne'er elſewhere could meet
A better welcome, and more wiſh'd retreat.
It chanc'd that where he ſtay'd, at evening light
Arriv'd for ſhelter a Romanian knight,
Who preſent view'd the deeds his arm had wrought,
When late to aid Bulgaria's troops he fought.
This knight had ſcarce eſcap'd the bloody ſtrife,
And ſtill he trembled for his threaten'd life;
And ſtill he ſaw in fancy's troubled eye,
The furious knight purſue, the Grecians fly.
Soon as his ſight had caught the warrior ſhield,
The noted enſign and vermilion field,
He knew the knight, whoſe arm ſuch buckler bore'
Was he that dy'd the plains in Grecian gore:
With eager ſtep he ſought the palace gate,
And audience gain'd, impatient to relate
Such news as well might claim the ruler's ear,
Such as ſhall in th' enſuing book appear.

END OF THE FORTY-FOURTH BOOK.

THE

FORTY-FIFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ROGERO is betrayed in his ſleep, and made priſoner by Unguardo, one of Conſtantine's governors. He is then delivered over to Theodora, ſiſter to Conſtantine, deſirous to revenge the death of her ſon killed by Rogero. The challenge of Bradamant is publiſhed by proclamation. She returns to the court. Leon generouſly delivers Rogero from priſon. Afterwards, not knowing him to be Rogero, he engages him to enter the liſts with Bradamant in his ſtead. Rogero, under the name and enſigns of Leon, fights with Bradamant, and then retires in deſpair to the woods. Lamentation of Bradamant. Marphiſa pleads the cauſe of Rogero with Charles, and conteſts the claim of Leon. Orlando and Rinaldo ſide with them, and Amon oppoſes them.

THE

FORTY-FIFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHEN higheſt plac'd on giddy Fortune's wheel,
Unhappy man muſt ſoon expect to feel
A ſad reverſe, and in the changing round
With rapid whirl as ſudden touch the ground.
Of this Polycrates, with Lydia's lord,
And Dionyſius ample proofs afford:

Ver. 5. *Of this Polycrates*—] Polycrates the tyrant, who reigned in the iſland of Samos, in the time of Cambyſes, and maintained an abſolute dominion over all the iſlands of the Archipelago, till at laſt, by a reverſe of fortune, as Herodotus writes, he was treacherouſly taken priſoner by Oretes, a governor of Lydia, for the king of Perſia, and miſerably put to death. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 5. ——*with Lydia's lord,*
And Dionyſius—] Crœſus, king of Lydia, and Dionyſius, the tyrant of Syracuſe, are well known to have fallen from the heighth of proſperity to the loweſt adverſity.

With numbers that from boaſted wealth and fame,
One day has ſunk to poverty and ſhame.
But when a man, by Fortune's frown diſtreſt,
Is to the bottom of her wheel depreſt,
He ſoon may find the turning circle raiſe
His abject ſtate, and bring him happier days.
How oft to earth have thoſe their head declin'd,
Who dealt but late their laws to half mankind:
As Servius, Marius, and Ventidius, [illegible]
In ancient times; and Lewis in our own?
That kingly Lewis, by his royal bride,
In marriage to my noble duke ally'd,

Ver. 15. —*Servius, Marius, and Ventidius*—] The names of three noble Romans, who had experienced the like reverſe of fortune.

Ver. 16. —*Lewis in our own.*] He means Lewis XII. king of France, ſon of Charles duke of Orleans. The duke of Orleans being ſuſpected of treaſon in favouring the cauſe of Francis duke of Bretagne, againſt his lawful king, and being made priſoner with his ſon at St. Albino, was beheaded by Charles VIII. king of France, who for ſome time debated whether he ſhould condemn the ſon to the ſame fate; but was ſatisfied with keeping him in priſon. Charles VIII. afterwards dying, the fortune of Lewis entirely changed, and he ſucceeded to the crown of France, by the title of Lewis XII.

Who,

Who, at Albino, ſeiz'd in bloody ſtriſe,
Had nearly paid the foes his forfeit life.
Not long ere this, the great Corvino bore
Severer trials; but thoſe trials o'er,
Behold the firſt the realm of France obtain;
Behold the ſecond in Hungaria reign.
Examples may be found in every page
Of modern times, or tales of earlier age,
That good to ill, and ill ſucceeds to good,
And praiſe or blame has each in turn purſu'd:
Hence mortals ne'er ſecurely muſt confide
In wealth, in conqueſt, or in ſovereign pride;
Nor with deſpair in adverſe fortune mourn,
Whoſe reſtleſs orb has never ceas'd to turn.

Rogero by his enterprize begun,
The field from Leon and the emp'ror won;

Ver. 21. *Corvino bore.*] Unnia de Vajuoda, had two ſons, Ladiſlao and Matteo Corvino, who ſlew the count di Caglia, a relation of Uladiſlao king of Hungary; though ſome relate, that the count was killed by Ladiſlao only. The news coming to the ears of the king, he cauſed Ladiſlao to be beheaded, and kept Matteo in priſon. The king ſoon after dying, Matteo was, with general conſent, proclaimed king of Hungary, being only eighteen years of age. He proved a prince of as great valour and magnanimity as ever reigned in Hungary, and was a formidable enemy to the Turks. EUGENICO.

So far confided in his ſingle might
For ſure ſucceſs in every future fight,
He deem'd himſelf, through thouſands in array
Of horſe and foot, could force his bloody way,
With ſingle arm the ſire and ſon to ſlay.
But ſhe*, who wills not man's preſumptuous mind
Should dare to promiſe all he hop'd to find,
Soon taught him how ſhe chang'd from high to low,
And now a friend became, and now a foe;
This to his coſt he learnt from him who ſpread
Danger and ſhame on his defenceleſs head;
The knight, who lately from the ſanguine ſtrife
Of routed Greeks had ſcarcely 'ſcap'd with life.
He to Unguardo welcome tidings brought,
That the fierce chief (whoſe arm ſuch ruin brought
On Conſtantine, that many a rolling year
Could ſcarce the loſs in that defeat repair)
All day and night within thoſe walls remain'd;
Hence, favouring Fortune, by her lock detain'd,

* Fortune.

Ver. 44. ——*from him who ſpread*, &c.—] The knight of Romania, who after the battle between the Bulgarians and Greeks, in which the latter were defeated, diſcovered Rogero, and betrayed him to Unguardo.

From

From him, their priſoner made, would haply bring
Peace to their country, ſafety to their king;
Conclude the war with one deciſive ſtroke,
And on the proud Bulgarians fix the yoke.
Unguardo, from the troops, that ſmit with dread,
To him for refuge from the battle fled,
(For numbers, band by band, arriv'd, who try'd
In vain to paſs the bridge, or ford the tide)
Had heard what ſlaughtering rage the Greeks purſu'd,
How half the hoſt lay buried in their blood;
That one ſole champion, who an army brav'd,
One ſuffering camp deſtroy'd, and one had ſav'd;
And much he marvell'd with himſelf to know,
That, ſelf-conducted to his fate, the foe
Fell in the ſnare; and, with a cheerful look,
His joyful ſpeech his ſecret triumph ſpoke.
He ſtay'd till ſleep had clos'd Rogero's eyes,
Then ſent, in arms, his people to ſurpriſe
Th' unconſcious knight, whom, ſunk in reſt profound,
In bed they ſeiz'd, and faſt with fetters bound.
What could Rogero, when he wak'd, and ſpy'd
His naked limbs with cords ignobly ty'd?

By his own ſhield the champion thus betray'd,
In Novengrado's walls was captive made
To glad Unguardo, firſt of all mankind
For ſtern demeanor and a ruthleſs mind.
A truſty envoy now Unguardo ſent,
Who with the tidings to the emp'ror went
Imperial Conſtantine, his routed powers
That paſt the ſtream, that night from Sava's ſhores
Had ſafe to Beleteca's town conver'd
Whoſe laws Androphilus his kinſman way'd;
The ſire of him, who firſt amid the fight,
With ſhatter'd cuiraſs felt th' Herculean might
Of that brave warrior's unreſiſted hands,
Whom ſtern Unguardo held in captive bands.
The emp'ror now commands with heedful care
The walls to ſtrengthen, and the works repair:
For much he doubted the Bulgarian hoſt,
That ſuch a warrior for their chief could boaſt,
Would reſt not here, but to the laſt purſue
The ſcatter'd remnants of the Grecian crew:
But, he a priſoner made, no more alarms
The monarch felt, nor fear'd the world in arms.
Joy ſwell'd his ſoul, and rapture ſcarce expreſt,
Beam'd in his face, while oft his ſpeech confeſs'd

The

The warmeſt hopes—Bulgaria's name, I truſt,
Shall ſoon (he cry'd) be humbled to the duſt.
As he who views beneath his ſtronger hand,
The foe diſmember'd, ſeems aſſur'd to ſtand
Of certain palms—ſo fix'd in hope appear'd
The emp'ror, when Rogero's fate he heard.
Nor more rejoic'd the ſire, than generous ſon,
Not only as he deem'd Belgrado won
From this event, and all the lands that lay
Submitted to Bulgaria's haughty ſway;
But, as he meant each friendly art to prove,
To bend the warrior's ſoul to peace and love,
And win him to his ſide: with him to friend
The valiant peers that Charlemain defend
He hears unmov'd; nor envies him the fame
Of great Rinaldo, or Orlando's name.
Far different paſſions Theodora felt,
On whoſe ill-fated ſon Rogero dealt
The ſpeeding lance, that in his cuiraſs ſtood,
And iſſu'd at his back with reeking blood.
This dame her brother Conſtantine addreſs'd,
Before his preſence low her ſuit ſhe preſs'd,
And claſp'd his knees, while faſt the tears purſu'd
Each others courſe, and all her breaſt bedew'd.

Ne'er

Ne'er will I quit theſe feet, my liege! (ſhe ſaid)
Till on the wretch, by whom my child is dead,
Thou giv'ſt me to revenge a mother's ſighs,
When now a captive in our power he lies.
Thy ſiſter's ſon!—reflect how thee he lov'd;
Ah! think for thee what loyal deeds he prov'd:
And wilt thou hear his blood for juſtice call,
Nor on his murderer's head avenge his fall?
Behold, in pity of the Grecian woe,
How GOD has freed us from ſo dire a foe!
And, like ſome bird in toils unheeded caught,
Him unſuſpecting to our hand has brought:
To me, O gracious Prince! this wretch conſign,
O let me with his pains alleviate mine!
Then ſhall my offſpring on the Stygian ſhore,
His death, no longer unaton'd, deplore!
She ſaid, and ſobbing deep, with every art
Of female grief aſſail'd the emperor's heart,
And proſtrate from his feet refus'd to move,
Though Conſtantine with ſpeech and geſture ſtrove
To raiſe the dame: the dame ſtill cloſer preſs'd,
Till forc'd at length, he granted her requeſt;
And, as ſhe will'd, he iſſu'd his command
To bring the knight, and yield him to her hand.

To

To cruel Theodora thus convey'd,
The champion of the unicorn was made
Her wretched thrall, whoſe unrelenting mind
The direſt death, of moſt opprobrious kind
For him eſteem'd too mild: her thoughts ſhe bent
With every pain her captive to torment,
That power could heap, or cruelty invent.
With arms, and feet, and neck in ſhackles bound,
Deep in a dreary tower, in gloom profound
She caſt him, where no ray of cheerful light
From Phœbus e'er diſpell'd the diſmal night.
Nor there with other food his hunger fed,
But a ſhort portion of unwholeſome bread
Putrid and foul! and oft withheld, to waſte
His life by ſlow degrees; and o'er him plac'd
A keeper, who excell'd her barbarous zeal
To make him every human miſery feel.
Had Amon's fair and valiant daughter heard,
Or great Marphiſa (both through earth rever'd
For deeds of arms) that thus with lingering pains
Rogero priſoner lay in galling chains,
To ſet him free, how ſoon, without regard
Of death and danger, either had prepar'd;

No more had Bradamant, to yield him aid,
Reſpect to Beatrice or Amon paid.
Meantime king Charles, revolving in his breaſt,
His promiſe given at Bradamant's requeſt;
That none in marriage ſhould her hand obtain,
But he who could in arms her force ſuſtain;
Not only at his court, with trumpet's ſound
Her challenge told, but through each region round
That own'd his ſway, he bade the liſt proclaim,
Till wide from realm to realm was ſpread the fame.
The terms were theſe, declar'd by herald's voice,
That who on Amon's daughter fix'd his choice,
Should firſt againſt her prove his ſingle might
From riſing Phœbus till his ſetting light:
And ſhould he, unſubdu'd, ſo long withſtand
The virgin's force, ſhe, by his ſtronger hand
Would own her poweſs conquer'd, nor deny
Conſent to knit with him the nuptial tie:
That waving all pretenſions, would ſhe yield
To him the choice of weapons for the field:
As well ſhe might, inur'd all arms to bear,
On foot, on horſe, in every form of war.
Amon, who durſt in ſuch a cauſe no more
Oppoſe his ſovereign, gave the conteſt o'er;

And,

And, after various thoughts in vain revolv'd,
To lead his daughter to the court reſolv'd.
Though deep reſentment ſwell'd the mother's breaſt,
Nor in herſelf her anger ſhe ſuppreſs'd
Againſt the dame; yet, for her honour's ſake,
She caus'd fair robes, with ſumptuous coſt, to make
Of blended hues, and, as her rank requir'd,
With theſe the lovely Bradamant attir'd;
Who to the palace with her ſire return'd,
Where ſoon, alas! her abſent knight ſhe mourn'd.
As one in April fair, or genial May,
Who leaves with bloſſom'd ſweets the garden gay,
Again returning, when the ſolar rays
Decline more ſouth, and ſhorter leave the days,
Thinks all a wild; ſo ſeem'd the court no more
To her that ſplendid court it look'd before.
She dares not aſk, leſt queſtion might reveal
What in her heart ſhe labours to conceal;
Yet liſtens oft, and hopes ſome tongue may tell
(Unaſk'd of her) what chance the knight befel.
All knew he left the court; but none divin'd
What courſe he took, or what his thoughts deſign'd:

Departing

Departing thence, he to his ſquire alone,
His faithful follower, made his purpoſe known.
Ah! how ſhe ſigh'd! ah! how with ſudden dread,
Her heart was ſeiz'd to hear her lover fled!
Ah! how ſhe fear'd, leſt he in abſence ſought
By ſlow degrees to drive her from his thought!
That finding thus their loves by Amon croſt,
And every hope to be her comfort loſt,
He ſhun'd her ſight, by diſtance to remove
The cruel pangs of unavailing love.
Perchance, from realm to realm to ſeek a dame,
Whoſe merits might expunge his former flame.
A new reflection then ſucceeds, and ſhows
Rogero ever conſtant to his vows.
Herſelf ſhe blames, that could his faith diſtruſt,
With weak ſurmiſes and with fears unjuſt.
Now ſhe accuſes, now her knight defends:
Now ſinks the ſcale of hope, and now aſcends!
Yet for her peace ſhe rather ſtrives to chuſe
The beſt opinion, and the worſt refuſe;
Then mourns, as for ſome crime, that e'er her mind
To groundleſs fears and jealouſies reſign'd,
Should doubt his truth—then beats her breaſt and cries,
As if ſhe preſent her Rogero ſpies.

Forgive

Forgive me—I have err'd—but ah! the cauſe,
Through which I err, to deeper error draws
My hapleſs ſoul—the cauſe is love, whoſe dart
Has trac'd thy deareſt image in my heart:
There lives thy courage, there each grace inſhrin'd,
Th' acknowledg'd praiſe, the theme of all mankind!
It cannot be, but every maid or dame
Who views thy charms, muſt feel the gentle flame;
And every art employ, by woman known,
To looſe my ties, and bind thee with her own.
Oh! had but love thy thoughts as juſtly trac'd
Within my heart, as there thy form is plac'd,
Full ſure I were thoſe undiſguis'd to view
(What now conceal'd I deem them) juſt and true:
Then every anxious doubt and ſcruple o'er,
My heart ſhould throb with jealous pangs no more.
As when the miſer from his hoarded gold
Afar disjoin'd, in thought muſt ſtill behold
His dearer part, and ſees in fancy's eyes,
Some envious thief purloin the glittering prize.
So, my Rogero, when I ceaſe to hear
Thy voice, to view thy face, ſoon chilling fear
All hope deſtroys—I know my fears untrue,
But cannot, as I would, thoſe fears ſubdue.

Turn, my Rogero, turn—that peace reſtore
Which grief has nearly kill'd, to riſe no more:
As, when the ſetting ſun forſakes the ſkies,
With ſhades increas'd increaſing terrors riſe:
Soon as his beams return, the ſhades decreaſe,
And with the leſſening ſhades our terrors ceaſe.
Rogero abſent, every hope is croſt,
Rogero preſent, every fear is loſt!
Turn, my Rogero, turn, ere fears deſtroy
Each little hope, and poiſon future joy!
As ſparks by night diffuſe a gleamy ray,
That ſudden fades at near approach of day:
So, when my ſun withdraws his parting light,
My grief is ſtrengthened with the mental night:
But when again in eaſtern ſtate he burns,
My ſorrows vaniſh, and my joy returns!
Come then, my deareſt light! whoſe beams control
The ſable terrors that ſurround my ſoul.
When the low ſun brings on the ſhortening days
The earth no more her wonted charms diſplays;
The hollow winds are clogg'd with ice and ſnow,
No birds are heard, no bloſſom'd odours blow:
So thou, my life's dear ſun, whoſe rays impart,
The genial warmth to cheer my drooping heart,

When

When thou art gone, what cares my ſoul infeſt!
What more than winter deſolates my breaſt!
Return, my cheering Sun, and with thee bring
The ſmiling treaſures of the blooming ſpring;
So ſhall my ſoul thy healing influence prove,
O! chace my winter, and my clouds remove!
As Progne or as Philomela mourns,
That to her helpleſs young with food returns,
And finds the neſt by cruel hinds deſpoil'd:
As wails the turtle of her mate beguil'd:
So Bradamant laments her abſent knight,
As torn for ever from her longing ſight:
Adown her cheek the trickling ſorrows ſteal,
While yet ſhe ſtrives her anguiſh to conceal.
How had her grief to grief unequall'd grown,
Could ſhe have heard (to her, alas! unknown)
That, kept in torment, her unhappy lord
Lay priſoner ſentenc'd to a death abhorr'd.
The dreadful ſufferings, and the lingering pains
Of that good knight, who groan'd in hoſtile chains,
(His fate by that relentleſs dame deſign'd
With tortures keen of unexampled kind)
All-gracious Heaven (by ſuffering virtue won)
Brought to the ear of Cæſar's courteous ſon,

And his great ſoul inſpir'd with means to ſave
The peerleſs hero from a cruel grave.
The noble Leon, who Rogero lov'd
(His name unknown) by that high valour mov'd
Which, firſt on earth, the wondering prince eſteem'd
Above a man's, and more than mortal deem'd;
Long counſell'd with himſelf, in cloſe debate;
At length devis'd ſuch means t' elude his fate,
That Theodora never ſhould complain,
Her wiſh'd revenge by him was render'd vain.
Apart to him he ſpoke, with whom remain'd
The priſon's charge, whoſe walls the knight detain'd,
And told his purpoſe, ere the doom ſevere
Was finiſh'd, with the priſoner to confer.
'Twas night: he choſe companion of his way
A friend, well try'd at every hard aſſay:
Then to the captain of the tower he came
And inſtant gain'd acceſs with Leon's name.
The keeper, for the viſit well prepar'd,
Suſpecting nought, without his wonted guard,
Led Leon and his friend, where lay confin'd
The knight to death's ſevereſt pangs aſſign'd.
Now near the place arriv'd, the wary two
Purſu'd, and as the keeper ſtooping drew

A portal's

A portal's bar, around his neck they caſt
The fatal nooſe—he gaſp'd, and breath'd his laſt.
A door they rais'd, and by a ladder plac'd
For ſuch intent, the prince, with friendly haſte,
Deſcending went to where Rogero lay,
Excluded from the beams of cheerful day:
A lighted torch he held, by which he found,
Stretch'd on an iron grate, the champion bound,
Where, not a palm beneath his dreadful bed
With putrid damps a ſtagnant water ſpread.
Without the hangman, axe, or cord, or knife,
The place had ſoon cut ſhort his wretched life.
Leon, diſſolv'd in pity, to his breaſt
Rogero cloſely held, and thus addreſs'd.
Sir knight! thy virtues o'er my willing mind
Full empire hold, and to thy ſervice bind
My future life—thy good o'er mine I prize,
And for thy ſafety I my own deſpiſe.
My friendſhip ſtands avow'd—thy love I place
Above my ſire, my kindred, all my race.
Then hear me—Leon am I call'd, the ſon
Of Conſtantine, to thy aſſiſtance won:
In perſon view me here, my love to ſhow,
With danger, ſhould my ſire my purpoſe know,

To live an exile from his regal ſeat,
Or in his court his frowns eternal meet:
For thee he hates, by whom on yonder plain
His bands were near Belgrado chac'd or ſlain.
He ſaid; and, while he thus diſcourſe purſu'd,
Whoſe gentle cordial ebbing life renew'd:
His pious hands each ſtraiten'd band unty'd:
What thanks to thee I owe, (Rogero cry'd)
This being, ſav'd by thee, is mine no more;
This to my dear deliverer I reſtore,
Whene'er, O prince! ſhall Heav'n my prayers attend
For thee my ſword to uſe, my life to ſpend.
Rogero thus; and from the dungeon fled,
Where in his place remain'd the keeper dead.
Himſelf unknown, unknown with him the two:
Good Leon to his home Rogero drew,
And there, in friendly guiſe, ſome days detain'd,
With promiſe, while in ſafety he remain'd,
His arms and generous courſer to reſtore,
Though then with-held in ſtern Unguardo's power.
The priſon open'd, and the priſoner's flight,
And keeper kill'd, were known by morning light.
This way and that was ſway'd the hearer's mind,
Each heard the tale, but none the truth divin'd.

None

None through the world had Leon e'er believ'd
The friend from whom Rogero aid receiv'd:
Leon, whom each ſuppos'd with hate purſu'd
The knight, nor ſought his ſafety but his blood.
Meanwhile the matchleſs courteſy impreſs'd
Such grateful wonder in Rogero's breaſt,
So chang'd the purpoſe, that, for many a mile,
Had led him thither with unceaſing toil:
Repentant now his former thoughts he view'd;
Far other thoughts the ſoften'd knight purſu'd:
The firſt by hatred, gall and venom fir'd;
The laſt by love and love-born peace inſpir'd.
At morn, at night, he ponder'd in his mind,
(All other cares could ſcarce admittance find,)
How with like courteſy, or more, to pay
The grateful debt that on his honour lay:
To him it ſeem'd, whate'er his life's extent,
For ſuch a friend ſhould all his days be ſpent;
A thouſand times death ventur'd for his ſake
Would ſcarce, he deem'd, a juſt requital make.
At length from France the king's decree was known,
Which wide around the herald's trump had blown,

That he whoſe hand would Bradamant obtain,
Muſt with his ſword and ſhield her force ſuſtain.
Such little joy this news in Leon bred,
That from his cheek the doubtful colour fled:
For well he knew, by many a proof diſplay'd,
His arm too weak to meet the Dordan maid.
Now with himſelf he ſeem'd the means to ſpy
By art his want of vigour to ſupply;
If in his garb this unknown knight conceal'd,
He ſent his proxy to the liſted field;
Whoſe force and courage well he deem'd might ſtand
Againſt the beſt of Gallia's martial band.
But firſt it reſted to diſpoſe the knight
To enter for his ſake the field of fight;
Then, in his ſtead, from all diſguis'd, to place
In Grecian garb array'd the dame to face.
Now to his friend the ſecret of his breaſt
He told, and urg'd, with prayers, the dear requeſt,
Him, for his ſake, beneath a borrow'd name,
With foreign veſture clad, to meet the dame.
Much could the Grecian's eloquence, but more
Than all his eloquence, the ſacred power

Of

Of gratitude, that ſingly could control
The tendereſt feelings of Rogero's ſoul:
While his heart ſhudder'd at the ſuit, he try'd
With outward ſmiles his inward pangs to hide;
And anſwer'd, that he ſtood prepar'd to prove
All hazards due to noble Leon's love.
Yet ſcarce his lips had given theſe accents breath,
When, at his heart, he felt a ſtroke like death.
By day, by night, the youth more wretched grew;
By day, by night, nor peace nor reſt he knew:
He ſaw too well his future doom was ſeal'd,
But never wiſh'd his promis'd word repeal'd:
A thouſand deaths he rather choſe to die,
Than e'er a ſuit, by Leon urg'd, deny.
His death is fix'd: if Bradamant he leaves,
He leaves his life, her loſs his ſoul bereaves

Ver. 435. *Yet ſcarce his lips*, &c.—] Metaſtaſio, in his Olympiad, has cloſely copied this beautiful paſſage of Rogero's grateful generoſity to Leon. Megacles, ſecretly in love with Ariſtea, daughter to Cliſtenes, king of Sicyon, is in the drama requeſted by his friend Lycidas to enter the liſts in his name, in order to win for him Ariſtea, who had been promiſed as the reward of the conqueror. Many circumſtances in the elegant dramatiſt are delicately grafted on this inimitable original.

Of every bliſs—but ſhould his inward grief
Too feeble prove to work its own relief,
Himſelf can free with predetermin'd hand
His tortur'd ſpirit from her fleſhly band:
Prepar'd for all, rather than living groan
To ſee her made a bride—and not his own.
Though reſolute to die, his mind as yet
Uncertain, wavers how his fate to meet;
Sometimes he thinks his ſkill in arms to hide,
And to the dame expoſe his naked ſide:
For how ſo happy could he ſink in death,
As by her hand to yield his parting breath!
But ſoon reflection whiſper'd to his thought,
Not ſo muſt Leon's friendſhip be forgot:
His faith he plighted in the ſingle ſtrife,
To win for him fair Bradamant to wife;
Not with feign'd ſhow of fruitleſs arms deceive,
And Leon of his promis'd aid bereave.
Thus ſtill unſtain'd his candid faith he held;
And while his thoughts, now here, now there rebell'd,
He turn'd from all; ſave thoſe that would perſuade
His heart to keep the vow his friendſhip made.
Now Leon from his father Conſtantine,
Had leave obtain'd to forward his deſign,

With

With arms and courſers and a numerous guard,
And all that ſuited for his rank prepar'd.
His march began: with him Rogero rode,
Who now his arms reſtor'd, and courſer, ow'd
To Leon's care—day following day they paſt,
Till entering France, they Paris reach'd at laſt.
Here Leon ſtay'd without the city's gate,
Then pitch'd beneath the walls, in regal ſtate
His lofty tent, and one diſpatch'd to bear
His princely greeting to the monarch's ear.
Full glad was Charles, and well his friendſhip ſhow'd
By viſits paid, and coſtly gifts beſtow'd.
His cauſe of coming then the prince diſclos'd,
And pray'd, to what the herald's voice propos'd,
A ſpeedy iſſue, that the dame who choſe
A lord that ſingly could her ſtrength oppoſe,
The liſt would enter, ſince by her in arms
He came to die, or win her virgin charms.
Thus he; and Charles for Bradamant declar'd
That ſhe th' enſuing morn, in ſteel prepar'd,
Would paſs the gates, and in the liſt (by night
Beneath the bulwarks form'd) await the fight.

How

How from the ſetting ſun to riſing day,
Did ſad Rogero groan the hours away!
So waits a wretch condemn'd the break of morn,
The light that muſt to him no more return!
All arm'd he choſe to enter in the field,
To keep from each his looks, his mien conceal'd:
No ſteed he rode, nor pointed ſpear would ſhake,
Nor, ſave his ſword, would arms offenſive take:
No lance he took, yet fear'd he not the power
Of that which fram'd of gold Argalia bore,
Which, next Aſtolpho, now the virgin held,
Which every warrior from his ſeat compell'd;
Yet none were conſcious what the ſpear could do;
And none, whoſe hand the weapon wielded, knew
Its magic virtue, ſave the king alone,
Who made, and gave the weapon to his ſon.

Ver. 491. *How from the ſetting ſun*, &c.] The reader will, it is hoped, indulge the tranſlator with a general obſervation on the circumſtances attending this duel between Rogero and Bradamant, that the romantic turn of the fiction is more than compenſated for by the many fine ſtrokes of nature introduced in the narrative; particularly when he tells us, that while Rogero with the tenderneſs of a lover blunts his weapon, through fear to wound her, ſhe, with the ſentiments ſuiting her ſituation, adds ſharpneſs to hers: theſe are certainly the touches of a maſter.

Aſtolpho

Aſtolpho and the virgin, ſince decreed
To bear the lance in many a martial deed,
Both deem'd, alike, in jouſts their native might
Bore off the palm from every other knight;
That every javelin, in their graſp, would gain,
Like this, the conqueſt of the liſted plain.
Such fight Rogero now reſolv'd to ſhun:
He fear'd Frontino in the tilt to run;
Him had the damſel ſeen, full well he knew,
Her heedful eyes might at a ſingle view
That courſer call to mind, which oft ſhe rein'd,
Which long at Mount Albano ſhe detain'd.
Rogero thus, whoſe every thought and care
Would keep his perſon ſecret from the fair,
Nor took his ſteed, nor aught that might reveal,
By tokens, what he labour'd to conceal.
Another ſword he for the combat choſe:
He knew for Baliſarda's lighteſt blows,
Nor helm, nor ſhield, nor cuiraſs could avail,
Nor ſtrongly temper'd plate, nor twiſted mail.
And ere the falchion by his ſide he plac'd,
Its point he blunted, and its edge defac'd.
To ſeem like Leon, o'er his arms he wore
The regal ſcarf, by Leon worn before;

The golden eagle, with his double head,
He bore emblazon'd on a field of red.
Well might the knights each other's vesture wear,
Alike their ſtature, and alike their make:
Th' exchange complete, one iſſu'd to the field,
While one within the tent remain'd conceal'd.

Thus arm'd amid the liſts Rogero ſtood,
When with the dawn the bright horizon glow'd.
From his far different was the virgin's will:
Rogero, all in fear her blood to ſpill,
Rebates his weapon's edge: the haughty maid,
Eager with his to bathe her beamy blade,
Adds ſharpneſs to the ſteel; and hopes to view,
Through ſever'd plates, the wound each ſtroke purſue;
With point or edge to reach the vital part,
And drive the falchion to her ſuitor's heart.
As the bold courſer, nerv'd for rapid pace,
Impatient waits the ſignal for the race;
Now here, now there, he ſhifts his feet by turns,
He pricks his ears, each ſmoking noſtril burns:
So the fierce dame, who little thought the knight,
Her dear Rogero thus prepar'd for fight;
The trumpet waiting, ſeem'd through all her frame
To ſwell with ardor, and to glow with flame.

As often to the thunder's dreadful ſound
Dire winds ſucceed, and from the dark profound
Upturn the waves; or from the deſert land
In thickening volumes lift the heapy ſand:
Wild beaſts and ſwains, with flocks affrighted fly,
Black hail and rain come rattling from the ſky:
So ſeem'd the virgin, when the trumpet blew,
So, with drawn ſword, againſt Rogero flew.
Not leſs ſome ancient oak, or ſtone-built tower
Of deep foundation, yields to Boreas' power;
Not leſs ſome ſolid rock's reſiſting height
To angry billows, daſh'd by day and night,
Than good Rogero (in his fated arms
Which Hector wore, ſecur'd by Vulcan's charms)
Yields

Ver. 567. ——*in his fated arms*—] It appears here, that Rogero fought this duel with Bradamant in the enchanted armour, which he won from Mandricardo, which was impenetrable; over which he wore the regal veſt of Leon, and yet in the next book, when he is brought back by Leon to the court of Charlemain, he is ſaid to have the ſame arms which he wore in the liſt with Bradamant, and which are deſcribed to be hacked and batter'd in the combat: the poet's words are,

Con le medeſme inſegne, e ſopra veſte,
Che come dianzi nella pugna fero,
Eran tagliate ancor forate e peſte.

Lib. xlvi. St. 52.

——All

Yields to the tempeſt, that with rage addreſs'd,
Pours on his boſom, ſide, his ſhield and creſt.
Now at full length the maid her weapon drove;
Now endlong thruſt, while all intent ſhe ſtrove
Between the jointed plates immers'd, to view
Her lover's blood the ſmoking ſteel imbrue.
Before, behind, now ſhifting ſide to ſide;
Oft wheeling round her furious ſtrokes ſhe ply'd;
And inward rav'd, oppreſt with high diſdain,
To find that every ſtroke was aim'd in vain.
As one, that to ſome town ſtrong ſiege applies,
Whoſe circling walls in ſolid bulwarks riſe,
Oft gives th' aſſault; now ſeeks the gates to break,
Now fill the foſſe, and now the ramparts ſhake:
He ſees his falling ranks with ſlaughter thin,
And vainly hopes his entrance ſoon to win.
So toil'd the dame—but nothing could avail
Her wonted force to ſhatter plate or mail.
Now from his cuiraſs, now his helmet high,
Now from his ſhield ſhe makes the ſparkles fly:

——All thoſe arms that in the liſt he bore,
With every mark of that day's fight confeſt,
With riven plate, pierc'd mail, and batter'd creſt.
Ver. 413.

Arioſto appears to forget that theſe arms were enchanted.

Thick

Thick and more thick, as on the ruſtic ſhed
The pattering hail, her rapid blows ſhe ſped.
Ruggero ſtood collected, to attend
With ſkill his ſafety, nor the maid offend.
He lifts his ſhield, and parries with his ſteel
The ſtrokes he ſees the adverſe weapon deal:
Seldom he ſtrikes, or ſtrikes with fondeſt care,
In doubt to hurt the lov'd, yet cruel fair.
Meanwhile the virgin burns, as fading light
The ſky forſaking, warn'd to end the fight.
And now ſhe call'd to mind the terms propos'd,
Her danger preſſing as the evening clos'd;
For ſhould ſhe fail in one day's courſe to ſlay,
Or take her ſuitor, ſhe becomes his prey.
Now where the flood Alcides' pillars laves,
Phœbus prepar'd to plunge beneath the waves
His golden head, when firſt a doubt prevail'd
Of her own ſtrength, and hope of conqueſt fail'd.
As ſunk her hope, the more her fury grew,
And thick and heavier round her weapon flew
To break that armour, which eſſay'd in vain,
Could all the day her force unhurt ſuſtain.
As one, who to ſome taſk his hand applies,
And ſees the night th' unfiniſh'd work ſurprize,

In

In vain with double toil would time retrieve,
Till, ſtrength and day-light loſt, his views deceive.
O wretched damſel! wert thou given to know
The knight at whom thou aim'ſt the mortal blow;
Did'ſt thou Rogero ſee, the youth on whom
Hang all thy wiſhes, all thy joys to come!
Far rather would'ſt thou die than ſee his death,
On whoſe dear life depends thy fleeting breath;
And ſhould thy own Rogero ſtand avow'd,
How would'ſt thou mourn each ſtroke thy arm beſtow'd!
King Charles, and all th' aſſembled peers, who thought
That Leon thus, and not Rogero, fought,
Beholding how ſo match'd in equal field,
He ſtood with Bradamant his arms to wield;
How, with ſuch ſkill he could himſelf defend,
And yet the ſafety of the dame attend,

Ver. 615. *O wretched damſel!*—] Spenſer has a paſſage ſimilar to this, where Arthegal and Britomart fight together unknown to each other; and Arthegal, preſſing her with great fury, the poet breaks out into this exclamation,

Ah! cruel hand, and thrice more cruel heart,
That work'ſt ſuch wreck on her to whom thou deareſt art!

FAIRY QUEEN, B. iv. C. vi. St. 16.

With

With wonder gaz'd—while breath'd from breaſt to breaſt,
Each to his fellow thus his thoughts expreſs'd.
" Sure Heaven has aptly form'd this noble pair,
" She merits well the knight, and he the fair!"
When Phœbus in the ſeas had quench'd his light,
Imperial Charles commands to ſtay the fight:
And dooms the maid no more delay to make,
But for her ſpouſe victorious Leon take.
Rogero would not here his helm unlace,
Nor from his limbs the weighty mail unbrace,
But on a palfry mounting, ſwiftly went
Where Leon waited in the regal tent:
His arms around the warrior Leon threw,
And like a brother to his boſom grew;
Then ſwift his helmet rais'd, his face reveal'd
And with a cordial kiſs each cheek he ſeal'd.
My all is yours!—diſpoſe of all (he cry'd)
Partake my treaſures and my power divide:
Ne'er ſhall I reſt till ſome return I make,
For friendſhip thus diſplay'd for Leon's ſake.
Yet what return!—how ſhall I e'er repay
The boundleſs gift of this auſpicious day?

Not though the crown of our imperial race
I take from mine, and on thy temples place.
Thus he: Rogero, who in anguiſh heard,
Who loath'd his being, no reply return'd;
But to the prince reſtor'd his veſt and ſhield,
So late his enſigns in the liſted field:
His unicorn he took; and now, as prest
With heavy toil, and feigning want of reſt,
He thence withdrew, and ſoon his tent regain'd,
Where, when the night in middle ſilence reign'd,
Unſeen of all, his limbs in arms he cas'd,
And on his generous ſteed the trappings plac'd;
Then preſs'd the ſeat, reſolv'd alone to ſtray,
And his Frontino left to chuſe the way.
Frontino now direct, now devious paſt,
Now through the champaign, now the woodland waſte,
And all the remnant night his lord he bore,
Who ceas'd not once his fortune to deplore:
On death he call'd; from death invok'd relief;
To heal the anguiſh of a lover's grief:
Death, and death only, could a period give
For woes too exquiſite to bear and live!

Of whom, alas! (he cry'd) ſhall I complain,
For all this ſuffering which I now ſuſtain?
Ah! would I now revenge the pangs I feel,
On whom, alas! ſuch vengeance ſhall I deal
But on myſelf?—To me my fate I owe,
From me alone my ſprings of ſorrow flow.
It fits that on myſelf my rage I turn,
Myſelf the wretched cauſe of all I mourn!
But how, when on my Bradamant is brought
An equal woe, can I ſupport the thought?
Though for myſelf I unreveng'd might groan,
Her pains that vengeance claim, deny'd my own.
Yes—I will die for thee—for thy dear ſake
This willing life ſhall ſome atonement make:
I but regret ſuch fate I fail'd to prove,
Ere I ſo far had injur'd her I love!
Why dy'd I not, when, doom'd to cruel pains,
I lay in ruthleſs Theodora's chains?
Then had I hop'd to find the pitying tear
Of Bradamant bedew Rogero's bier:
But when ſhe knows that Leon's bliſs I held
Above her own; that, not by force compell'd,
To him I ſacrific'd a lover's flame,
How will ſhe, dead or living, loath my name!

While words like theſe his inward grief confeſs'd,
Sighs following ſighs quick burſting from his breaſt,
Uproſe the ſun, when gazing round he ſpy'd
Thick dreary wilds perplex'd on every ſide.
Fix'd in deſpair, and reſolute to die,
Remote from man, where not a human eye
Might view his fate; this place appear'd deſign'd
To ſuit the dreadful purpoſe of his mind.
The wood he pierc'd, where deepeſt he ſurvey'd
The meeting ſhade inwove with meeting ſhade;
But firſt from reins and bit Frontino freed,
Releas'd, and thus addreſs'd his gallant ſteed.

O my Frontino! were it mine to give,
What worth like thine ſhould from thy lord receive;

Thou

Ver. 709. *O my Frontino! &c.*—] Theſe ſpeeches to horſes are frequent in the romance writers, and are not without example in the greater poets, for which we may refer the reader to the ſpeeches of Achilles and Hector to their horſes. Cervantes, not improbably, with an eye to this paſſage of Arioſto, makes Don Quixote, before he enters upon his penance in the mountain of Sierra Morena, upon releaſing Roſinante to addreſs him in the following manner. "O ſteed, as excellent in thy performances as unfortunate by thy fate, he gives thee liberty who wants it himſelf.

Thou ſhouldſt not envy him who now obtains
A ſtarry ſeat on Heaven's ethereal plains:
Not Cyllarus and bold Arion claim
Superior praiſe, or aſk a nobler fame:
Nor any ſteed, whoſe merits could engage
The Grecian or the Latian's ſtory'd page;
Since thou may'ſt rank with theſe, with theſe that moſt
Excel their breed; not one of which can boaſt
What thee exalts o'er all thy generous race;
For ſhe, the pride of beauty, valour's grace,
Oft with her hand ſupply'd the foodful grain,
Thy trappings girt, and fix'd thy curbing rein.
Dear wert thou to my dame—but wherefore mine!
My dame no more!—that title I reſign!—
I yield her to another—truſty ſword!
Now turn thy point againſt thy faithleſs lord.

While thus Rogero through the deſert grove
Can birds and beaſts to ſhare his ſorrows move,

Go whither thou wilt; for thou haſt it written in thy forehead, that neither Aſtolpho's Hippogriff, nor the famous Frontino could match thee in ſpeed."

JARVIS's Don Quixote, Vol. i. B. iii. C. xi.

For theſe alone his mournful plaints attend,
As down his breaſt the frequent tears deſcend;
Think not his faithful Bradamant remains
In Paris free from love's heart-rending pains:
No vain excuſes more, no feign'd delay
With Leon can elude the nuptial day.
What would ſhe do for her Rogero's ſake
Ere yield conſent another lord to take?
Break every tie, the king, the court oppoſe,
Make parents, friends, and all the world her foes.
Should nothing yet avail, at leaſt might death,
With ſword or poiſon, end her hated breath:
And better far ſhe deem'd to live no more,
Than living her Rogero's loſs deplore.
Ah! my Rogero, whither art thou fled?
Art thou ſo far remote (the mourner ſaid)
That ne'er to thee our challenge ſtood reveal'd,
From thee alone, of all mankind, conceal'd?
O! could the news have reach'd thy faithful ear,
No ſpeed like thine had met the ſummons here.
Ah! wretch—what other can my thoughts ſuggeſt,
Than that which, but ſurmiſing, rives my breaſt.
Why com'ſt thou not to make my joys run o'er—
But ah! thou liv'ſt in bonds—or liv'ſt no more!

Too

Too ſurely Conſtantine's deteſted heir
Has for thy life or freedom ſpread the ſnare;
By fraud thy timely coming to prevent,
Leſt thy return ſhould fruſtrate his intent.
From mighty Charles a ſovereign grant I gain'd,
A grant, which, ſave myſelf, had none obtain'd;
In firm belief thou only in the liſt
Of ſingle trial, couldſt my arms reſiſt:
Thyſelf except—all others I defy'd——
Lo! God has puniſh'd ſuch o'erweening pride;
And he, who never yet in arms had run
One glorious courſe, from me the palm has won.
But am I vanquiſh'd, that I fail'd to take
Proud Leon's life, or him my captive make?
Can this be juſt?—Were theſe the terms agreed?
Or this the doom by partial Charles decreed?
What once I proffer'd, if I now diſclaim,
I know inconſtancy muſt brand my name:
But am I then the firſt or laſt to ſhow
That change muſt ever govern all below:
Yet call me lighter than the leaves that ſtrow
The plains of autumn from the ſapleſs bough:
Let but my truth to him I love be prov'd,
Firm as a rock, by ſurging tides unmov'd,

Surpaſſing every praiſe of woman told,
In modern ſtory, or in times of old!
Theſe words and many more the virgin ſpoke,
While ſighs inceſſant from her boſom broke:
And all the live-long night in tears ſhe lay,
The night ſucceeding that ill-omen'd day:
But when in grottos of Cimmerian ſhade,
Retreating night her weary limbs had laid:
Heaven brought her aid—whoſe all-directing mind
In her Rogero's future bride deſign'd:
By Heaven impell'd, at morn the fearleſs dame,
Marphiſa, to the ſovereign preſence came;
And ſaid, her ſoul in ſecret had diſdain'd
The wrong Rogero in his wife ſuſtain'd:
His was the bride—nor would a ſiſter view
Another's claim uſurp her brother's due;
And proffer'd to maintain in ſingle fight
The hand of Bradamant Rogero's right;
But proffer'd chief before the deſtin'd bride
To prove the truth (if ſhe ſuch truth deny'd)
That in her preſence ſhe thoſe words had heard
Of faith exchang'd, by all mankind rever'd;
Given to Rogero by the virgin fair
With every rite that binds th' affianc'd pair,

That

That each from each no ſecond choice could prove,
Or to another e'er transfer their love.
Thus ſhe; and Charles was mov'd at what ſhe ſaid,
And bade the virgin to his ſight be led.
To her the king Marphiſa's words declar'd,
And Amon, preſent, in the converſe ſhar'd;
While Bradamant with eyes caſt downward ſtood,
Nor yet the truth deny'd, nor yet avow'd;
Yet ſeem'd her mien and modeſt bluſh to own,
What thus Marphiſa's friendly zeal made known.
Rinaldo much, and much Anglantes' knight
Rejoic'd to hear Rogero's ſacred right
So well maintain'd; the nuptials ſet aſide,
And Leon baffled of his promis'd bride.
Rogero now muſt Bradamant eſpouſe,
They deem, nor Amon more control their vows;
And ſhe, deliver'd from her ſire's command,
To good Rogero give her willing hand.
If thus between the pair the contract ſtood,
Rinaldo and Orlando might conclude
Their promiſe well confirm'd: ſo ſtrife might ceaſe,
And all henceforth be union, love, and peace.

Impatient

Impatient Amon then—A ſhallow wile
Is this, contriv'd a parent to beguile.
But were that truth, which you in fraud pretend,
Believe not thus my fix'd reſolves to bend.
For let us grant (what yet I ſtill deny)
My daughter could in ſome fond hour comply
To give her hand in marriage to the youth,
And he to her had pledg'd his future truth;
Yet, when or where was this exchange of heart;
The time, the place, each circumſtance impart.
Such contract muſt have been (if e'er believ'd)
Before Rogero had our faith receiv'd.
But what imports a contract made before
Rogero had embrac'd the Chriſtian lore?
Such vows can never with our laws agree,
When he a Pagan, a believer ſhe.
For this has Leon riſk'd his fame in vain
With Bradamant, on yon conteſted plain?
And will our emp'ror, ſtill for juſtice fam'd,
Reverſe the ſentence he ſo late proclaim'd?
Theſe pleas of vain delay which each would bring,
You ſhould long ſince have urg'd, ere yet the king,
At her requeſt, the martial challenge ſpread,
Which to the trial generous Leon led.

Thus

Thus Amon, who to part the lovers ſought,
Againſt Rinaldo and Orlando brought
His ſpecious charge—while Charles, to either ſide
Impartial, nor to this, nor that reply'd.
As when ſome wood the north or ſouth receives,
A murmuring noiſe is heard among the leaves:
Or Eolus his wrath on Neptune pours,
The loud waves daſh, and refluent beat the ſhores.
The rumour thus of deep diſſention bred
Among the peers, through all the kingdom ſpread:
On this alone each ear attentive hung:
This was the theme of every eager tongue.
Some with Rogero, ſome with Leon join'd;
But moſt to good Rogero's cauſe inclin'd.
For one that favour'd Amon, ten preferr'd
The lover's claim: the emp'ror ſilent heard,
Referr'd the juſt deciſion to the laws,
And to the nation's counſel left the cauſe.
The nuptials thus deferr'd, Marphiſa came,
And new conditions thus began to frame.
Since, while my brother lives, none elſe (ſhe cry'd)
Can with his dame in wedlock's bands be ty'd,

Let

Let Leon (if he ſeeks the maid to wife)
Firſt meet Rogero's arm in ſingle ſtrife,
And he, by whom his noble foe is ſlaſn,
Without a rival ſhall his bliſs obtain.
Marphiſa ſaid: the trial thus propos'd,
Imperial Charles to Leon's ear diſclos'd,
Who, while he ſaw auxiliar at his ſide
The champion of the unicorn abide,
Secure of conqueſt o'er Rogero ſtood,
And every enterprize undaunted view'd.
He heard unmov'd Marphiſa's challenge given;
But little dreamt that grief his friend had driven
To ſavage wilds, abandon'd and forlorn;
And vainly long expected his return.
And now he fear'd too boldly he preſag'd
Succeſs, and raſhly had his name engag'd.
One day, another came, nor yet appear'd
The abſent knight, nor tidings yet were heard.
By proof too well aſſur'd, he knew his hand
Could ne'er in combat with Rogero ſtand;
And hence alarm'd, he ſought with anxious mind
The warrior of the unicorn to find.
Through cities, towns, and villages he ſent,
Afar and near his truſty envoys went:

Nor

Nor thus content, in perſon next he preſs'd
His ſteed, and to the ſearch himſelf addreſs'd:
He ſought amidſt th' unnumber'd Chriſtian train;
But vain his ſearch, enquiry all as vain,
Till ſage Meliſſa came; what aid from her
He met, I to th' enſuing book defer.

END OF THE FORTY-FIFTH BOOK.

THE

FORTY-SIXTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

LEON goes in ſearch of Rogero, and is met by Meliſſa, who conducts him to the wood where Rogero had retired with a reſolution to end his life. Meeting of the two friends. Rogero diſcovers himſelf to Leon. Generoſity of Leon. Rogero returns with them to the court of Charles. His reception there. The Bulgarian ambaſſadors invite him to take poſſeſſion of the crown of Bulgaria. Amon and Beatrice conſent to give him Bradamant to wife, and the marriage is celebrated with great pomp. Particular deſcription of the nuptial tent and bed provided by Meliſſa. On the laſt day of the feſtival a knight appears before the aſſembly, and challenges Rogero to ſingle combat. The knight proves to be Rodomont. Rogero accepts the challenge; and, after a dreadful battle, Rodomont is ſlain; with whoſe death the poem concludes.

THE

FORTY-SIXTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

NOW, if my chart be true, theſe longing eyes
Will ſoon perceive the port in proſpect riſe,
Where to that power I hope my vows to pay,
Who ſafely led me ſuch a length of way;

When

Ver. 1. *Now if my chart be true*, &c.—] The very poetical opening of this laſt book, with the metaphor drawn from a ſhip, appears to be imitated by Spenſer in the firſt book of his FAIRY QUEEN, Canto xii.

Behold I ſee the haven nigh at hand,
To which I mean my weary courſe to bend,
Vere the main ſheet and bear up with the land,
The which afore is fairly to be kenn'd, &c. St. i.

Now ſtrike your ſails, ye jolly mariners,
For we be come into a quiet road,
Where we muſt land ſome of our paſſengers,
And light this weary veſſel of her load.

When late I fear'd a wandering courſe to keep,
Or ſcarce return, eſcaping from the deep,
With ſhrouds and tackle torn—But now, behold
Th' approaching bay its welcome arms unfold!
Hark! how the ſounds of tranſport rend the ſky!
Hark! how the thunders o'er the billows fly!
I hear the clang of bells, and trumpets loud,
Mix'd with the tumults of the ſhouting crowd!
All ſeem rejoic'd to hail me near the ſhore,
My voyage finiſh'd and my perils o'er!

Here ſhe awhile may make her ſafe abode,
Till ſhe, repaired have her tackle ſpent,
And wants ſupply'd——And then again abroad
On the long voyage whereto ſhe is bent,
Well may ſhe ſpeed, and fairly finiſh her intent.
St. xlii.

And Dante in the beginning of his ſecond,

Per correr miglior acqua alza le vele
Homai la navecella del mio ingegno,
Che laſcia dietro a ſe mar ſi crudele.

Now let my muſe's veſſel court the wind
With ſpreading ſails, ſecurer ſeas to find,
And leave the cruel ſtormy main behind.

Berni has borrowed the two firſt lines of Dante, and placed them at the beginning of his ſecond book of the Innamorato.

And Pope,

Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph and partake the gale?
Essay on Man, Ep. i.

O! with

O! with what fair and prudent dames around,
O! with what knights I ſee the harbour crown'd!
See Mamma and Geneura grace the coaſt,
Lo! there the damſel train, Corregio's boaſt.
See theſe Veronica of Gamb'ra join,
So dear to Phœbus and th' Iönian nine!
Sprung from the firſt, again Geneura view:
Behold a Julia near her ſteps purſue!
I ſee Hippolita, of Sforza nam'd,
Trivulzia, from the holy cavern fam'd.
Emilia

Ver. 17. *See Mamma and Geneura—*] He mentions Geneura three times, but it does not clearly appear whether they are all different perſons. Mamma is no where elſe mentioned in the work.

Ver. 18. *The damſel train Corregio's boaſt!*] A general praiſe of the females of the family of Corregio. See Book xlii. Note to ver. 668.

Ver. 19. *Veronica of Gamb'ra—*] Signora Veronica de Gambera, counteſs of Corregio, and ſiſter to the cardinal of Gambera, compoſed many verſes, that ſhow great marks of genius, in cloſe imitation of Bembo. FORNARI.

Ver. 22. *Julia near—*] Another Julia is mentioned, ver. 54. and particularly characterized; but it is uncertain whether they are different perſons.

Ver. 23. *Hippolito, of Sforza nam'd—*] Suppoſed to be one of the family of Ludovico Sforza, ſo often mentioned.

Ver. 24. *Trivulzia, from the holy cavern fam'd.*] Trivulzia, a virgin of Milan, who at fourteen years of age gave

Emilia Pia, hail! and hail with thee
Fair Margarita: Gratioſa ſee!
Angela Borgia, deck'd with every grace:
Richarda, born of Eſte's generous race.
Lo! where Bianca and Diana ſtand
With all the ſiſterhood (a lovely band!)
Lo! beauteous Barbara and Laura there,
Both wife and virtuous prov'd beyond compare:
The ſun from India's clime to Afric's coaſt,
Surveys not two that nobler praiſe can boaſt.

ſurpriſing marks of genius; ſhe was learned in the Latin and Greek languages, and from her excellence in poetry is ſaid by the poet to have been bred in the cave of Apollo, where the Sybils delivered their oracles in verſe. FORNARI.

Ver. 25. *Emilia Pia, hail! and hail with thee*
Fair Margarita—] Emilia Pia is ſpoken of in the Cortegiano of Caſtiglione with great praiſe. FORNARI.

Ver. 28. *Richarda*—] See Note on Book xiii. ver. 466.

Ver. 29. *Bianca and Diana ſtand*] This Diana is ſuppoſed here to be the ſame perſon that is celebrated in the xliid Book ver. 652.

Ver. 31. *Lo! beauteous Barbara and Laura*—] He is here ſuppoſed to mean Barbara Turca, daughter of the duke of Brandenburgh, married to Ludovico Gonzaga II. marquis of Mantua; for his courage ſurnamed the Turk, and by her companion Laura, the third wife of Alphonſo, who, though of mean extraction, was a woman of excellent parts. FORNARI.

Behold Geneura! one whoſe virtues ſhine
With richeſt gems in Malateſta's line;
That never regal or imperial name
Receiv'd from any more exalted fame.
O! had ſhe liv'd, what time with mighty hand
Cæſar of old ſubdu'd the Gallic land;
When fluſh'd with conqueſt, if to paſs the flood
And Rome defy, in awful pauſe he ſtood;
Sure low on earth his vaunted banners thrown,
And every trophy in his battles won,

Ver. 35. *Behold Geneura, one whoſe virtues ſhine*
With richeſt gems in Malateſta's line!] Geneura Malateſta, wife to one of the Obizzi in Ferrara, worthily celebrated by Taſſo, and to whom he dedicated his firſt poems. There was another Geneura wife of the marquis Nicholo of Eſte, and ſiſter to duke Hercules, who married Malateſta duke of Arimino, which may perhaps be the Geneura firſt mentioned by the poet. Ver. 17.

Ver. 41. *When fluſh'd with conqueſt*, &c. –] Julius Cæſar having conquered Gaul, marched with his victorious army towards Rome in order to demand the conſulſhip, but halted on the banks of the Rubicon, it being a decree among the Romans, that whoever paſſed that river in arms was an enemy to the ſtate. Cæſar, having debated ſome time with himſelf, it is ſaid, that a man of gigantic ſtature ſuddenly appeared, who ſnatching a trumpet from one of the ſoldiers, ſounded a charge, on which Cæſar exclaimed aloud, "Let us go—the die is caſt," and immediately croſſed the river with all his army.

He to her will had bow'd his haughty creſt,
Nor e'er his country's liberty oppreſt.
Next of my Bezolo, in order told,
Wife, mother, ſiſter, all his kin behold.
With Bentivoglio's ſee Torelli's ſtand,
With Pallavigini's, Viſconti's band:
Theſe peerleſs dames the praiſe from all ſhall gain,
From new or old, from Greek or Roman ſtrain.
For beauty, grace, where'er her foot ſhe moves,
Julia Gonzaga every heart approves:
Where'er ſhe darts around her radiant eyes,
She looks a goddeſs lighted from the ſkies.

Ver. 47. *Next of my Bezolo*—] Frederico Gonzaga, ſurnamed of Bezolo, from a caſtle on the river Oglio, was a valiant commander celebrated in the wars of France.

FORNARI.

Ver. 49. *Bentivoglio*——*Torelli*——*Pallavigini*——] He here celebrates all the noble ladies of Bologna and Milan, of Ferrara, Urbino, and Mantua. FORNARI.

Ver. 54. *Julia Gonzaga*—] This is that noble lady mentioned by Jovius in his hiſtory, who being made captive by Barbaroſſa, with great difficulty, by means of a ſwift horſe, eſcaped in the night, half naked, from the hands of Barbaroſſa, who had deſigned her for a preſent to Solyman.

LAVEZUOLA.

See

See next her one, who cloſe in blood ally'd,
With faith unſully'd Fortune's frowns defy'd.
See Ann of Aragon, by Heaven ſo grac'd,
Fair, courteous, gentle, faithful, wiſe, and chaſte.
Her ſiſter view, before whoſe beauty's blaze
All beauty fades, and every charm decays!
Lo! there the dame who takes from Styx's ſhore
(A great example now beheld no more)
Spite of the Parcæ, and in Death's deſpite,
Her glorious ſpouſe to ſhine in heavenly light.
See where my patrons of Ferrara ſtand;
With theſe I ſee Urbino's courtly band.
Mantuans I ſee!—what dames, what damſels fair
From Lombardy and Tuſcany repair!

Ver. 57. —— *who cloſe in blood ally'd*] Iſabella della Colonna, kinſwoman to Julia Gonzaga, and wife of Luigi Gazolo. FORNARI.

Ver. 59. *See Ann of Aragon*—] Marchioneſs of Vaſto, the illuſtrious wife of Alphonſo Davolo, daughter to Ferrantes of Arragon.

Ver. 61. *Her ſiſter view*—] Signora Giovanna, wife to Aſcanio of Colonna.

Ver. 63. *Lo! there who takes*, &c.—] Marchioneſs of Piſcara, ſpoken of in the xxxvii. Book. See Note to ver. 123.

Unleſs their beauties blind my dazzled ſight,
Lo! Unico appears, a noble knight,
And Aretine, his age's glorious light!
Now Benedict I ſee, his kinſman, dreſt
In cowl of purple, and in purple veſt;
With Mantua's cardinal; and he whoſe fame,
The conclave graces with Campeius' name.
All theſe (or much I err) in looks and air
Such friendly joy for my return declare;
That all my power can ſcarce ſuffice to ſhow
The grateful thanks I to their goodneſs owe.

Ver. 72. *Lo! Unico appears* ——
And Aretine—] The Cortegiano of Caſtiglione, is full of the excellent qualities of this Unico. Aretine is ſpoken of largely in the Note to ver. 207. of this book.

Ver. 74. *Now Benedict I ſee*—] Cardinal of Ravenna, who died at Ferrara. FORNARI.

Ver. 76. —— *Mantua's cardinal* ——
Campeius' name—] Hercules, ſon of Franciſco Gonzaga, a man of ſingular virtues, the laſt of the marquiſſes of Mantua, and brother to Frederick the firſt duke, was by Clement VII. made a cardinal of Mantua. Lorenzo Campeius of Bologna, a learned churchman and civilian, he compoſed many treatiſes: he was likewiſe made a cardinal by Clement VII.

With

With theſe Lactantius, and Triſſino ſee,
With Paulo Panza, Claudius Ptolemy.
The Roman Juvenal methinks is near,
Saſſo and Molza, and to me ſo dear
The Capilupi; and, of equal fame,
Florian Montano comes my praiſe to claim.
Then he who led us to th' Aſcrean ſhore
In nearer paths, by feet untrod before,
Julio

Ver. 82. *Lactantius and Triſſino* ——
With Paulo Panza, Claudius Ptolemy.] Lactantius and Claudius Ptolemy were of the ſame family, and both bore the name of Ptolemy. Claudius was an excellent poet. Triſſino, of Venice, was well read in Greek literature; he publiſhed many works in proſe and verſe, and was author of the epic poem entitled *Italia Liberata*. Paulo Panza was a Genoeſe, and wrote elegant Latin verſes.
FORNARI.

Ver. 84. *The Roman Juvenal*—] By the Roman Juvenal is meant Cortegiano, famous in the time of Leo X. and Clement. FORNARI.

Ver. 85. *Saſſo and Molza*—] Pamphilo Saſſo of Madona, wrote many verſes, and compoſed in Latin. For Maria Molza, See Note to Book xxxvii. ver 790.

Ver. 86. *The Capilupi*—] Lelio Capilupi, of Mantua, wrote Sonnets and Latin verſes: the poet ſays, Capilupi, in the plural number, meaning likewiſe the brother, called Hippolito, and perhaps the other three, they being five in all.
FORNARI.

Ver. 88. *Then he, who led us*, &c.—] Julio Camillo, a Latin poet, who publiſhed many treatiſes, among which, was

" The

Julio Camillo; while it ſeems I view
Sanga and Berna midſt the gentle crew:
Flaminio next: with theſe in fair accord,
Lo! Alexander, my Farneſian lord:
What learned throng he leads on either hand!
Phœdro, Capello, Portia ſwell the band.

"The Theatre of Knowledge," by which he profeſſed to ſhorten the road to learning, in alluſion to the fiction of Heſiod, of ſuddenly becoming a poet by dreaming of Parnaſſus, and drinking of the water of Helicon.

FORNARI.

Ver. 91. *Sanga and Berna*—] Sanga was a ſkilful arithmetician, and for that quality much valued by Clement. Franceſco Berna, was a canon of the cathedral church of Florence: he compoſed many elegant poems full of wit and ſatire. FORNARI.

Ver. 92. *Flaminio next* ———] Marco Antonio Flaminio da Imola, was a writer on ſacred and philoſophical ſubjects, and likewiſe an excellent Latin poet.

FORNARI.

Ver. 93. *Lo! Alexander my Farneſian lord.*] This Alexander being raiſed to the Pontificate, aſſumed the name of Paul III. and being himſelf a ſcholar, he was a pattern of genius and learning. FORNARI.

Ver. 95. *Phœdro, Capello, Portia,*—] Phœdro de Volterra, was of the houſehold of cardinal Pompeo della Colonna, together with Camillo Portia. For Capello, See Note to Book xxxvii. ver. 57.

Bologna's

Bologna's Philip, Maddalena here,
And Bloſio and Pierio next appear,
With Volteranno: Vida, ever fam'd
For elocution, of Cremona nam'd.
Laſcari and Muſſuro (generous pair!)
And Novagero, whom his deeds declare

In

Ver. 96. *Bologna's Philip, Maddalena here*—] By the firſt, the poet is thought to have meant Philip, ſurnamed Beroaldo of Bologna, who was entertained by Leo X. and made librarian of the Vatican, in which poſt he died. Maddalena, famous at the Roman court, compoſed two ingenious epigrams upon Echo, which paſſed ſometime for ancient, and were much applauded. FORNARI.

Ver. 97. *And Bloſio and Pierio*—] Bloſio Palladio, was ſecretary to Clement VII. and well deſerved to be mentioned by Arioſto among the worthies of the age. Pierio, was a gentleman of Cividal, a writer in proſe and verſe: he publiſhed the various readings of Virgil, and a treatiſe on the Sphere, and wrote alſo a book on Egyptian learning. FORNARI.

Ver. 98. *Volteranno: Vida*—] Rafaello Volteranno, a man of deep learning. M. Girolamo Vida, of Cremona, wrote on ſacred ſubjects in Latin verſe. FORNARI.

Ver. 100. *Laſcari and Muſſuro*—] Giovanni Laſcari was the nobleſt and moſt learned of all the Greeks that took ſhelter in Italy from the Ottoman arms. He was well received by Lorenzo of Medicis, and ſent by him into Greece, to bring away the ancient Greek books: he lived in ſplendor, though he was ſupported by the liberality of others, and

died

In virtue firſt: Andrea Maroni view:
See Monaco Severo thoſe purſue.
Two Alexanders more in yonder band:
There Orelogi and Guarino ſtand: 105

died at Rome. M. Muſſuro was born in Crete; an elegant poet: he came to Rome, was liberally patronized by Leo X. and made archbiſhop of Raguſa; and, before he died, arrived at the dignity of cardinal. FORNARI.

Ver. 101. ——— *Novagero* —] Andrea Novagero, a Venetian gentleman, was under the diſcipline of M. Antonio Sabellico, while he publickly read lectures in the Greek and Latin. He wrote witty epigrams, free from all licentiouſneſs, and was a great enemy to Martial. He likewiſe followed, at one time, the profeſſion of arms. He died of a fever, brought on by violent fatigue, in the forty-ſeventh year of his age, the king of France lamenting his death, and paying him funeral honours. FORNARI.

Ver. 102. ——— *Andrea Maroni view:*
See Monaco Severo —] Andrea Maroni was a great favourite of Pope Leo, by whom he was crowned poet, for his talent of compoſing Latin verſes extempore. Monaco Severo is ſaid by ſome to be a monk of the monaſtery of Angels of Florence, and an intimate friend of Arioſto. He was author of many excellent compoſitions in proſe and verſe. FORNARI.

Ver. 104. *Two Alexanders more* ———
There Orelogi and Guarino ſtand—] By one of theſe he means Alexander Orelogi, a nobleman of Padua; and by the other Alexander Guarino. FORNARI.

Lo! Marius of Olveto! lo where ſhine
The gifts of Pietro Aretine divine,
The ſcourge of power and all the tyrant line.

Next

Ver. 106. *Lo! Marius of Olveto*—] Mario Equicola, called of Olveto, from his country in the kingdom of Naples. He lived a long time in the court of the marquis Frederico of Mantua. He wrote a book, entitled, The Nature of Love; and many treatiſes in hiſtory and antiquity. FORNARI.

Ver. 107. *Pietro Aretine*—] Pietro Aretine, a native of Arezzo, in Tuſcany, born about the year 1490; a man of mean birth, but wonderful genius. He compoſed many ſatires and criticiſms on the works of the learned, and diſquiſitions on the actions of the great. His writings were held in univerſal repute: retiring to Venice, he turned the force of his ſatire againſt kings, and obtained thereby the title of "The Scourge of Princes." King Francis I. the emperor Charles V. the princes of Italy, ſeveral cardinals, and other great lords, purchaſed his friendſhip by conſiderable preſents, either in fear of the poignancy of his wit, or in admiration of his talents. Hence the inſolence of Aretine increaſed ſo far that he cauſed a medal to be ſtruck, repreſenting himſelf on one ſide with theſe words, IL DIVINO ARETINO; and on the reverſe he appeared ſeated on a throne, receiving preſents from the ambaſſadors of princes, with this inſcription, I PRINCIPI TRIBUTATI DA POPULI TRIBUTANO IL SERVIDOR LORO. *Princes who received tribute from the people, pay tribute to their ſervant.*

At laſt the growing reputation of Nicolo Franco, his rival, and ſome blows which he received in chaſtiſement from ſome Italian noblemen, greatly humbled him. He at times debaſed

Next two Jeronimos, and next I ſpy
Leoniceno and Mainardo nigh: 110
Celio

debaſed his genius by the groſſeſt impiety and licentiouſneſs, and the reading of many of his works was prohibited by the church, particularly his Dialogues, Letters, Diſcourſes, and Twenty Sonnets on impure ſubjects, deſigned by Julio Romano, which were engraved by Marc Antonio, for which the engraver was thrown into priſon by Clement VII. Towards the end of his life he compoſed a Paraphraſe on the Pſalms, under the title of "Aretino Penitente;" or, as others ſay, of *Partenio Etiro*, being the anagram of his own name. He wrote likewiſe the Lives of the Bleſſed Virgin of St. Catharine, Thomas Aquinas, and others. He died at Venice about the year 1556, in the 66th year of his age, and was buried in the church of St. Luke; a melancholy inſtance, in many reſpects, of the perverſion of great and extraordinary talents, while the following epitaphs, which were written on him, muſt be an eternal ſtain to his memory.

Condit Aretini cineres lapis iſte ſepultos,
Mortales atro qui ſale perfricuit.
Intactus Deus eſt illi, cauſamque rogatus,
Hanc dedit: ille, inquit, non mihi notus erat.

This marble covers Aretine's remains,
Whoſe venom'd gall on all mankind was thrown;
He touch'd not God in his unhallow'd ſtrains,
This cauſe aſſign'd——God was to me unkown.

Qui giace l' Aretin amaro toſco
Del' ſem human', la cui lingua trafiſſe
E vivi e morti; d' Iddio mal non diſſe,
E ſi ſcuſo co'l dir, I no'l conoſco.

Here

Celio and Panizzato, Theocrine;
Bernardo Capel here; and there is ſeen
Pietro

Here Aretine, man's bitter poiſon, lies,
Whoſe tongue the living and the dead could blot:
Of God alone no ill could he deviſe.
And thus excus'd his pen—I know him not.

An Italian writer, ſpeaking of Aretine, ſays, "Se ſarebbe affatto cancellata la memoria ſe l' Arioſto burlandoſi dell titolo ch' egli ſi haveva preſo indebitamente non aveſſe detto nel Furioſo.

Ecco il flagello
De principi, il divin Pietro Aretino."

He would probably have been forgotton if Arioſto, in deriſion of the title which he had ſo unwarantably aſſumed, had not ſaid in his Furioſo,

Behold the ſcourge
Of princes, the divine Peter Aretine.

But ſurely there can be no reaſon to think that Arioſto meant to fix any ſtigma upon his name, when he introduces him among ſo many whom he evidently extols for ſome virtue or great quality. It is much more to be believed that the poet joins the general ſuffrage of mankind in extolling one, then probably in the zenith of his reputation. See FORNARI, BAYLE, &c.

Ver. 109. *Two Jeronimos*—] Girolamo (Jeronimo) Verita, a gentleman of Verona, and a poet.

Ver. 110. *Leoniceno and Mainardo*—] Nicolo Leonicino, an able phyſician, was the firſt who tranſlated Galen from the Greek into the Italian tongue: he was a great philoſopher, and continent and abſtemious in the higheſt degree. He was in great favour with Hercules II. duke

Pietro Bembo, whoſe example taught,
And to its purity our idiom brought.
See Guaſpero Obizo next in place,
Who joys the fruits of Bembo's pen to trace.
With Fracaſtoro, Bevazzano here
I ſee, and Trifon Gabriele near:

See

of Ferrara, and with his ſon Alphonſo. He tranſlated ſome of Lucian's Dialogues, and the Hiſtory of Dion; and, by the ſobriety of his life attained, with health, the ninetieth year of his age. Mainardo was a phyſician of Ferrara, who wrote Medical Epiſtles, and gave many illuſtrations of the principles of phyſic, not before known. FORNARI.

Ver. 111. *Celio and Panizzato, Theocrine.*] Cælio Calcagnino of Ferrara, and long time a tutor to youth, and patronized by the duke. His genius was fertile, but moſt approved in his elegiac compoſitions, his proſe being eſteemed rather dry and inelegant. FORNARI.

Ver. 112. *Bernardo Capel here*—] Bernardo Capello, a Venetian gentleman, and an eſteemed Tuſcan poet. FORNARI.

Ver. 113. *Pietro Bembo*—] Cardinal Bembo, often before mentioned, was the firſt who, ſince the time of Petrarch and Boccacio, had revived the Tuſcan Muſe. FORNARI.

Ver. 115. *Guaſpero Obizo*—] A gentleman of Padua, chiefly known by the friendſhip of Bembo. FORNARI.

Ver. 117. *Fracaſtoro, Bevazzano*—] Girolamo Fracaſtoro, a phyſician of Verona, a poet, and writer in aſtrology

See Taſſo diſtant from the noble crew:
Now Nicholo Tiepoli I view:
With him ſee Nicholo Amanio bend
On me his eyes; Fulgoſo ſee attend
My proſperous courſe; and joy with wonder ſhow
To view me near the land the billows plough.

logy on proſe. Bevazzano, a Venetian courtier, well known in the time of Leo X. and Clement: he afterwards led a retired life. FORNARI.

Ver. 118. *Trifon Gabriele*—] A Venetian, a man of deep penetration, who lived to a great age: he was eſteemed another Socrates, and was frequently referred to in the literary diſputes of that time. FORNARI.

Ver. 119. *Taſſo*—] Bernardo Taſſo, the father of the great Torquato Taſſo, a poet much eſteemed, and author of AMADIGI, a poem taken from the famous romance of Amadis de Gaule: he was ſecretary to the prince of Salerno; and his native place was Bergamo. The poet ſays he is at a diſtance, or ſtanding beyond the crowd of noble Venetians whom he firſt mentions. FORNARI.

Ver. 120. *Now Nicholo Tiepoli*—] A noble Venetian ſenator of great authority, one of the firſt reformers of Paduan ſtudies. FORNARI.

Ver. 121. *Nicholo Amanio*—] A gentleman of Cremona, and a doctor; he compoſed many verſes. FORNARI.

Ver. 122. ——*Fulgoſo ſee attend*] It is imagined that the poet means Antonio Fulgoſo, a Genoeſe, who had the command of four of his country gallies. FORNARI.

Lo! my Valerio from the female train
Steps forth, and ſeems a converſe to maintain
With Barignan, attending at his ſide,
How beſt defence in future to provide
Againſt the flames with which he ſtill has burn'd
For that ſoft ſex that ill his love return'd.
See grac'd with gifts, all human gifts above,
Pico and Pio, join'd by blood and love.
With theſe I one behold, by none excell'd,
Whom yet theſe longing eyes have ne'er beheld,

Ver. 125. *Lo! my Valerio* –] Gian Franceſco Valerio, a Venetian gentleman, the ſame ſpoken of in the xxviith Book. See Note on ver. 1011. He is ſaid before to have been a bitter enemy to the women, and by this paſſage appears to have been ſlighted by them.

Ver. 127. *With Barignan* –] Piero Barignano, of Paſara, a courtier at Rome in the time of Leo X. he wrote elegant verſes, and was a member of the Roman academy. FORNARI.

Ver. 132. *Pico and Pio* –] Giovan Franceſco Pico, count of Mirandola, juſtly entitled the Phœnix, for the ſplendor of his birth and his rare endowments of body and mind. His works were well known. He died young, in the xxxth year of his age, in 1491, ten years before Arioſto began his poem. Alberto Pio, was born of an ancient and honourable family; he was a man of letters, and ſkilled in the profeſſion of arms; he died at Paris, not much advanced in years, at the time that Charles V. and Solyman met near Vienna. Pico and Pio, were related by a common deſcent from Manfredi. FORNARI.

Great

Great Sannazarius, who the Muſes' train
From mountains led to dwell beſide the main.
Behold Piſtophilo, unblemiſh'd found,
For learning and for induſtry renown'd.
Th' Acciavoli and Anghiari here,
No more my ſafety on the ocean fear.

Ver. 135. *Great Sannazarius*—] Jacobo Sannazario, a Neopolitan, was born and bred at Naples, received into the familiarity of Frederico of Aragon, and followed that prince in his misfortunes. He compoſed many things in Latin and in the Tuſcan language. He wrote piſcatory eclogues, and a ſerious poem, entitled, "De partu Virginis." He died by a diſeaſe, brought on by vexation at ſeeing Margellina, his favourite village, laid waſte by Philiberto Aurentio, one of the emperor's generals, and was buried in this place, in a church dedicated by him to the Virgin Mary. FORNARI.

Ver. 137. *Behold Piſtophilo*—] M. Buonaventura Piſtophilo was ſecretary to the duke of Ferrara, to whom Arioſto dedicates his ſeventh ſatire. FORNARI.

Ver. 139. *Th' Acciavoli and Anghiari*—] The three Acciavoli of Florentine original, were at the court of Ferrara in Arioſto's time, when the edition of 1532 was publiſhed (for no mention is made of them in that of 1515). The elder was named Pietro Antonio, the ſon Giacobo, and the nephew Archelao. All three are recorded as excellent poets by Lilio Gregorio Giraldi, in his ſecond dialogue. *De poëtis ſuorum temporum.* FORNARI.

Annibal Malaguzzi next I ſee;
(My kinſman lov'd) then equal in degree
Good Adoardo; theſe in future days,
I truſt the honour of my houſe ſhall raiſe
And bear from Calpè's heights to Ind our lineal
praiſe.
Victorius Fauſtus, Tancred, hundreds more,
With welcome hail my glad approach to ſhore.
Dames, knights, and nobles of the gallant crew,
Seem all with joy my ſafe return to view;

Ver. 141. *Annibal Malaguzzi*—] He calls this Annibal his kinſman, becauſe the poet's mother was of the houſe of Malaguzzi. FORNARI.

Ver. 144. ——*my houſe*—] Rheggio, where the poet was born.

Ver. 146. *Victorius Fauſtus*—] Victorio Fauſto read Greek in Venice, with a proviſion of five hundred crowns, and two hundred more for ſuperintending the gallies of the arſenal. FORNARI.

For the reſt of the illuſtrious perſons, of both ſexes, here immortalized by the poet, Fornari, the Italian commentator, from whom the foregoing Notes are taken, declares, that he had not been able to come to the knowledge of them; yet Fornari's Commentary was written only ſixteen years after Arioſto's death. He obſerves, that probably ſome of theſe were private friends, whoſe names were never handed down but in the records of the poet.

Then let us ſpeed the bark with every ſail,
Since ſhort the remnant courſe, and fair the gale.

Now turn we to Meliſſa, and relate
Her friendly aid t' avert Rogero's fate:
That wiſe Meliſſa, whoſe benign intent,
To Bradamant and her Rogero bent,
Had ever watch'd, with fond maternal care,
What good or ill befel the faithful pair.

She, who in every wiſh and act conſpir'd
To ſee that union which her ſoul deſir'd,
Commanded now her ſpirits to and fro,
By magic art on her beheſts to go;
And ſtill as one went forth, another came
With tidings gather'd for his anxious dame.
By theſe ſhe learnt that good Rogero lay
In deſart wilds, to pining grief a prey,
With dire reſolve t' abſtain from all repaſt
Of ſtrengthening food, and waſte with cruel faſt
His wretched life: but ſoon Meliſſa gave
Her pitying aid the love-lorn knight to ſave.
To ſeek him out her dwelling ſhe forſook,
And took, by chance, the path that Leon took:
The prince ſhe met, who late had ſent before
His envoys every region to explore;

And now in perſon went with anxious mind
The champion of the unicorn to find.
The ſage enchantreſs, who a demon rein'd,
That day, in likeneſs of a ſteed, conſtrain'd
The ſaddle and the curbing bit to bear,
Thus met with Conſtantine's imperial heir.
If in your ſoul ſuch courteous thoughts reſide,
As your fair noble mien beſpeaks, (ſhe cry'd)
Vouchſafe your aid and comfort to a knight,
Firſt of this age in virtue as in might,
Who, if ſome power afford not ſwift relief,
Draws near the period of his life and grief.
The braveſt knight, that ever at his ſide
The ſword has girt, or to his breaſt apply'd
The cuiraſs bright, that ever yet could wield
The beamy ſpear, or lift the fencing ſhield;
The gentleſt, comelieſt youth the world has known
In ancient times, or boaſted in our own;
For one unheard-of act, in friendſhip's cauſe,
Without ſome aid to life's ſad period draws.
Then deign, O prince! to view his wretched ſtate,
And prove if aught can yet avert his fate.
She ceas'd; and Leon, who in thought divin'd
That this was he, the knight he wiſh'd to find,

Purſu'd,

Purſu'd, without delay, the path ſhe led,
To ſnatch ſo brave a warrior from the dead;
And ere, they far had pierc'd the deſert way,
They came, where next to death Rogero lay:
They found him weak and ſpent, ſo nearly paſt
All human help, with three days cruel faſt,
That ſcarce was vigour left him from the plain
To rear his bulk, but all his ſtrength in vain
Had prov'd his trembling members to ſuſtain.
Out-ſtretch'd he lay, with armour cover'd o'er,
His head the caſque, his ſide the falchion bore;
His pillow rude the famous targe he made,
Whoſe field the ſnow-white unicorn diſplay'd:
There, while he griev'd how ill his deed return'd
The faithful love with which his miſtreſs burn'd,
He ſigh'd—he rav'd—he call'd himſelf ingrate
That gave the bittereſt dregs of cruel fate
To her he lov'd; while tears his face o'erflow'd,
While every look and frantic geſture ſhow'd
His fix'd deſpair, and, loſt to all beſide,
Nor Leon, nor Meliſſa he deſcry'd:
Nor, at their ſight, his tears or plaints ſuppreſs'd,
Nor ſtopt the ſighs deep burſting from his breaſt.

Leon attentive ſtood his ſpeech to hear,
Then left his ſteed, and now advancing near,
He found that love had pierc'd his bleeding heart,
But knew not her whoſe love had wing'd the dart:
For while Rogero's lips his ſorrows ſhow'd,
They nam'd not her from whom his ſorrews flow'd.

Near and more near the prince advancing drew,
Till face to face he ſtood in open view;
Then with a brother's warmth the youth addreſs'd,
Lay at his ſide, and claſp'd him to his breaſt.
Yet much I doubt the brave deſpairing knight
Rejoic'd but little at his Leon's ſight,
From whoſe known zeal he well might fear to find
A purpoſe to prevent his death deſign'd.

With gentleſt words that friendſhip could impart
To ſoothe the anguiſh of a wounded heart,
Thus Leon ſpoke—Refuſe not to diſcloſe
The ſecret cauſe from which thy ſorrow roſe:
Few are the pangs, which human kind endure,
But knowledge of the wound may point the cure:
Tell me thy grief—while yet of life poſſeſt,
Ah! let us ne'er of hope our ſouls diveſt.

It grieves me ſore, what touch'd thy woe or weal,
Thou ſhould'ſt from me thy trueſt friend conceal:
Not only now by friendſhip firmly ty'd,
No time henceforth our union ſhall divide;
But from that moment, when thy victor ſword
Seem'd every cauſe of hatred to afford,
Thou ſtill wert mine, and might'ſt from me receive
Whate'er my wealth, my friends, my life could give!
Decline not then t' impart thy ſecret grief,
And leave a friend to work a friend's relief.
Should all my help be fruitleſs to remove
Thy ſoul's diſtreſs—the laſt ſad refuge prove
Of welcome death—but ah! ſuch thoughts refrain,
Till every human aid is try'd in vain.
He ſaid; and with ſuch friendly warmth addreſs'd
His ſoothing ſpeech, and urg'd the dear requeſt,
That ſad Rogero's heart, not fram'd of ſteel,
Or harden'd adamant, but made to feel
Fair friendſhip's power, refus'd not to comply
With what he deem'd diſcourteous to deny.
Yet thrice he ſtrove to ſpeak, while on his tongue,
With open lips, the faltering accents hung.

At

At length he ſpoke—When I, O prince! proclaim
(As ſoon I ſhall) my unexpected name:
Truſt me, thou wilt no more oppoſe my fate,
But rather wiſh this object of thy hate
A ſpeedier death—In me Rogero view!
Whoſe rage ſo lately could thy life purſue;
Who for this cauſe the Chriſtian court forſook,
And to thy camp his hoſtile journey took,
Leſt Bradamant, obtain'd from me, ſhould fill
Thy happier arms; well known that Amon's will
Favour'd thy ſuit—but ſince man's erring kind
Oft plans what God has other far deſign'd,
Thy matchleſs courteſy, O prince! repreſs'd
The vengeful purpoſe of my jealous breaſt.
Not only former hatred I reſign'd,
But to thy welfare all my thoughts inclin'd.
Thou pray'dſt me, (little conſcious that thy prayer
Rogero urg'd) to win the peerleſs fair—
To win for thee!—and, ah! thou might'ſt as well
From this ſad heart the vital flame expel:
Yet, ah! too ſure the dear event has ſhown,
If thy deſires I priz'd beyond my own.
Lo! Bradamant is thine!—ſecure with her
Thy happineſs, which I to mine prefer:

But ſince to me ſhe's loſt—wilt thou deny
My woes the only privilege to die?
What can this breaſt of wretched life deprive,
If I the loſs of Bradamant ſurvive?
Yet more—thou canſt not, while I live, addreſs
A lawful plea the virgin to poſſeſs:
Oft have our names been join'd in nuptial vows,
Nor can ſhe link with me a ſecond ſpouſe.

When Leon, in his friend, Rogero view'd,
Awhile unmov'd in ſilent gaze he ſtood:
Fix'd as a ſculptur'd form memorial ſtands,
In ſome fair temple rais'd by pious hands.
He deem'd an act ſo courteous muſt excel
Whate'er the paſt or preſent times can tell.
When ſudden thus Rogero ſtood confeſs'd,
No leſs affection warm'd his generous breaſt;
No leſs he for Rogero's ſufferings bore,
Than once for him Rogero felt before:
And hence, to prove him worthy of his line,
Th' imperial heir of royal Conſtantine,
He will'd, howe'er in proweſs left behind,
To emulate Rogero's courteous mind.

Then thus—If on that memorable day
When to thy valiant arm my camp gave way,

Thy

Thy hated name to me had ſtood reveal'd,
(Thy name, Rogero, till this hour conceal'd)
Still had thy worth no leſs my favour won,
Than when I view'd thy deeds, thyſelf unknown:
The love I bear thee now, alike confeſt
Ev'n then had baniſh'd hatred from my breaſt.
Rogero's name I loath'd before I knew
That to thyſelf this hated name was due.
Thus far I own—but think not what before
My hatred rais'd, can raiſe my hatred more.
For had I known (when doom'd to racking pains
I ſet thee free from Theodora's chains)
What ſince I know—my ſoul had ſtill purſu'd,
As now, whate'er might work thy future good.
If from my hand ſuch friendſhip couldſt thou prove,
Not bound by ſacred ties of grateful love;
Should I not now thy deareſt wiſh purſue,
O! I were baſeſt of th' ungrateful crew.
Self-robb'd of every bliſs, thy boſom ow'd
To Heaven and love—on me thou haſt beſtow'd
Th' invalu'd gift—but, lo! to thee I give
Th' invalu'd gift again, and bid thee live.

Happier

Happier in this, thy anguiſh to relieve,
Than from thy hand the virgin to receive.
No claim have I—to thee belongs her heart:
What though I love her for her high deſert,
Should ſhe another wed, my ſecret grief,
Not fix'd as thine, might find from time relief.
Ah! can I wiſh that death ſhould looſe the bands
That hold, in nuptial league, your plighted hands,
And give me, eas'd of every rival ſtrife,
To take the virgin for my lawful wife?—
Not her alone—but all the world can give
I here abjure——O let me ceaſe to live,
Rather than men ſhall ſay, one thought diſtreſs'd,
Through me, the peace of ſuch a champion's breaſt!
Yet let me here thy doubts unkind reprove,
That thou, who like thy own, my ſoul canſt move,
Whoſe will is mine, ſhouldſt ſooner chuſe to die
Than on my friendly zeal for help rely.
Theſe words, and many more, which, long to tell,
From Leon's lips in ſoft perſuaſion fell,
With reaſons juſtly weigh'd, at length ſubdu'd
Rogero's purpoſe, who no more purſu'd

His

His dire reſolve——I yield, I yield! (he ſaid)
Nor longer ſeek to mingle with the dead.
But what to thee is due, whoſe ſaving breath
Has twice redeem'd me from the ſtroke of death?
Then coſtly wines and meats of flavorous taſte,
Meliſſa's care before Rogero plac'd,
And with kind words conſol'd the gentle knight,
Whoſe fainting ſpirit ſtood prepar'd for flight.
Meantime Frontino, who the neighing heard
Of kindred courſers, from the woods appear'd:
Him Leon bade th' attending ſquires receive,
And rein'd and ſaddled to his maſter give,
Who, led by Leon, ſcarce, with trembling feet
And ſinking knees, could mount his wonted ſeat.
So was that ſtrength decay'd, that ſtrength which late
Had, 'midſt an army, ſcatter'd death like fate,
When dreſt with cuiraſs, helm, and ſhield unknown,
The Greeks by him beheld their camp o'erthrown.
Now from the wood theſe three their way purſue,
And ſoon an abbey's friendly walls they view,
Whoſe kind retreat receives each welcome gueſt:
That day, and two ſucceeding days they reſt,
Till, by the ſlumbering couch and genial board
The champion of the unicorn reſtor'd

To priſtine vigour, with th' enchantreſs dame,
And Leon, to th' imperial city came.
Here choſen envoys were receiv'd but late
On ſolemn buſineſs, from Bulgaria's ſtate;
The grateful ſtate that to their regal throne
Rogero choſe, and deem'd in France alone
To find their prince, and thither ſent to bring,
From royal Charles, their new elected king,
That each to him might pay a ſubject's vows,
And with the diadem enwreath his brows.
With theſe ambaſſadors the ſquire appear'd,
From whom the tidings of his lord were heard;
How near Belgrado's walls Rogero fought,
What deeds this valour for Bulgaria wrought,
When Leon and his ſire his arm o'erthrew,
And all th' imperial hoſt diſpers'd or ſlew;
For which the victors vow'd to him their crown
Rejecting every ruler of their own;
And how, in Novengrado's walls betray'd,
The youth by ſtern Unguardo was convey'd
To Theodora's hands; when ſoon was ſpread,
The certain rumour of the keeper dead,
The priſon open'd, and the priſoner fled.

But

But none by tidings or ſurmiſe could tell
What fortune ſince the noble knight befel.
Now unobſerv'd, with veſtments not his own,
Rogero enter'd Charles' imperial town,
Through private ways; and at the morning light
With Leon came, before the emp'ror's ſight.
Rogero held, with double branching head,
The golden eagle on a field of red,
And, as agreed, the Grecian habit wore,
And all thoſe arms which in the liſt he bore;
With every mark of that day's fight confeſt,
With riven plate, pierc'd mail, and batter'd creſt;
That each believ'd in him the knight they view'd,
Who Bradamant in equal fight ſubdu'd.
With him, unarm'd, came Leon at his ſide,
Array'd in coſtly robes with regal pride;
And all around the prince was ſeen to wait
A train that well beſeem'd his lofty ſtate.
To Charles he bow'd, who from his ſovereign ſeat
Already roſe the noble pair to meet.
Good Leon by the hand Rogero led,
On whom all eyes were fix'd, and thus he ſaid.

Ver. 415. *With riven plate, pierc'd mail, and batter'd creſt*] For a remark on this paſſage, See Book xlv. ver. 567.

Lo!

Lo! here the knight, who late ſuſtain'd the fray
From morning's early dawn till cloſe of day.
Since Bradamant nor made him priſoner yield,
Nor ſlew, nor drove him, vanquiſh'd, from the field,
If rightly he conceives your high decree,
He aſks, O king! the meed of victory,
The virgin won—and comes from thee to take
That hand, which valour thus his own could make.
Though, from thy late diſpoſal, none ſhall dare
Contend with him to wed the matchleſs fair;
Yet ſay, if courage may deſerve the dame,
What other knight ſhall urge a nobler claim?
If he muſt win, who holds her moſt above
Her lovely ſex, what heart like his can love?
And here he ſtands, prepar'd in ſingle fight,
With arms undaunted to defend his right.

Imperial Charles, and all his court, amaz'd,
When this they heard, awhile in ſilence gaz'd;
Each deem'd that Leon had the combat won,
And not this knight, who ſeem'd to all unknown.

Marphiſa, who, with many a noble peer,
Stood ſilent by, ſcarce gave a patient ear
Till Leon ceas'd; but with diſdain inflam'd,
Stept forth, and thus in haſty words exclaim'd.

Since abſent hence, Rogero is deny'd
T' aſſert his title to the plighted bride,
Leſt, wanting friends to yield a generous aid,
Another undiſputed ſhould invade
His ſacred rights—Lo! I, his ſiſter, dare
The boldeſt he, who raſhly ſhall declare
For Bradamant a lover's boaſted name,
Or vie preſumptuous with Rogero's claim.

Sternly ſhe ſpoke; and from her eyes appear'd
Such fiery glances, that th' aſſiſtants fear'd,
Leſt, not awaiting liſts by Charles prepar'd,
Her hand had then ſome deed of vengeance dar'd.
Leon no more Rogero now conceal'd,
But, lifting up his helm, his face reveal'd;
Then to Marphiſa turn'd—Behold (he cry'd)
Himſelf appears the conteſt to decide!
As old Egeus gaz'd, with ghaſtly hue,
When at the direful board his ſon he knew,

To

Ver. 463. *But, lifting up his helm,* &c.] The whole of this epiſode of Leon and Rogero is admirably ſupported, and few diſcoveries can be imagined more intereſting than this of Rogero.

Ver. 466. *As old Egeus gaz'd,* &c.—] Egeus, king of Athens, being, on his travels, entertained at the houſe of Pittæus, in Trezene, had an intrigue with Etra his daughter, and when

To whom he, by his impious wife impell'd,
In ruthleſs ire the deadly poiſon held;
Who, had not then the monarch's eyes deſcry'd
The fatal ſword, had by his father dy'd:
So look'd Marphiſa, when, by Leon ſhown,
She found Ruggero in the knight unknown:
Sudden around his much-lov'd neck ſhe clung
With eager graſp, and at his boſom hung.
Orlando then, Rinaldo then expreſs'd
Their love; but firſt imperial Charles addreſs'd
The noble youth: not Olivero bold,
Not gallant Dudon, nor Sobrino old,
Could from his wiſh'd embrace their arms withhold.
Knights, barons, Paladins, alike enjoy'd
The happy change, that every thought employ'd.

when he departed left with her his ſandals and ſword, charging her, if ſhe ſhould be brought to bed of a boy, to ſend him to Athens with theſe tokens. She was afterwards delivered of Theſeus, who being grown up, took the ſword and ſandals, depoſited with Etra by his father, and went to Athens, where he found all the city in confuſion by the machinations of Medea, who, at the arrival of Theſeus, made him ſuſpected by Egeus, and perſuaded the king to deſtroy him at a banquet by poiſon; but fortunately, as the youth reached out his hand to receive the poiſoned cup, Egeus perceived his ſword, and embracing him, acknowledged him for his ſon.

Leon, whoſe lips in ſpeaking could excel,
At length, theſe greetings done, began to tell
Before the king and nobles of the ſtate
(Who ſtood to hear the prince his tale relate)
How brave Rogero's matchleſs ſtrength in arms,
Though prov'd to his and to his people's harms,
Could at Belgrado more excite his love,
Than all his realm endur'd his hatred move:
That, when to torture doom'd by her whoſe hands
Detain'd the noble knight in cruel bands,
He, mindleſs of the ties of blood, reliev'd
The wretched captive, and from death repriev'd;
Then how Rogero, from his priſon freed,
Repaid the ſervice with a generous deed,
That paſt nor future ages could exceed.
He told, how inly ſtung with deep deſpair,
When for his friend he won the martial fair,
The knight reſolv'd to die, and verg'd on death,
When timely aid prolong'd his fleeting breath:
And in ſuch moving phraſe the tale he dreſt,
That not an eye the feeling tear ſuppreſs'd.
He ended here; and then perſuaſive woo'd
Relentleſs Amon, till his words ſubdu'd

Tenacious age, nor only from his thought
Drove his firſt purpoſe, but ſo far he wrought,
Amon refus'd not at Rogero's hand
To plead excuſe, and urge the nuptial band;
Beſeeching now the youth to crown his vows,
T' accept in him his ſire, in Bradamant his ſpouſe.
Soon to the virgin, where retir'd ſhe ſate,
And mourn'd the turns of her diſaſtrous fate,
With gladſome accents many a tongue convey'd
The happy news, which, when the love-lorn maid
At firſt receiv'd, the blood around her heart
By grief collected, from that vital part
So ſudden flew, as near with joy had left
Her chilly frame of life itſelf bereft:
All trembling and unnerv'd her feet in vain,
With ſtrength exhauſted, would her weight ſuſtain,
Though ſuch her courage and her force made known
In many a fight, as oft the Muſe has ſhown.
Not greater joy the wretch condemn'd can feel,
When ſentenc'd, by the gibbet, axe, or wheel,
To ſhameful death; or when the hangman's hand
Has folded o'er his ſight the fatal band;
If chance his ears th' unhop'd-for ſound receive
Of that bleſt voice which brings his life's reprieve.

With tranſport Clarmont and Mograna view'd
Between each houſe what union fair enſu'd;
Not leſs Anſelmo old and Gano mourn'd:
Not leſs Ginami, Gini, Falcon burn'd
With envious rage, while each, with outward ſmiles,
Conceal'd a boſom fraught with [illegible]
To plan, in future time, the murderous [illegible]
As lurks the crafty fox to ſeize the hare;
Of theſe had numbers (a degenerate train)
Fall'n by Orlando and Rinaldo ſlain.
Though oft the prudent king th' effects ſuppreſs'd,
Of what each treacherous mind might elſe ſuggeſt,
And ſtill'd their plaints; yet Bertolagi kill'd,
With Pinnabel, their breaſts with fury fill'd,
While what they knew, as half unknown they feign'd,
And deep conceal'd their rancorous thoughts re-
ſtrain'd.
Th' ambaſſadors, that from Bulgaria ſent,
(As late I told) to Charles impatient went,
In hopes that valiant knight, their king deſign'd,
The champion of the unicorn to find;

Ver. 533. *Not leſs Anſelmo old and Gano*, &c.—] Ancient enemies to the houſes of Charlemain, Orlando and Rinaldo, ſo often mentioned by Boyardo, and other romance writers.

When him they met, they bleſt the happy hour
That to their wiſh could him they ſought reſtore,
Their chief belov'd! and him on bending knee
Implor'd with them Bulgaria's realms to ſee,
And viſit Adrianople's regal town
That kept for him the ſceptre and the crown.
Their hopes on him they plac'd, with conquering arms
To guard their threaten'd ſtate in new alarms:
For Conſtantine in perſon with a force
More numerous, thither bent his threaten'd courſe:
But with their king Rogero's preſence bleſt,
They hop'd from Greece th' imperial ſway to wreſt.
Won by their gratitude, and loyal prayer,
Rogero gave conſent the crown to wear;
And vow, if nought his purpoſe ſhould withſtand,
In three ſhort months to reach Bulgaria's land.
Leon Auguſtus, at the converſe nigh,
Here bade Rogero on a prince rely;
That ſince his hand Bulgaria's ſceptre ſway'd,
With them and Conſtantine the peace was made;
Nor need he haſten his departure thence
To head the legions for the realm's defence;

But pledg'd his honour (in his father's name)
Of all his conqueſts to renounce the claim.
No virtue that Rogero's ſoul poſſeſs'd,
Could move ſo far th' ambitious mother's breaſt,
Or to her love her promis'd ſon endear,
As join'd with his the name of king to hear.
The nuptials were perform'd with ſplendid pride,
As ſuited royal Charles, whoſe hand ſupply'd
The princely ſums, and every honour claim'd,
As if from him a daughter's blood ſhe claim'd.
Such was the virgin's worth (nor need we join
To hers the worth of all her noble line)
The generous prince had ſcarcely deem'd it loſt,
Though half his realm were waſted in the coſt.
He bade, by ſound of trumpet, wide proclaim
An open court, where each unqueſtion'd came;
And granted, till the ninth revolving day,
Free liſts for all to meet in martial play.
Amid the plain he rear'd delightful bowers
Of twining branches, wreath'd with odorous flowers,
Where ſilk and gold diſplay'd ſuch blended light,
No eye had e'er beheld ſo fair a ſight:
For not the walls of Paris could contain,
From various nations, ſuch a countleſs train.

There

There rich and poor; there all degrees on earth,
Of Grecian, Latian, and Barbarian birth,
Throughout the world: that tongue can ſcarce relate
The lords and envoys ſent from every ſtate;
All lodg'd at eaſe, in various ſhelters ſpread,
From rich pavilions, to the humble ſhed.
The night before, the ſage divining dame
Had bent her care the nuptial couch to frame,
And nuptial tent, for that great day deſign'd:
That day for ever preſent to her mind.
Long had ſhe wiſh'd to ſee this pair unite
Their plighted hands in Hymen's holy rite;
Since, from their ſtock, ſhe knew what race muſt prove
The happy fruit of their connubial love.
And now, the genial bed Meliſſa plac'd
Amidſt a wide pavilion, richly grac'd
With every art, beyond the proudeſt coaſt
That peace can furniſh, or that war can boaſt.
This work of ſkill on Thracia's diſtant ſhore
From Conſtantine the wiſe enchantreſs bore,
With Leon's fair conſent—but more to raiſe
The prince's wonder, and the court's amaze;

To

To ſhow her matchleſs power, that could retain
The infernal dragon in her curbing chain,
Of him, as ſuited her deſigns, diſpoſe;
And all the band of God's rebellious foes;
From vaſt Conſtantinople's regal tower,
To Paris walls, by help of Stygian powers,
This rich pavilion at the noon of day,
From Conſtantine who held imperial ſway,
Through air ſhe brought, and in the field ſhe ſpread,
A ſumptuous lodgment for Rogero's bed.
The feaſt complete, again the nuptial tent
To Conſtantine by miracle ſhe ſent.

Two thouſand years had circled ſince a dame,
Of Ilion's race, employ'd her hand to frame
The wondrous work: her Heaven-inſtructed mind
Here great events of future days deſign'd.
Caſſandra was her name: this tent ſhe gave
Her brother Hector, braveſt of the brave:

Ver. 620. *The infernal dragon*, &c.—] *Gran verme infernal*, the devil—Dante, calls Cerberus the great worm (gran verme) and Lucifer, the dreadful worm (verme reo) our Milton has the like expreſſion.

O Eve, in evil hour didſt thou give ear
To that falſe worm ———

PARADISE LOST.

Ver. 635. *Caſſandra*—] Daughter to Priam.

In

In texture fair of blended ſilks and gold,
She here had pictur'd, beauteous to behold,
The gentleſt knight, that from his nobleſt race
Through rolling years a diſtant age ſhould grace.
This Hector, as her gift, rejoic'd to take,
For the gift's value, and the giver's ſake,
And priz'd till death: but when, by treaſon ſlain,
He fell, and Greeks ſubdu'd the Trojan train;
When Sinon to his friends the gates unbarr'd,
And worſe enſu'd than words have yet declar'd,
This tent, by lot, was Menelaüs' ſhare:
This tent he chanc'd in Egypt's realm to bear,

Ver. 643. —*but when by treaſon ſlain*, &c.] Arioſto, with the romantic writers in general, whenever the ſiege of Troy is alluded to in his Poem, gives the ſtory a partial turn in favour of the Trojans, from whoſe great hero Rogero is ſaid to derive his origin. In the xxxivth Book, he makes St. John impute the account given by Homer of the Grecian heroes and heroines to the venality of the poet. He always ſpeaks of the death of Hector as brought about by treachery. To this we may obſerve, that our great countryman, Shakeſpeare, whoſe materials are often drawn from popular ſtories, particularly from an old ſtory book of the ſiege of Troy, has, in his Troilus and Creſſida, repreſented the characters of the Trojans ſuperior to the Greeks, and has made Achilles kill Hector at an unfair advantage.

There

There for his wife, of whom he ſtood bereft
By Proteus' hand, with him the gift he left:
Helen her name, the loveliest of her kind,
For whom to Proteus he the gift reſign'd.
Then to the Ptolemies in due deſcent
It fell; and next to Cleopatra went;
Till in the ſeas of dread Leucadia loſt,
It ſwell'd the plunder of Agrippa's hoſt;
And by Auguſtus and Tiberius gain'd,
Preſerv'd at Rome till Conſtantine remain'd:
That Conſtantine, for whom, while Heaven ſhall turn
Around the pole, Italia's ſons will mourn.
When Conſtantine remov'd from Tyber's ſhore,
The precious tent he to Byzantium bore:
This from another Conſtantine, the maid
In magic ſkill'd, to diſtant France convey'd.

Ver. 649. ——*his wife, of whom he ſtood bereft*
By Proteus' hand——] Arioſto here alludes to a ſtory of Helen told by Herodotus, that Paris, returning with Helen from Troy, was received by Proteus king of Egypt, who afterwards, ſending away Paris, detained Helen, with all her treaſure, at his court; and Arioſto here relates, that ſhe was ranſomed by Menelaus for this tent, which he gave to Proteus.

EUGENICO. PORCACCHI.

Rich cords of gold the fair pavilion ſtrain'd,
An ivory pole the canopy ſuſtain'd:
There comelier forms embroider'd roſe to view,
Than e'er Apelles' wondrous pencil drew.
There gaily clad, in ſhining robes, are ſeen
The Graces three, miniſtrant to a queen
In matron throes, of whom a child is born
To bleſs his age, and all mankind adorn.
See near him Jove, and ſpeech-fam'd Hermes ſtand,
And Mars and Venus: with unſparing hand
Each ſheds the tribute of ethereal flowers,
And roſeate unguents in celeſtial ſhowers!
The infant ſwathes in letter'd gold proclaim
Hippolito—a future glorious name!
In riper years him Fortune ſhall convey
Through every deed, and Virtue lead the way.
The figur'd work a foreign train expreſs'd,
With length of hair and long deſcending veſt;

Ver. 670. ——*miniſtrant to a queen*
In matron throes——] Leonora of Arragon, daughter of Ferdinando king of Naples, to whom the poet here gives the title of queen, married to duke Hercules I. by whom ſhe had Hippolito of Eſte, Arioſto's patron, whoſe birth is here celebrated.

Theſe

Theſe envoys from Corvino to require
The growing infant of his tender ſire:
His parting duty Hercules receives:
His mother Leonora next he leaves:
The Danube now he gains, where round him pour
The thronging tribes, and as a God adore.
Hungaria's prudent king with wonder hears
Such ripening knowledge in ſuch early years;
To his young merits every honour pays,
And o'er his barons gives him ſovereign praiſe.
In ſign of truſt he to his infant hand
Conſigns the ſceptre of Strigonia's land:
Still at his ſide the youth his place maintains,
Or in the palace, or the tented plains.
Where'er the monarch takes his glorious ſtand
Againſt the German or the Turkiſh band,

Ver. 683. *Theſe envoys from Corvino*, &c.] Beatrice, ſiſter of Leonora, and wife of the great Matteo Corvino king of Hungary, being without children, ſent for young Hippolito from his parents; who arriving in Hungary, was received by the king with every mark of eſteem and affection, and afterwards made him archbiſhop of Strigonia before he had arrived at eighteen years of age. Ludovico Sforza called Il Moro, the duke of Milan, who had married Beatrice, the ſiſter of Hippolito, hearing of his great virtues, procured for him the biſhoprick of Milan; after which, being very young, he was created cardinal, and taken to aſſiſt him in the government.

Hippolito

Hippolito is near to catch the flame
Of early virtue from his patron's fame.
See Fuſco near attends with counſel ſage,
To point the ſenſe of learning's ancient page:
" Wouldſt thou the meed of glory keep in view,
This path reject, and that with zeal purſue,"
He ſeem'd to ſay—ſo well the figures wrought
By matchleſs art expreſs'd the maker's thought.
Soon in the Vatican behold him plac'd
A ſtripling cardinal—while prudence, grac'd
With ſoft perſuaſion from his lip diſtils,
And with ſurpriſe the hallow'd conclave fills.
What ſhall he prove when riper age he bears?
(Thus each to each, in wonder rapt, declares)
O! ſhould he e'er be cloth'd in Peter's veſt,
What rule ſo hallow'd, and what time ſo bleſt!
Lo! there are games and ſports depictur'd view'd
The paſtimes by th' illuſtrious youth purſu'd;
Who now on Alpine heights the woodland bears,
And now wild boars in fen and valley dares.

Ver. 701. *See Fuſco near*—] Tommaſo Fuſco, firſt tutor to Hippolito, and afterwards his private ſecretary. Cœlio Calcagnino dedicated to him his tranſlation of Lucian.

Borne

Borne on a courſer that outſtrips the wind,
He holds in chace the goat or fleeter hind;
Till theſe o'ertaken crown his ruſtic toils,
The bleeding victims of his foreſt ſpoils!
Behold him there amid the learned band
Of ſage philoſophers and poets ſtand:
One ſets to view the planetary tribes,
While one the heavens, and one the earth deſcribes!
Theſe mournful elegy or joyous verſe;
Thoſe epic ſtrains or ſprightly odes rehearſe.
Muſic he hears in dulcet notes, that roll
To lull the paſſions, or to fire the ſoul!
Thus lively painted in the tints of truth
Was ſeen the childhood of the godlike youth.
Caſſandra there his virtues gave to ſee;
His prudence, juſtice, valour, modeſty;
And that fifth virtue, which with theſe combines,
Through which each other more exalted ſhines.
Lo! there the youth, who now compaſſion ſtands
With him who hapleſs rules th' Inſubrian bands,

Ver. 735. *And that fifth virtue*——] What the poet means by the fifth virtue is uncertain. Perhaps charity may be ſaid to ennoble all the other virtues.

Ver. 738. *With him who hapleſs*, &c.] Ludovico Sforza, duke of Milan, depoſed by Lewis XII.

Wid

With him in peace he ſits, and counſel holds;
With him in war the banner'd ſnakes unfolds.
With him he ſeems one equal taſk to ſhare
In days of triumph, and in days of care;
In flight he follows, comforts him in grief,
And yields in danger aid; in pain, relief.
See! where he ſeems each anxious thought to wake,
For good Alphonſo and Ferrara's ſake.
He meditates, with every art, to find
The treaſon lurking in the traitor's mind;
And to his noble brother ſhall declare
What guile the neareſt of his kin prepare.
For which he to that title builds a claim,
Which Rome of old annex'd to Tully's name.
In other parts, with ſhining arms array'd,
He flies to give the threaten'd church his aid,
And with a few undiſciplin'd oppoſe
A numerous hoſt of well-appointed foes:
Alone his preſence can ſuffice to cheer
The holy brethren, and relieve their fear,

Ver. 752. *Which Rome of old*, &c.] Cicero was called father of his country, for having delivered the republick from the conſpiracy of Catiline.

And he whoſe hand ſo ſoon the flame repell'd,
May juſtly boaſt—I came—I ſaw—and quell'd!
Behold, where near his own paternal ſhore
He meets in arms the ſtrongeſt naval power,
That ever yet from Venice' ſea-girt race
Was ſent the Turks or Argive force to face.
He this ſubdues, and to his brother's hand
Each captive gives, with all the ſpoils obtain'd,
And only to himſelf reſerves that fame
He ne'er can graft upon another's name.
The knights and dames beheld with eyes intent,
But knew not what the myſtic figures meant;
Since none ſo learn'd was preſent to relate
Theſe ſhadow'd emblems of ſucceeding fate:

Ver. 760. —*I came, I ſaw, and quell'd*, &c.] Julius Cæſar having obtained a victory over Pharnaces king of Pontus, wrote to his friends in Rome this laconic account of his ſucceſs, *Veni, vidi, vici!* Taſſo has, like Arioſto, made a ſimilar uſe of theſe words in the xviith Book of the Jeruſalem, where the ſoldan of Egypt commiſſions Emerines to lead his army to the aſſiſtance of Aladine againſt the Chriſtians.

Ver. 769. *The knights and dames beheld*, &c.—] In the old poem of ASPRAMONTE, is a deſcription of the bridal bed of Rogero and Gallicella, the father and mother of our Rogero, from which, poſſibly, Arioſto might take his hint for the pavilion and bed here deſcribed. See ASPRAMONTE, C. x.

Yet

Yet all with pleaſure gaz'd, their ſight amus'd
With each fair form, and all the ſcrolls perus'd.
But Bradamant alone the ſtory knew,
Which ſhe from ſage Meliſſa's converſe drew.
Rogero, though his mind was here untaught,
Compar'd with Bradamant, yet he to thought
Recall'd, how midſt his future race enroll'd,
Of this Hippolito Atlantes told,
And oft was wont his honours to unfold.

What verſe the courteous praiſes can report
Of royal Charles, and all his ſplendid court?
Pleaſures ſtill new the feſtive hours afford,
And plenteous viands crown the ſmiling board.
Each hardy knight his hardy deeds eſſays,
Each day a thouſand ſhiver'd ſpears diſplays:
By foot, by horſe, are various battles wag'd,
Some pair'd, and ſome in mingled rout engag'd.
But o'er the reſt Rogero bears the fame,
And wins the palm from every rival name;
In wreſtling and the dance, in every kind
Of youthful feats he leaves the reſt behind.

The laſt great day, ere games and tilting ceas'd,
The nobles ſeated at the ſolemn feaſt,

Where Charles upon his left Rogero plac'd,
And lovely Bradamant his right hand grac'd;
Lo! pacing o'er the plain, appear'd in view
A knight all arm'd, who near th' aſſembly drew;
Himſelf, his ſteed with ſable cover'd o'er,
His ſtature large, and ſemblance proud he bore:
This knight was Sarza's king, no ſmit with ſhame
What time the virgin at the bridge o'ercame
His boaſted might, had ſworn thenceforth to quit
His ſword and arms, nor rein the foaming bit;
But like a hermit, in ſome lonely cell,
A year, a month, and day in penance dwell.
So puniſh'd on himſelf each ancient knight
His honour tarniſh'd by ſucceſsleſs fight:
Though yet of Charles he heard loud rumour tell,
And what events the king his lord befel:

Ver. 807. *A year, a month, and day*—] It was the common practice of the knights of chivalry to puniſh themſelves for any defeat in battle, attended with humiliating circumſtances, by a voluntary abjuration of the profeſſion of arms for a certain ſtated time. Cervantes ſeems to allude to this cuſtom, when he introduces the Knight of the Moon's making it one of the conditions of his duel with Don Quixote, that the knight of La Mancha, if vanquiſhed, ſhall relinquiſh knight-errantry for the ſpace of one year.

True

True to his oath, no more his ſword he drew,
Than if nor Charles, nor Agramant he knew.
But when at length, complete the time requir'd,
He ſaw the year, the month and day expir'd,
With other armour, ſteed, and ſword, and lance,
He reach'd with eager ſpeed the court of France.
His courſer's ſeat he kept unmov'd, nor bow'd
His haughty head, nor ſign of reverence ſhow'd;
As if he ſcorn'd king Charles and all the ſtate
Of thoſe high peers that there aſſembled ſate.
Each one his wonder in his looks expreſs'd,
To ſee this bold, this ſelf-intruding gueſt;
And all forgot their food and talk, intent
To hear the knight, and what his coming meant.
When now full oppoſite to Charles he ſtood,
Where by his ſide the noble youth he view'd,
With fiery glance the ſilence firſt he broke
And thus aloud in threatening accents ſpoke.
The prince of Sarza, Rodomont am I,
And thee Rogero to the liſt defy!
And ere the night extends her raven wing,
Will prove thee here diſloyal to thy king!
That thou, whoſe name a traitor's deeds diſgrace,
Deſerv'ſt not midſt theſe peers an honour'd place:

Though well to all thy falſehood muſt be known,
Nor thou, a Chriſtian, canſt the charge diſown:
And now to fix on thee a traitor's ſtain,
I come to call thee to th' embattled plain.
Or, is there one will offer, for thy ſake,
To meet my arms—his offer here I take;
Or if ye, ſingly, ſhrink the ſingle try—
Come more—your arms united I defy—
Whate'er the odds, this ſword yon knight ſhall prove,
A recreant to his lord and country's love.
He ceas'd: Rogero from the emp'ror's ſide
Aroſe, and thus, with leave of Charles, reply'd;
That he, or any tongue that durſt defame
His deeds, and brand him with a traitor's name,
Moſt foully ly'd—that to his ſovereign juſt,
None rightly could arraign his breach of truſt:
And that he ſtood prepar'd his truth to prove
In loyal duty and a ſubject's love:
Nor needed others here his cauſe befriend,
His own right hand ſuffic'd him to defend
His name traduc'd, and well he deem'd it ſuch,
The foe perchance might find that one too much.

Upſtarted

Upſtarted then Rinaldo, Brava's knight *,
The marquis †, with the brethren ‡, black and white;
Marphiſa, Dudon—theſe whom friendſhip draws
T' engage the Pagan in Rogero's cauſe.
Theſe ſeven unite and plead, that he whoſe hand
So late was knit in Hymen's holy band,
Should at his nuptial feaſt from quarrels ceaſe,
Nor ſtain with ſanguine war the rites of peace.
No more—no more— (Rogero thus replies)
Think not ſuch reaſons can for me ſuffice.
Then ſwift thoſe arms are brought, which late in fight
He conquer'd from the ſtern Tartarian ‖ knight.
Charles girds his truſty falchion to his ſide;
By great Orlando's hand his ſpurs are ty'd:
Marphiſa and his Bradamant inveſt
With plate and mail his limbs and manly breaſt:
Aſtolpho brings his horſe of generous breed:
The Dane's brave ſon § beſide the ready ſteed
His ſtirrup holds: Rinaldo, and the care
Of Namus, for the knights the field prepare:

* Orlando. † Olivero.
‡ Gryphon and Aquilant. ‖ Mandricardo.
§ Dudon.

With theſe the marquis Olivero join'd:
Now here, now there, they drive the vulgar kind
From the proud liſts for deeds of arms aſſign'd.
The dames and damſels, ſtruck with panic fear,
With features pale, like frighted doves appear,
That driv'n by threaten'd tempeſt from the plain,
Quit for their dear-lov'd neſts the ſpringing grain,
When hollow winds are heard, when lightnings fly,
When thunders rumble from the darkening ſky,
Preſaging on the delug'd fields to pour
From low-hung clouds the hail or rattling ſhower.
Each female for Rogero felt alarms,
Oppos'd to ſuch a dreadful foe in arms.
So fear the vulgar herd—while many a knight,
And many a baron, ſeem'd to doubt the fight:
Thoſe deeds were preſent yet to every thought,
Deeds which in Paris' walls the Pagan wrought,
When he, with ſingle arm by ſword and fire,
Such ruin ſpread, and made whole hoſts retire.
Ruin that laſted ſtill, that long remain'd,
And ſuch, as greater never realm ſuſtain'd.
The heart of Bradamant, above the reſt,
With all love's terrors heav'd her gentle breaſt:

Not that ſhe deem'd, howe'er for proweſs held,
The Saracen Rogero's force excell'd,
Or thought that Rodomont muſt ſurely claim,
The meed that crowns in arms the victor's name.
Yet could ſhe not her buſy doubts remove,
Such doubts as ever ſpring in thoſe that love.
O! with what rapture had ſhe prov'd her might
In all the dangers of this untry'd fight.
Though more than certain fate had there deſign'd
Her life's ſad period—her unconquer'd mind
Had dar'd for one a thouſand deaths to face,
(Could death ſo oft be met by human race)
Rather than ſee the lord of all her vows,
A life far dearer than her own expoſe.
But ſince ſhe knew no prayer would bend her knight
To yield to her the perils of the fight,
A ſad ſpectatreſs, with dejected look,
She ſate, while frequent ſighs her boſom ſhook.
Meanwhile Rogero there, the Pagan here,
Againſt each other ruſh with reſted ſpear:
Like brittle ice the ſpears in fragments fly,
Like birds the fragments mount into the ſky!
Without effect, though faithful to its aim,
The Pagan lance againſt the buckler came,

So

So temper'd was its orb which Vulcan fram'd
For Hector's uſe—his point Rogero aim'd
With better force, that, midſt the hoſtile ſhield,
Through ſteel and bone its furious paſſage held.
That thruſt had to the fight a period given,
But ſhort the weapon broke, and ſpirt to Heaven
The ſplinters flew, while [illegible]d with the force
Back on his crupper fell each warrior-horſe.
Full ſoon with ſpur and rein each fearleſs knight
His ſteed recover'd to purſue the fight.
Their uſeleſs ſpears diſmiſt, their ſwords they drew,
And wheel'd their ſteeds, while round their heads they threw
The flaſhing ſteel, and now with pointed blade
On plate and mail the weakeſt part eſſay'd.
No ſerpent ſkin then arm'd the Pagan's breaſt,
That hide which once the hoſtile ſtroke repreſs'd:
Nor Nimrod's dreadful ſword that day he wore,
Nor on his brows the wonted helmet bore:
For when along the bridge the tilt was run,
And Bradamant from him the conqueſt won;
His arms againſt the ſacred ſhrine he plac'd,
A mournful trophy of his deeds diſgrac'd.

Strong

Strong arms he wore, yet not in proof compar'd
With thoſe that once were wont his limbs to guard;
But every temper muſt in vain oppoſe
The dreadful force of Baliſarda's blows,
Which never metal forg'd by mortal hand,
Nor all the charms of magic could withſtand.
So well to aim his point Rogero knew,
That oft he pierc'd the Pagan's armour through:
When Rodomont in many a part had view'd
His own bright mail with purple gore bedew'd,
And ſcarce could ward a ſtroke which ſwiftly ſent
To reach the fleſh through ſhield and corſlet went;
He rag'd—he foam'd—not with ſuch fury raves
The ſtormy ſea, when black with wintry waves:
His buckler caſt aſide, his ſword he drove,
With either hand, reſiſtleſs from above,
On good Rogero's creſt—ſo from the ſky
Some ponderous weight, by leavers rais'd on high,
Falls thundering down—with every nerve the foe
Full on Rogero dealt the ſtaggering blow.
Here well th' enchanted helm avail'd to ſave,
Elſe that dire blow the king of Algiers gave,
Had ſever'd horſe and man—Rogero low
His head twice bending to the ſaddle bow,

Spread wide his arms, and, ſenſeleſs with the pain,
Appear'd juſt falling headlong to the plain:
And e'er his ſcatter'd ſenſe the youth recalls,
From the ſtern foe the ſtroke repeated falls;
A third ſucceeds—but ſoon the blade miſſes,
With ſuch fierce ſtrokes, the temper'd ſteel to meet,
In ſhivers breaks, its maſter's aim deceives,
And in his graſp the broken weapon leaves.
Still Rodomont, with fury unreſtrain'd,
Rogero preſs'd, who ſenſeleſs ſtill remain'd;
So ſore the blows had batter'd round his head,
Such miſts of darkneſs o'er his ſight were ſpread;
Him ſoon the Saracen from ſleep awoke,
With nervous arms he claſp'd his neck, and ſhook
The gallant youth, till from his ſeat he drew,
And to the ground the ſtruggling warrior threw:
Scarce had he fall'n, when ſwift from earth he ſprung
With anger deep, with ſhame yet deeper ſtung.
For, as on Bradamant he caſt his eyes,
He ſaw pale terrors o'er her features riſe:
She view'd, and trembling view'd, her deareſt knight
Hurl'd from his ſeat, and, ſickening at the ſight,
Her tender ſoul ſeem'd ready wing'd for flight.

Rogero

Rogero, who to heal his ſhame, prepar'd,
His falchion brandiſh'd, and the Pagan dar'd
To new aſſault—the Pagan ſpurs his ſteed
T' o'erwhelm the knight; the knight with ſkilful heed
Eludes the ſtroke, and in his hand reſtrains
The hoſtile courſer by the ſtraiten'd reins.
He whirls him round, and ſtands with point addreſt
To pierce the mailed ſide or plated breaſt:
With two deep wounds he galls his thigh and ſide;
And faſt from either flows the crimſon tide.
Stern Rodomont, who in his hold retain'd
The hilt and broken blade that yet remain'd,
With theſe a dreadful ſtroke, in fell intent,
At utmoſt ſtrength on good Rogero ſent.
Rogero, who his fair advantage knew,
Had ſeiz'd his arm, and now with force he drew
The furious king, and bending to and fro,
Compell'd at length his ſaddle to forego.
He fell—but whether by his force or ſkill,
So fell, he ſeem'd Rogero's equal ſtill,
Alighting on his feet—but all the field
That ſaw Rogero yet his weapon wield,

High hopes conceiv'd—meanwhile with every ſlight,
The youth eſſay'd to keep the Pagan knight
At diſtant bay, nor cloſe too near with one
Of ſuch huge limb, ſtrong nerve, and giant bone.
He view'd the Pagan's gaping wounds, he view'd
His ſide and thigh with purple ſtreams bath'd,
And hop'd, with ebbing ſtrength he ſoon muſt yield
To him the glory of the well fought field.
Still in his graſp the furious Pagan held
The broken weapon; this, with force impell'd,
He threw—the weapon ſent with certain aim
Againſt Rogero's helm and ſhoulder came.
So dreadful was the ſtroke, the gentle knight
Reel'd here and there, and ſcarce his utmoſt might
Suffic'd to keep his tottering bulk upright.
To cloſe in nearer ſtrife the Pagan try'd:
His wounded thigh his haſty ſtep deny'd;
And while he urg'd his feeble nerves in vain,
One knee, beneath him bending, touch'd the plain.
His time Rogero took, he preſs'd his foe,
He whirl'd his falchion round, with blow on blow,
And laid once more the haughty Pagan low.

Again

Again more fierce he roſe; and now they join'd;
They graſp'd, with arms around each other twin'd.
His wounded ſide and thigh that vigour drain'd,
Which Rodomont ſo oft in fight ſuſtain'd.
Rogero well his pliant limbs could wield,
And long had practis'd in the wreſtlers' field.
His 'vantage now he ſaw, and cloſe purſu'd,
And where the Pagan's deepeſt wounds he view'd,
Where moſt he ſaw the purple current flow,
Cloſe and more cloſe he preſs'd th' enfeebled foe.
But Rodomont, with rage and ſhame impell'd,
By turns Rogero's neck and ſhoulders held,
Now forward drew, now backward thruſt, and preſs'd
The youthful hero to his cruel breaſt,
And lifted high—now here, now there, he ſtrain'd
The dauntleſs knight, and ſtill his hold retain'd.
While every means he tries on earth to throw
The Chriſtian youth; nor leſs his gallant foe,
Collected in himſelf, his art and might
Employs to diſappoint the Pagan knight,
And keep him ſtill beneath; oft wheeling round,
Rogero ſhifts his hold, and ſhifts his ground.

At length fierce Rodomont his waiſt enclos'd
With firmeſt graſp—now, breaſt to breaſt oppos'd,
They toil—they pant—Rogero chief apply'd
His art againſt the Pagan's wounded ſide:
Athwart his bending knee one foot he thruſt,
And, lifting, hurl'd him proſtrate on the duſt
Headlong.—When thus the furious Pagan fell
On the hard earth, the blood, as from a well,
Stream'd from each wound, and deep on every ſide,
The fatal plain with gory crimſon dy'd.
Rogero now, with Fortune's favour crown'd,
To keep the Pagan priſoner on the ground,
One hand the dagger to his ſight addreſs'd,
One hand with fearful graſp his throat compreſs'd,
While either knee his heaving boſom preſs'd.
As in Pannonian or Iberian gloom,
Where wretched miners cheerleſs days conſume
For ſhining ore, if fate above impends,
And ſudden ruin on their head deſcends,
Cruſh'd up and bruis'd, their ſpirits ſcarcely find
A vent to leave their mortal part behind.

Ver. 1075. *As in Pannonian and Iberian*, &c.—] He alludes to the metallic mines of Hungary and Spain, the latter ſo named from the river Hebrus.

So

So lay the Sarzan prince, ſo preſs'd beneath
The victor, ſtruggled in the jaws of death.
The dagger, now unſheath'd, Rogero ſhook,
And at his vizor ſeem'd to aim the ſtroke:
He bade him yield, as vanquiſh'd in the ſtrife,
With pliglited faith to ſpare his forfeit life:
But he, whom thought of death far leſs diſmay'd
Than aught that ſigns of daſtard fear betray'd,
Still bent and twin'd; while all in vain he prov'd
Againſt the knight, who kept his place unmov'd.
As when the maſtiff, panting on the plain,
Whoſe throat the nimble greyhound's fangs conſtrain
With deadly gripe, in fruitleſs fury lies,
With jaws dire foaming, and with fiery eyes:
Not all his force the victor can elude,
By ſkill and vigour not by rage ſubdu'd:
So Rodomont eſſay'd each art to make
The conquering youth his powerful hold forſake.
He ſtrove to riſe; but ſtill the wary knight
Preſs'd him to earth with unabated might.
Now, writhing here and there, the Pagan ſtrain'd
Each nerve, and freed at length his better hand,

Ver. 1092. ——— *the nimble greyhound*—] Alano, the name of a peculiar kind of dog of great ſtrength and agility.

That in its graſp th' inſidious ponyard bore;
(The ponyard from the ſheath releas'd before)
With this he ſought to aim the murderous wound
Beneath Rogero's reins—the youth renown'd
The danger ſaw, ſhould ſtill his generous heart
Defer the Pagan's death, his juſt deſert.
Then at full ſtretch he rais'd his arm above
The proſtrate king, and thrice the weapon drove
Deep in his horrid front—ſo ends the ſtrife,
And leaves ſecur'd Rogero's fame and life!
Where Acheron's infernal waters ſpread,
Freed from her icy limbs, blaſpheming fled
Th' indignant ſoul, that here with impious pride
All human faith, and Heaven's own laws defy'd.

Ver. 1113. *Where Acheron's infernal waters ſpread.*]

Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata ſub umbras.

VIRGIL. ÆN. Lib. xii. lin. ult.

The reader cannot but obſerve, with what judgment and ſpirit, Arioſto, in imitation of Virgil, concludes his work with the death of Rodomont, having ſo fully completed his ſtory, which, with an infinity of epiſodes and adventures, had delighted the imagination, and faſcinated the attention through forty-ſix books; in all which, it will, I believe, be readily allowed, that the intereſt has not only been powerfully kept up, but that the laſt book is entered upon with as pleaſing and anxious a curioſity as any part of the poem.

END OF THE FORTY-SIXTH AND LAST BOOK.

POSTSCRIPT.

HAVING brought this long work to a concluſion, I cannot cloſe the volume without ſome acknowledgment for kindneſſes received, and without expreſſing a hope that a peruſal of my tranſlation will not wholly diſappoint thoſe expectations which may have been raiſed by my preface, or entertained from a knowledge of that admiration which the Italians univerſally teſtify for their favourite Poet.

It will be ſufficiently flattering to me, ſhould the Engliſh Reader experience but a ſmall part of that pleaſure which has recompenſed me for the hours of anxiety and application that muſt attend ſuch an undertaking; but whatever ſupport I may have found from that degree of enthuſiaſm, which every tranſlator, who has the leaſt pretence to taſte or genius, will imbibe from ſuch a Poet as Arioſto, I muſt likewiſe declare, that no little encouragement has been af-

forded me by the countenance of thoſe friends, who, if I may be allowed to make uſe of the beautiful figure of my Author, at the opening of his laſt book, will, I truſt, ſtand on the beach to welcome my return from ſo hazardous a voyage. To this I muſt add, that the favour ſhown by the Public, in the reception of the firſt volume of my Orlando, would of itſelf, without any other conſideration, have effectually determined me to perſevere in making an entire verſion of this wonderful Poem; a deſign which I had conceived and entered upon many years before I engaged in the tranſlation of Taſſo, but which the avocations of a life devoted to buſineſs, long prevented me from purſuing.

In my preface, life, and notes, I have endeavoured to infert whatever might gratify curioſity, or give every neceſſary elucidation, on which occaſion I muſt return my thanks to thoſe Gentlemen who have ſmoothed the way in this part of my labours, by giving me information and aſſiſtance; and here let me declare my ſenſe of the kindneſs of one who was ever ready to patronize any apparent work of genius. My firſt obligations are due to the late Mr. Garrick, who gave me free acceſs to the books in his collection: he ſaw the begin-

ning of my tranſlation, but did not live to ſee the completion of a work, in the ſucceſs of which he once ſeemed kindly to intereſt himſelf. It will never be thought ſuperfluous that I pay this regard to the memory of him, whoſe death I ſincerely lamented, and who, however ſoon forgotten by the many in the diſſipation of the day, has, in the words of one of his moſt reſpectable friends, left that gap in ſociety which will not eaſily be filled up.

In the late Dr. Hawkeſworth I have found reaſon to regret the loſs of one, whoſe taſte and friendſhip I had formerly experienced in my verſion of Taſſo, and which would have been ſenſibly felt in the preſent publication; he ſaw the firſt part of the foregoing tranſlation, and gave me every encouragement, declaring himſelf more ſtruck with the wild beauties of the Orlando, than with the more claſſical merits of the Jeruſalem.

I muſt here make my grateful acknowledgements to the friendſhip and politeneſs of Mr. Barnard of St. James's, for being honoured with the indulgence of conſulting the Royal Library. To this Gentleman's particular kindneſs, and general liberality of ſentiment, every return is due for favours ſhown to the man, and to the tranſlator.

Nor can I paſs over unnoticed the very flattering manner in which, without any previous recommendation, I was permitted to make uſe of the Library of the late Reverend Mr. Crofts, a reſource the more grateful to me, as this collection has been allowed to exceed any other in the number of Italian books, amongſt which are many early writers of the greateſt rarity and eſtimation.

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15th May, 1783.

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——— finds his miſtreſs, and fights with Mandricardo, xxiv. 695.

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——— arrives at Merlin's fountain with Mandricardo and Doralis, xxvi. 498.

——— endeavours to pacify Mandricardo and Marphiſa, *ib.* 621.

——— refuſes Rogero's challenge, *ib.* 675.

——— interferes in the conteſt of Mandricardo and Rogero, *ib.* 780.

——— is aſſaulted by Rogero—fights him, *ib.* 846.

——— with Mandricardo, follows Doralis, who is carried away by a demon concealed in her horſe, *ib.* 954.

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——— his invective againſt women, *ib.* 865.

——— is entertained by a country hoſt, *ib.* 954.

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——— leaves his hoſt—purſues his journey by water, and takes up his reſidence in a chapel deſerted by the Chriſtians, *ib.* 614.

——— ſees Iſabella and the hermit with the dead body of Zerbino, *ib.* 677.

——— falls in love with her, *ib* 701.

——— endeavours to perſuade to break her vow, *ib.* 717.

——— his cruel treatment of the hermit, xxix. 29.

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——— his repentance—he builds a magnificent tomb to her memory, and eſtabliſhes a law for all travellers who paſs that way, *ib.* 209.

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——— is conducted to a palace and garden belonging to Alcina, *ib.* 503.
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——— travels towards the dwelling of Logiſtilla, *ib.* 129.
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——— is met by a pilot, and ſafely conveyed from amidſt the fleet of Alcina to the dwelling of Logiſtilla, *ib.* 285.
——— is graciouſly entertained by her, and inſtructed in the management of the flying-horſe, *ib.* 429.
——— departs from Logiſtilla, and ſees many countries in his flight, *ib.* 457.
——— alights in England, and ſees a review of the forces under Rinaldo deſigned for the aid of Charlemain, *ib.* 499.
——— ſees Angelica bound to the rock ready to be devoured by the ſea monſter, *ib.* 644.
——— fights with the monſter and overcomes him by his enchanted ſhield, *ib.* 695.
——— releaſes her from the rock, and carries her away behind him, *ib.* 787.

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——— meets with Bradamant, *ib.* 233.
——— with her engages to deliver a youth condemned to die, *ib.* 268.
——— is acquainted with Pinabello's law, *ib.* 336.
——— arrives with Bradamant at the caſtle of Pinabello, *ib.* 415.
——— jouſts with all the knights of Pinabello, and undeſignedly overcomes them by means of his ſhield, *ib.* 474.
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——— arrives with Richardetto at the caſtle of Agriſmont, *ib.* 481.
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——— defies Rodomont, who declines his challenge, *ib.* 671.
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——— Hears that the unknown champion is Bradamant, xxxvi 111.
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——— ſees the encounter of Bradamant and Marphiſa, *ib.* 209.
——— entreats a parley with Bradamant, *ib.* 303.
——— retires with her to a grove, where they are interrupted by the arrival of Marphiſa, *ib.* 341.
——— endeavours to part Bradamant and Marphiſa, *ib.* 375.
——— attacked by Marphiſa, *ib.* 399.
——— hears a voice from a tomb that declares Marphiſa to be his ſiſter, *ib.* 459.
——— tells his parentage to Marphiſa, *ib.* 555.
——— finds three damſels abuſed by a tyrant—undertakes, with Bradamant and Marphiſa to revenge them, *ib.* 176.
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——— hears the tale of Marganor, *ib.* 323.
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——— is choſen by Agramant for his champion to decide the national quarrel, xxxviii. 476. 499.
——— takes a ſolemn oath previous to the combat, *ib.* 674.
——— meets Rinaldo in the liſt, *ib.* 686.
——— the truce broken, he quits the field, and determines to follow Agramant to Africa, xxxix. 59. xl. 482.
——— finds ſeven kings priſoners, *ib.* 538.
——— fights with Dudon to deliver them, *ib.* 592.
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——— is promiſed his ſiſter by Rinaldo, xliv. 64.
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——— is graciouſly received by Charlemain, *ib.* 235.
——— exaſperated at Amon's refuſal of his daughter's hand, *ib.* 373.
——— his complaint, *ib.* 403.
——— is comforted by Bradamant's aſſurances of her fidelity, *ib.* 460.
——— departs with a reſolution to kill Conſtantine and Leon, *ib.* 570.
——— takes the part of the Bulgarians againſt the Greeks, and totally defeats the latter, *ib.* 637.
——— is betrayed in his ſleep, and made priſoner, xlv. *ib.* 46.
——— is delivered over to Theodora, *ib.* 140.
——— taken from priſon by Leon, *ib.* 307.
——— engages to meet Bradamant in the liſt, under the name of Leon, and to win her for him to wife, *ib.* 405.
——— withſtands the force of Bradamant from ſun-riſe to ſun-ſet, *ib.* 537.
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——— his ſpeech to his horſe, *ib.* 709.
——— is found by Meliſſa and Leon, xlvi. 196.
——— is accoſted by Leon, and perſuaded to diſcloſe his grief, *ib.* 235.
——— conſents to receive Bradamant at the hands of Leon, who generouſly reſigns her to him, *ib.* 357.
——— returns with Leon and Meliſſa, and finds that ambaſſadors are arrived from Bulgaria to invite him to the crown, *ib.* 383.
——— he is known and welcomed by the emperor and all the court, *ib.* 462.
——— his marriage is celebrated with great pomp and and feſtivity, *ib.* 579.
——— is challenged by Rodomont to ſingle combat, *ib.* 794.
——— accepts the challenge, *ib.* 846.
——— their combat deſcribed, *ib.* 919.
——— kills Rodomont, *ib.* 1106.

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——— is accoſted by Angelica, *ib.* 365.
——— unhorſed by Bradamant, *ib.* 410.
——— finds Bayardo, Rinaldo's horſe, *ib.* 504.
——— meets Rinaldo, *ib.* 540.
——— fights with him, ii. 15.
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——— in Atlantes' caſtle, and delivered by Bradamant, iv. 282.
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——— ſees and knows Angelica, *ib.* 191.
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——— is with Rodomont, Mandricardo, Marphiſa, Rogero, and Gradaſſo, at the attack and defeat of the Chriſtian camp, III. xxvii. 92.
——— aſſiſts in arming Rodomont for the liſt, *ib.* 364.
——— claims the horſe Frontino of Rodomont, *ib.* 516.
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Page ciii. line 11, *read*, Stay, my Bayardo, ſtay, &c.
12, *read*, Much has thy want to-day, &c.
42, ver. 109, *read*, A leaf he ſcarce perus'd, &c.

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7, ver. 49, *for* chanc'd *read* chance.
[illegible], ver. 474, *for* in *read* on.
39, in the Note, *for* Angelica *read*, Rinaldo.
141, ver. 667 and 668, Treaſon *and* Murder *ſhould be with capitals.*
146, ver. 769, *for* melt *read* meet.
149, ver. 36, *for* heard *read* hoard.
187, in the Note, *for* cœdo *read* cœde.
189, in the Note, *for* Zephynetta *read* Zephyretta.
200, in the Note, *for* ce minacciar *read* e minacciar.
206, ver. 723, *read*, To meditate on myſteries divine.
223, ver. 272, *for* powers *read* ſtates.
268, in the Note, laſt line, *for* wars *read* wound.
353, in the Note, laſt line but one, *for* whence *read* where.
400, ver. 623, *for* ſtream *read* ſteam.

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98, ver. 324, *for* hopes rekindle *read* hope rekindles.
197, ver. 574, *for* the *read* thee.
201, ver. 653, *for* enjoyment *read* enjoyments.
305, ver. 40, *for* chace *read* trace.
31[illegible], ver. 221, *for* dames *read* dame.
336, ver. 727, *for* he *read* be.
374, ver. 418, *for* whether *read* whither.

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275 ver. 440, *ſhould end with a* comma.

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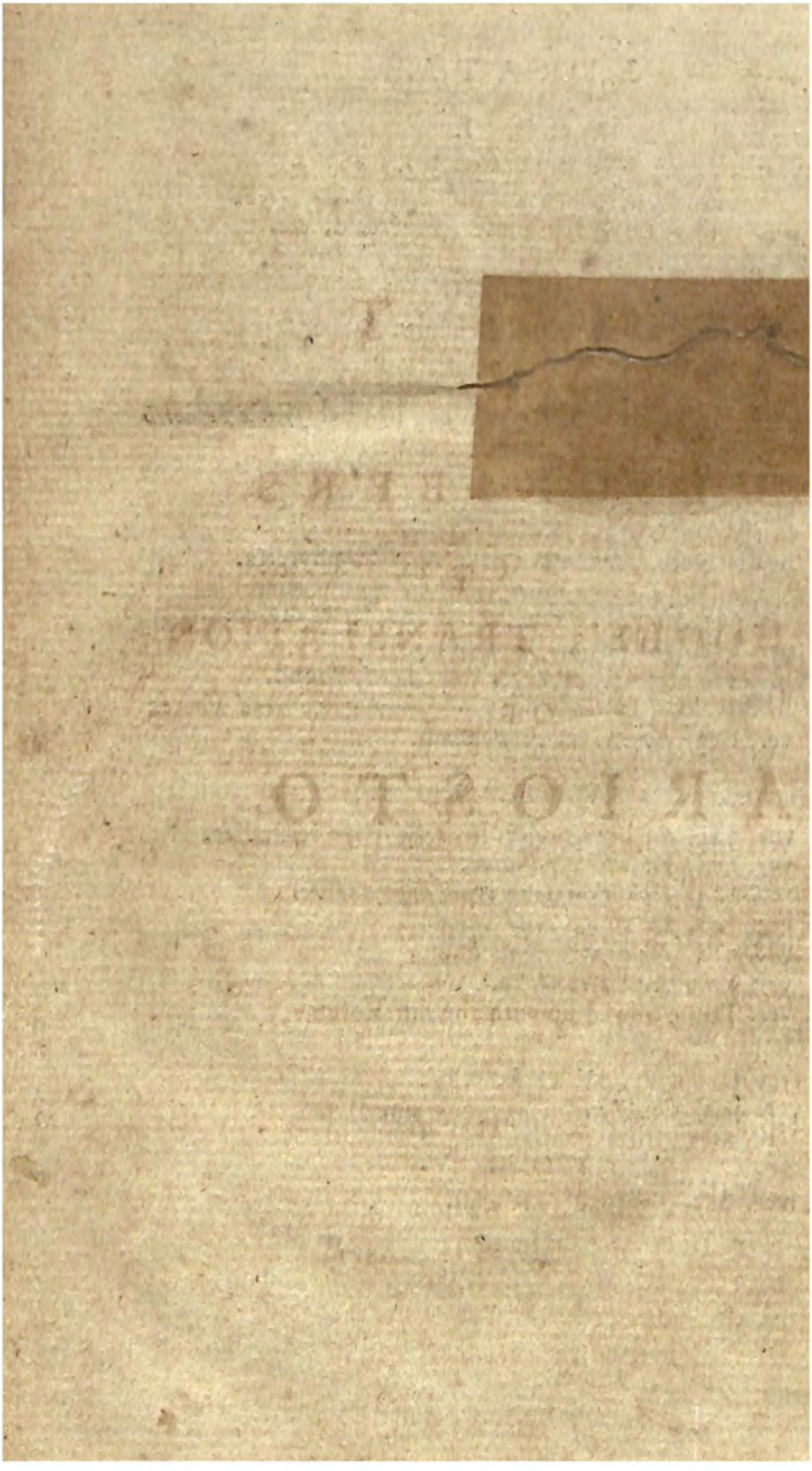
297, ver. 613, *for* coaſt *read* coſt.



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ex. Ludovicus Areoſtus, *read* Ludovici Areoſti.

VOL. III.

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